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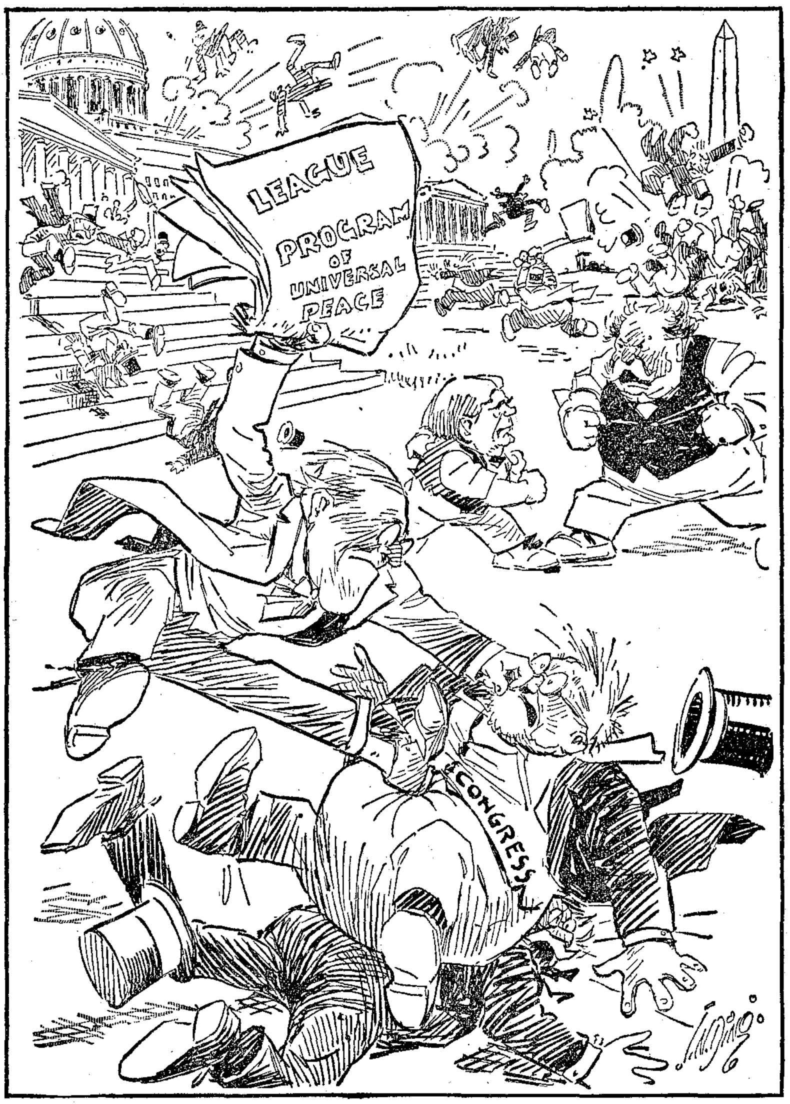
TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

THE KIND OF PEACE LEAGUE THE REPUBLICANS WANT

"PRESIDENT WILSON'S PLAN IS DEAD," announced the hostile New York *Sun* (Ind.) when thirty-seven Republican Senators signed a round robin declaring that the constitution of the League of Nations in the form now proposed to the Peace Conference should not be accepted by the United States, and calling upon the Conference to conclude peace with Germany before giving further consideration to the question of a League. If these men hold to their resolve, admits the Brooklyn *Eagle* (Dem.), they will be able to defeat the League, which requires a two-thirds vote of the Senate for ratification. "It is hard to escape the impression that President Wilson is riding for a fall," remarks the Indianapolis *Star* (Ind. Rep.), which sees him on his return to the Peace Conference "confronting the most colossal of all tragic failures." And the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, a Republican paper that has supported and still supports the President's plan, deplores the fact that he "has done much to make it a party question by the conspicuous, if not deliberate, offensiveness of his attitude toward the Republican leaders in Congress, and, for that matter, toward Congress as a whole." The Baltimore *Sun* (Ind. Dem.), however, reminds us that the leading Republican critics of the proposed constitution have not put themselves on record as opposed to any League of Nations, but merely to the particular plan now before the Peace Conference; and a Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune* (Rep.) reports that Senator Hitchcock (Dem.), chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, recently asked Senator Knox (Rep.) to write out such amendments to the League constitution as would make it acceptable to the opposition. While the reported reply of the Pennsylvania Senator was that he would have to rewrite the entire document, nevertheless there are rumors from Washington that the covenant will be revised at Paris to win over some of the formidable Senatorial opposition. Many papers agree with the Atlanta *Constitution* (Dem.) that in some form "the League of Nations is coming as certainly as daylight follows darkness," and that when it comes it will include the United States. Some idea of what form it will have to take to run the gantlet of the United States Senate may be gathered from an examination of the more authoritative Republican criticisms. These criticisms, according to a Washington correspondent of the New York *World* (Dem.), simmer down to three real demands for modification, namely:


LEAGUE PROGRAM OF UNIVERSAL PEACE
CONGRESS
Ding

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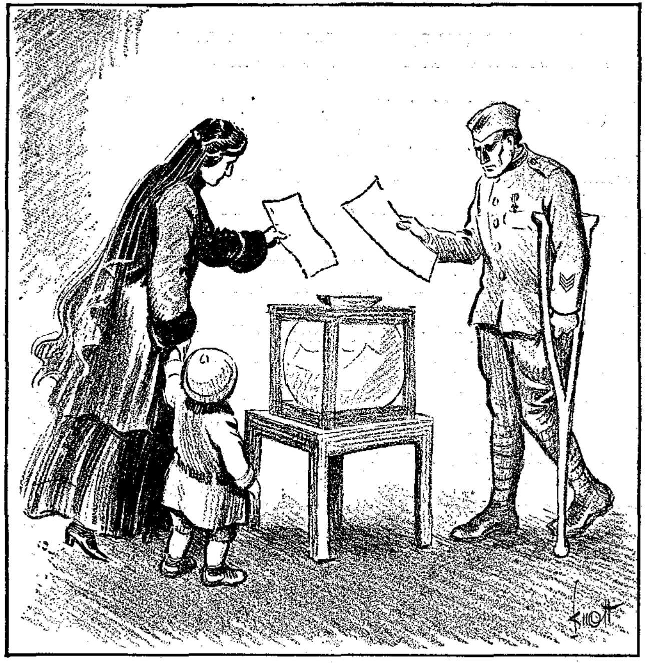
DISCUSSING THE LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE.

—Darling in the New York *Tribune*.

> "1. A reservation for the preservation of the Monroe Doctrine and such stipulations as will guarantee its perpetuation.
>
> "2. Specific phraseology that will give the United States exclusive control over all its internal and domestic affairs.
>
> "3. Such limitations as will make it possible for the United States to withdraw from the League in the event of necessity or desirability."

Special weight is attached by the Republican press to the criticisms of Senator Philander C. Knox, who was Secretary of State under President Taft. His speech in the Senate against the League constitution, declares the Boston *Transcript* (Rep.), will "change votes in the Senate, change outside opinion, and change the course of the world." The League in its proposed form, said Senator Knox, would divide the world into two great armed camps, breed wars, and leave us bound and helpless. He warned the nation particularly against the effect of excluding the Central Powers:

"I have already pointed out that the covenant provides for three sorts of states: first, 'signatories' of the covenant; secondly, protocol states, and thirdly, outcast states, which I take it are the Central Powers and their allies.



TWO VOTES FOR THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.
—Knott in the Dallas *News*.

"Now it is unnecessary to labor an argument to show that the inevitable result of outlawing the Central states will be to drive them more closely together for mutual self-protection, and that this in turn will make the formation of a second League of Nations almost an assured certainty. It may well be that this second league will not at the outset be constituted with all the formalities which mark the one we have under consideration, but in all human probability such a league will be somehow formed, by informal understanding or otherwise, and when so formed will bid for the adherence to it of neutral states. We would thus have in no distant future two great leagues of nations, which will become two great camps, each preparing for a new and greater life-and-death struggle. Our only escape from this result, under this plan, would be through the exercise of such a tyrannical despotism over the peoples of the Central Powers as we, with all our traditions and ideals, must not become a party to, for it would be violative of all of those human rights for which our fathers fought and which our own Constitution guarantees. Moreover, to keep peoples in such a state of subjection as would be necessary to obviate the result above pointed out would require such an expenditure of effort, treasure, and blood as never would be permanently tolerated by our people. Thus the plan proposed, instead of being a plan by which the permanent peace of the world would be assured, becomes a plan under which a constant warfare or a potential great world-wide conflagration becomes an assured fact."

The New York *Tribune*, by parallel columns, brings out these chief points of difference between the Paris plan and Senator Knox's:

THE KNOX PLAN	THE PARIS PLAN
A League formed of all, not a portion, of the nations of the world.	Under Article VII it is provided that no state shall be admitted unless it is able to give guaranties of its intention to observe its international obligations and conform to the principles prescribed by the League in regard to its naval and military forces and armaments.
War to be declared an international crime, and any nation engaging in war, except in self-defense when actually attacked, to be punished by the world as an international criminal.	Article XVI provides that should any of the high contracting parties break its covenants under Article XII (relating to arbitration) it shall be deemed to have committed an act of war against the League, which undertakes to exercise economic pressure; and it is to be the duty of the executive council to recommend what military or naval force the members of the League shall contribute to be used to protect the covenants of the League.
The Monroe Doctrine to be safeguarded; also our immigration policy and our right to expel aliens.	None of these matters is mentioned specifically, but President Wilson has said that the League will "extend the Monroe Doctrine to the whole world" and that domestic and internal questions are not a concern of the League.
Our right to maintain military and naval establishments and coaling stations, and our right to fortify the Panama Canal and our frontiers to be safeguarded.	Article VIII says: "The executive council shall also determine for the consideration and action of the several governments what military equipment and armament is fair and reasonable and in proportion to the scale of forces laid down in the program of disarmament, and these limits when adopted shall not be exceeded without the permission of the executive council."
An international court to be empowered by the League to call upon the signatory Powers to enforce its decrees against unwilling states by force, economic pressure, or otherwise. The constitution of the League to provide, however, that decrees against an American Power shall be enforced by the nations of this hemisphere, and decrees against a country of the eastern hemisphere by the Powers of that hemisphere.	Article XIV provides for the establishment of a "permanent court of international justice," but its powers are limited to hearing and determining "any matter which the parties recognize as suitable for submission to it for arbitration" under Article XIII.

Senator Knox also named, as possible alternatives to a League of Nations, these three other plans for preventing wars:

"Compulsory arbitration of all international disputes.

"An alliance between the United States and some other strong Power or Powers for mutual protection.

"A 'true League of Nations,' if the people of the country are willing to make the necessary sacrifice in independence and sovereignty."

But the Brooklyn *Eagle* (Dem.) thinks that "the Paris covenant does practically all the things any of Mr. Knox's plans would do." "How did Senator Knox happen to overlook the fact that his plan for compulsory arbitration is embodied in Article XII of the proposed covenant?" wonders the Newark *News* (Ind.), which goes on to a consideration of his other two proposals:

"As a second substitute, he proposes that we enter into a firm alliance with the 'strongest other Power or two Powers of the world for mutual protection.' This is a singular proposal to come from one who criticizes the League plan on the ground that because it does not include the Central Powers it would force them to set up an opposing alliance and thus breed war. What the proposed covenant provides for is virtually an immediate alliance with all the Entente Powers, surely a stronger and safer alliance than one between this country and Great Britain, or the United States, Great Britain, and France.

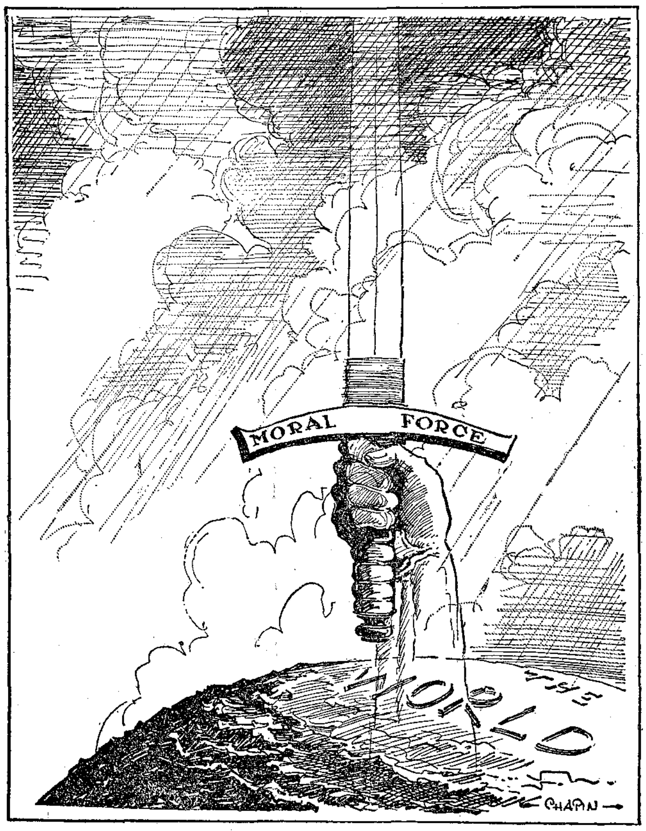
"As a practical statesman, does Senator Knox believe it would be possible to persuade the American people to make an alliance with Great Britain alone or with Great Britain and France, if it were desirable? He must know that such a proposal would meet with instant opposition from innumerable sources. . . . . .

"His third proposal is for a supersovereign league of all nations, including the Central Powers, equipped with power to enforce its decrees. That is provided for as an eventual development of the proposed League of Nations. Senator Knox seems to stand alone in proposing that the Central Powers shall be admitted at the present time, when we know nothing about their orientation.

"How would this supersovereign, all-inclusive league avoid the objections Senator Knox raises against the proposed League? What better protection would it give the Monroe Doctrine? How would it help us stick to Washington's advice of avoiding entangling alliances? How would it preserve our sovereignty unlimited?

"None of these proposals, which are either inherent in the proposed League or developments to which it will lead in time, remove any of the objections Senator Knox raises against the League. Of the three proposals, the one favored by the New York *Tribune*, which speaks for the Republican party, is the second, an alliance with 'the strongest other Power or two Powers.' It is the one Lodge, Roosevelt, and others favored before the proposed League plan was formulated. It represents the old balance-of-power idea, with its reliance upon material and visible power. It is the obvious suggestion for a reunion of the English-speaking peoples and the creation of a consolidated political unit which far-sighted British statesmen have criticized on the ground that such strength would be a temptation to a misuse of strength."

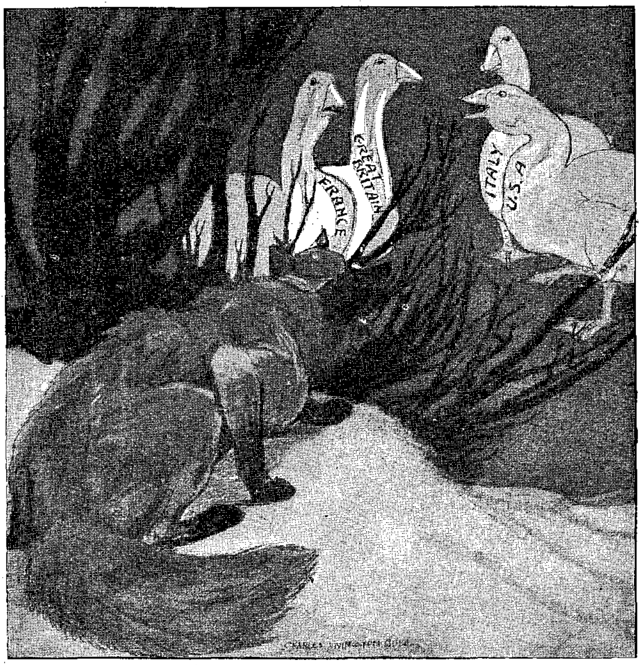
Senator Lodge will be the majority leader of the next Senate, and probably the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. He condemns the Paris covenant as a movement away from George Washington "toward the other end of the line at which stands the sinister figure of Trotzky, the champion of internationalism." He criticizes also the vagueness of phraseology. "As it stands," he says, "there is serious danger that the very nations which sign the constitution will quarrel about the meaning of the various articles before a twelvemonth has passed." After arguing that to join the League would be to turn our backs on the doctrines of Washington and Monroe, and affirming that "if the United States enters any league of nations it does so for the benefit of the world at large, and not for its own benefit," he goes on to say:



FUTURE ARMAMENTS ——?

—Chapin in the St. Louis *Republic*.

"There are certain constructive propositions which it would be well, I think, for the Peace Conference to consider.



STILL HOPING!

—Bull in *The Mess-Kit* (Camp Merritt).

"If it is said that you can preserve the Monroe Doctrine by extending it, which appears to me clearly to mean its destruction and to be a contradiction in terms, then let us put three lines into the draft for the League which will preserve the Monroe Doctrine beyond any possibility of doubt or question.

"It is easily done.

"Let us also have, if we enter the League, a complete exclusion from the League's jurisdiction of such questions as are involved in immigration and the right of each country to say who shall come within its borders and become citizens.

"These and certain other questions vital to national existence ought to be exempted from any control by the League or its officials by a very few words, such as can be found in the arbitration treaties of 1907.

"There should be some definite provision for peaceful withdrawal from the League if any nation desires to withdraw.

"Lastly, let us have a definite statement in the constitution of the League as to whether the League is to have an international force of its own or is to have the power to summon the armed forces of the different members of the League.

"Let it be stated in plain language whether the 'measures,' the 'recommendations,' or the suggestions of the executive council are to be binding upon the members of the League and are to compel them to do what the League delegates and the executive council determine to be necessary.

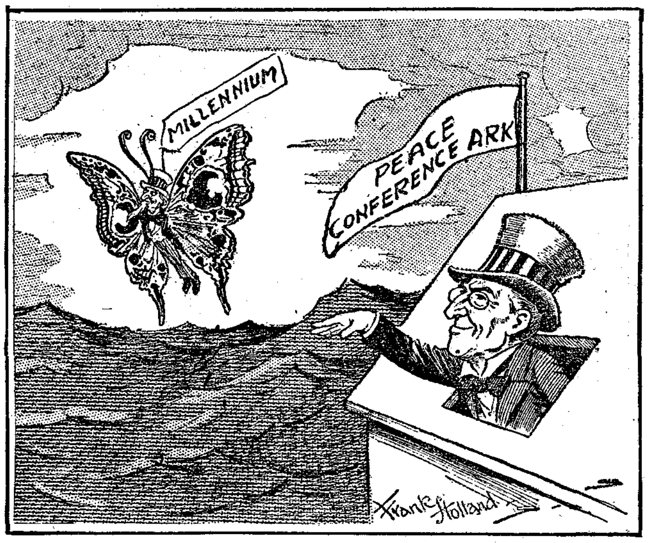
"On the question of the use of force we should not proceed in the dark.

"If those who support the League decline to make such simple statements as these, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that they are seeking to do by indirection and the use of nebulous phrases what they are not willing to do directly.

"Nothing could be more fatal to the preservation of the world's peace than this, for every exercise of power by the executive council which the signatories to the League might fairly consider to be doubtful would lead to very perilous controversies and to menacing dissensions.

"Unless some better constitution for a League than this can be drawn, it seems to me, after such examination as I have been able to give, that the world's peace would be much better, much more surely promoted, by allowing the United States to go on under the Monroe Doctrine, responsible for the peace of this hemisphere, without any danger of collision with Europe as to questions among the various American states, and if a League is desired it might be made up by the European nations whose interests are chiefly concerned, and with which the United States could cooperate fully and at any time, whenever cooperation was needed."

Ex-President William H. Taft, who, the New York *World* remarks, will share the credit with President Wilson when the League of Nations becomes "a living, vital bill of rights between peoples and governments," and who spoke in defense of the Paris constitution from the same platform as the President on March 4, at the Metropolitan Opera-house in New York, welcomes such constructive criticism as Senator Lodge and others offer. While refuting all the alarmist arguments against the League, he would welcome certain minor revisions and amendments that would clarify the real meaning of the constitution. Of its relation to the Monroe Doctrine he said in his New York address:



THE RELEASE OF THE BUTTERFLY. BUT WHEN IS THE DOVE COMING OUT OF THE ARK?

—Holland in *John Bull* (London).

"In some speeches in the Senate intimations have been made which enlarge this doctrine beyond what can be justified. Those who would seek to enforce a Monroe Doctrine which makes the western hemisphere our own preserve in which we may impose our sovereign will on the will of other countries in their own interest, because, indeed, we have done that in the past, should not be sustained.

"The idea that the conditions in America and in Europe can be maintained absolutely separate, with the great trade relations between North America and Europe and South America and Europe, is looking backward, and not forward. It does not face existing conditions.

"I would have no objection to, and I would favor, a recognition of the Monroe Doctrine, as I have stated it above, by specific words in the covenant, with a further provision that the settlement of purely American questions should be remitted primarily to the American nations, with machinery like that of the present League, and that European nations should not intervene unless requested to do so by the American nations.

"The European nations desire our entrance into this League, not that they may control America, but to secure our aid in controlling Europe, and I venture to think that they would be relieved if the primary duty of keeping peace and policing this western hemisphere was delegated to us and our western colleagues. I object, however, to such a reservation as was contained in the Hague Conference against entangling alliances, because the recommendation was framed before the demonstrations of this war, and contains reservations as to the so-called policy against entangling alliances that are inconsistent with the needs of this nation and the needs of the world to secure the peaceful future of both."

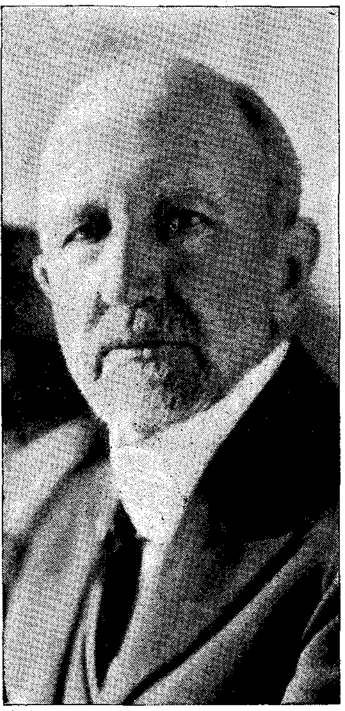
Senator Capper, Republican, of Kansas, who shares Mr. Taft's views, thinks nevertheless that "the cuffing and buffeting President Wilson's League of Nations plan is getting is a good thing for the President and for the country." Let us give two or three months to the study, discussion, and analysis of the plan, he says, and "then we will know what we are signing." "After it is approved," he adds, "the American people will back it with money, men, and, if necessary, force, to make it workable."

DEEDS AND MISDEEDS OF CONGRESS

WHEN VICE-PRESIDENT MARSHALL declared the Senate adjourned "*sine Deo*" instead of "*sine die*," he made no great mistake in the view of several editors of both parties whose opinion of the last Senatorial session, and indeed of the Sixty-fifth Congress, is but mildly exprest by the adjective "godless." A "slacker Senate" and a Congress "politically illiterate," is the New York *World's* (Dem.) characterization. The late Congress made a "pitiful record," according to the Chicago *Daily News* (Ind.). The Detroit *Free Press* (Ind.) declares that it expired, not in a blaze of glory, but "unwept, unhonored, and roundly curst." Its passing was simply "a good riddance," according to the New York *Sun* (Ind. Rep.). Yet in the news columns of this same New York daily we read that this was the one great war-Congress of our history, the only Congress to make two declarations of war and, with the single exception of the Spanish-War Congress, the only one which ever declared a war and handled all the necessary legislation for conducting it. On March 4 "the greatest epoch in the parliamentary history of the United States came to a close" and, as the writer of this *Sun* dispatch puts it, the work of the Sixty-fifth Congress has made it "the greatest legislative body in the point of achievement in world history." Not even in the days of the Civil War, says the New York *Times* editorially, "were so many or so great and lasting things accomplished." The Democratic Richmond *Virginian* declares that on the whole the record of the Sixty-fifth Congress "is one of which Americans may well be proud," and the New York *Globe*, with its Republican view-point, agrees that the record is one of "big things for the most part well done." How may we reconcile this denunciation and praise? The New York *Tribune* (Rep.) does it by saying that the Sixty-fifth Congress "wasn't born great and it could never have achieved greatness," but "an unavoidable measure of greatness has been thrust upon it." Or, as the Boston *News Bureau* (Ind.) points out, the late Congress quit with "probably a new record for work done and also for that left unfinished."

To glance at the acts which will make our war-Congress notable in our history, we find that the Washington correspondents call particular attention to the fact that it declared war upon both Germany and Austria-Hungary; that it broke all tax-making records by levying $10,000,000,000 in two years; that it similarly broke bond-issuing records by authorizing $22,000,000,000 worth of bonds; that it passed the record Army appropriation of $12,000,000,000; that it passed the Selective Service Law and raised the greatest American Army; that it had the distinction of being addrest by the President nine times, thus receiving more attention from the White House than any previous Congress; that it authorized the expenditure of $2,884,000,000 to create an American merchant marine; that it created an American air service and an airplane mail service; that it authorized government control of food, fuel, railroads, and means of communication. In all, it appropriated some $57,000,000,000, which shows that we have traveled far since people were pointing with so much alarm at a "billion-dollar Congress." This Congress enacted a measure legalizing daylight saving, a war-time prohibition measure and the prohibition amendment recently ratified, and it twice came within one vote of sending a woman-suffrage amendment to the States for ratification. In its two years of life, as a Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* (Rep.) notes, the Sixty-fifth Congress was actually in session for 634 days. It first met in extra session on April 2, 1917, and four days later declared war against Germany. On December 7, 1917, it declared war upon Austria-Hungary. Another important date in its history was January 8, 1918, when President Wilson outlined his fourteen points of peace before a joint session of the House and Senate.

March 4 ends a period of eight years of virtual Democratic control of Congress and six years of complete Democratic control of the Government. Whatever the reason may have been, the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.) declares that during these years the Democrats "passed more and greater statutes than luck or will to legislate has given the power of passing to their Republican predecessors." Since March, 1913, and before our entrance into the war, Democratic Congresses enacted the Underwood Tariff Law with its income-tax attachment, the epoch-making Federal Reserve Act, the Harrison Antidrug Law, the Eight-hour Railroad Law, and other important legislation dealing with social questions.



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THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE,

In the Sixty-sixth Congress, Frederick H. Gillett, of Massachusetts, whom the Republicans have selected to succeed Champ Clark.

But Republican papers do not see anything glorious in this record. The New York *Tribune* (Rep.) declares that while the Sixty-fifth Congress "through excessive timidity" sank lower politically than the Sixty-fourth or Sixty-third, "they had already made a long descent toward self-effacement." The Democratic party, it roundly asserts, "has deservedly forfeited the confidence of the country." The New York *Sun* (Ind. Rep.) insists that the Democratic party showed itself "incompetent, extravagant, and unworthy of public confidence," and that "Congress has never been so weak and so ineffective as it has been under the domination of the Democrats." The Detroit *Free Press* (Ind.) denounces the outgoing Congress as "lacking any spirit of wide constructive patriotism in time of war," and having been "sectionally ruled for the benefit of the Southern Democracy." The Baltimore *Evening Sun* (Ind.) answers eulogists of the great deeds of the war-Congress by remarking that this Congress will be not only famous for what it did, but forever "notorious for the things which it did not do":

> "It did not unseat a notorious pro-German Senator. It howled about Presidential 'dictation,' found fault with this and that, 'viewed with alarm' various and sundry, and when called upon to solve the railroad problem, the merchant marine problem, the matter of looking after returned soldiers and sailors, the question of unemployment, the many important matters of business and economic readjustment following the war, it sidestept and did nothing at all. It passed a revenue bill after keeping the country in suspense for eight months, and complained that the 'War Department had ceased to function.' It left the Victory Loan Bill until so late that it came near being defeated by the 'hot-air' filibusters of the Senate, and would have been but for the fact that the Republican leaders got cold feet on that attempt to apply the lash to the President. It spent much of its time in hearing boastful defiances of the 'dictator' in the White House and then scuttling for cover. . . . .
>
> "A 'notable record' surely! What a Congress!"

The New York *World* declares that "at no other period of American history has the country been so near a complete breakdown of the legislative branch of the government." It observes that Congress does not even deserve the credit for its war-legislation, since "not a single measure of importance, military, financial, or industrial, originated in Congress." They were all "suggested by the Executive," and most of them, as another editor observes, were forced to passage either by the pressure of the Executive or by public opinion. *The World* denounces the informal filibuster led by Senators La Follette and Sherman, which held up the great supply-bills at the end of the last session, and asserts that there was a "united or a silent Republican party" behind the two Senators. While the $7,000,000,000 Loan Bill and the Wheat Guaranty Bill, appropriating about $1,000,000, were finally passed, "a total of nearly $3,900,000,000 in appropriations failed." Among the measures held up were:

> The General Deficiency Bill, with $750,000,000 for the railroads.
>
> The $750,000,000 Naval Appropriation Bill, with its three-year building program.
>
> The Sundry Appropriations Bill, including a $650,000,000 appropriation for the merchant marine.
>
> The Agricultural Appropriations Bill, including a repeal of the Daylight Saving Law.
>
> The Reclamation Measure, providing farms for returned soldiers.
>
> The Oil, Coal, and Mineral Leasing Bill.
>
> The Woman Suffrage Amendment.
>
> The bill designed to enforce national prohibition.
>
> The bill drastically restricting immigration for four years.

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HE WILL DRAFT THE NEXT TARIFF.

Joseph W. Fordney, of Michigan, who is expected to head the House Ways and Means Committee in the next Congress.

A correspondent of *The World* calls the failure to give the railroads the $750,000,000 appropriation "a staggering blow" for the roads, which may now "be compelled to go into the open market for funds in competition with the Treasury Department in its effort to place the coming Victory Loan." Another serious result of the filibuster noted in this dispatch is that—

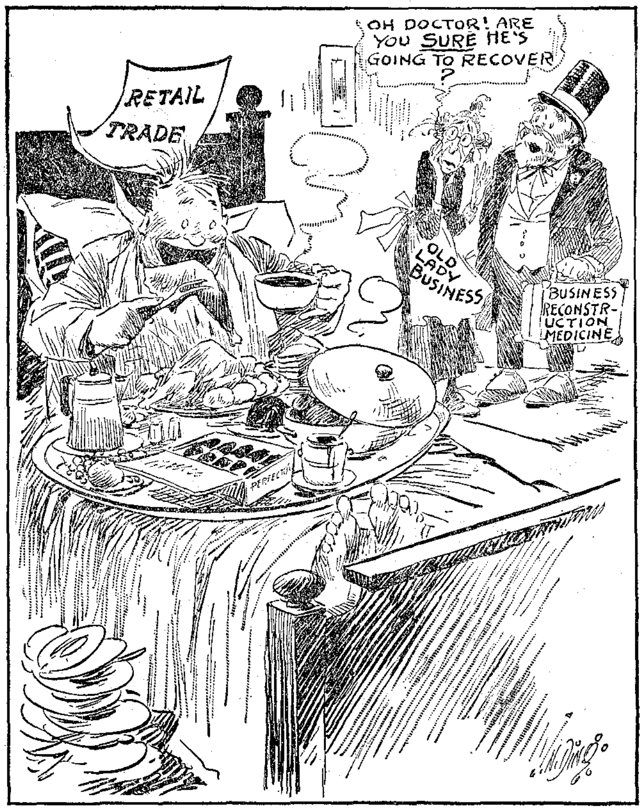
> "Agencies of the Department of Labor will have to close their work for a lack of funds. The United States Employment Service will have to discontinue its registration offices at the demobilization camps, through which it has been placing men in jobs at the rate of 100,000 a month."

Republican Senators quoted in the New York *Times* call for an extra session of the new Congress at the earliest possible moment. In this Congress, readers will remember, the Republicans will have a substantial majority in the House and a margin of two votes in their favor in the Senate. The New York *Sun* criticizes the President very severely for going away a second time when he is "needed at home." The non-partizan Boston *Christian Science Monitor* attributes his reluctance to call a special session to the fact that he would by so doing "leave behind him in action a legislative body under the control of the opposition." Several papers emphasize the great amount of work for the new Congress to do. But it seems to the Newark *News* (Ind.) that, "if most of the talk in the closing days of this Congress is a criterion, we are just as likely to get the way paved for construction by having no Congress in session as by having it at 'work' while the peace treaty is being framed."

DOUBTS ABOUT OUR "LABOR CRISIS"

WHILE OPTIMISM WAS THE KEY-NOTE sounded by the various State executives at the recent White House conference of governors and mayors to discuss the problems of reconstruction and to devise ways of "steadying and easing and facilitating the whole labor processes of the United States," the fact that the conference was called is interpreted by the Socialist New York *Call* as "an open admission that all is not right for business men in the labor world of the country, and that there is an undercurrent of sentiment that can not go unheeded." Before his first journey to the Peace Conference, the same paper reminds us, President Wilson exprest the belief that our reconstruction problems in this country could safely be left to the initiative of the "business man"; but on his return he found, according to *The Call*, that "reconstruction refuses to reconstruct at the hands of the business man," and he summoned the State and city executives to meet a critical situation. But to balance against this view we have Secretary of Labor William B. Wilson's assurance that our reconstruction difficulties are largely a matter of "hysteria," and President Wilson's reminder that our industries have been less disturbed and disorganized by the war than those of other countries, and that we should therefore approach these problems "with a good deal of confidence." In fact, the message of the conference, as interpreted by Theodore M. Knappen, a Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune* (Rep.), was that all business needs at the present moment is a "mind cure." To quote Mr. Knappen:

"The main trouble with the nation, opinion runs, is that it thinks it ought to be sick after all it has gone through, and is sure that it is; whereas, according to the speakers of to-day, it ought not to be sick, beyond a slight fever, and really is in robust health. All it needs is the vigorous exercise of good, hard work, the doctors say. Let the country get out and get busy, as it has great need to be, and its shadowy economic troubles will be over."


OH DOCTOR! ARE YOU SURE HE'S GOING TO RECOVER?
RETAIL TRADE
OLD LADY BUSINESS
BUSINESS RECONSTRUCTION MEDICINE
PERFECTOS

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ONE MEMBER OF THE FAMILY WHO SEEMS TO BE ENTIRELY OUT OF DANGER.

—Darling in the New York *Tribune*.

This view is supported by Secretary Wilson, who assured the assembled governors and mayors that we have to-day actually less unemployment than in normal times. He said:

"There has been a great deal of hysteria in connection with reconstruction.

"We are passing through exactly the same kind of an atmosphere that we passed through immediately following our entrance into the world-war.

"Even in busy times we have about a million unemployed. Our reports now indicate an unemployment of about 350,000 from the districts our reports cover. We cover about half the country. Double the figure and you have only 700,000.

"We are now short in our normal supply of labor between 3,000,000 and 5,000,000 of men.

"The strikes at Seattle, Paterson, and elsewhere were not economic disturbances. A deliberate attempt was made to incite a political revolution and establish a *Soviet* form of government. It failed because the Department of Labor has been fighting that spirit for two years. The soil was not fertile for *Soviet* seed.

"I predict a decade of industrial activity in which the false philosophy of Bolshevism will be lost and forgotten."

Confidence, the correspondent of the New York *Times* (Dem.) reports, was the key-note of the speeches made by the governors with only two exceptions. From Arizona, where copper production, artificially stimulated by the war, is slowing down, and from West Virginia, where many coal-mines are closed, came notes of distress. Said Judge Lewis, speaking for Governor Campbell, of Arizona:

"The Government has turned its earnest attention to the solution of the copper problem. There is on hand a billion pounds of raw copper which is unmarketed, and with that billion pounds of raw copper unmarketed the copper market, with the withdrawal of the Government fixt price, has gone to pieces, and at the present time we have a state of unemployment, where twenty per cent. of the 60,000 miners who are engaged in the copper industry in Arizona are out of work, and that percentage is going to increase unless we have the cooperation of the agencies of the Federal Government in stabilizing the copper market."

Governor Cornwall, of West Virginia, reported that less than half of the 100,000 persons in his State who are normally engaged in coal-mining are now at work. He said:

"Many mines are closed entirely. Some are running two or three days a week. The coal-mining people with whom I have talked—the operators—tell me they are unable to make contracts with men who were their customers prior to the war, because those customers believe the price of coal will be very much lower after a while."

Governor Townsend, of Delaware, thinks that "not a single Delaware man" will hunt a job in the next year and not find it. Lieutenant-Governor Oglesby, of Illinois, said his State knew of no reason for "blue pessimism," but to make the situation even better he suggested:

"Let wheat, pork, etc., go back to the law of supply and demand. There will be no cheaper living with wheat at $2.26 and hogs at $17.50. The farmers of Illinois don't need these prices, and I am a farmer myself, and know what I am talking about. The creation of multifarious boards should stop, and business men be permitted to resume their normal procedure without war-time hindrance."

When the mayors of more than a hundred of our largest cities were heard, however, the note of confidence was a little less in evidence, if we accept the report of Mr. Knappen, who thus summarizes their views for the New York *Tribune:*

"First—Business lassitude and unemployment are largely due to the fact that the railways under national control, tho representing thirty per cent. of the consuming capacity of the nation, are neither efficiently conducted nor buying the supplies and making the improvements that they absolutely need.

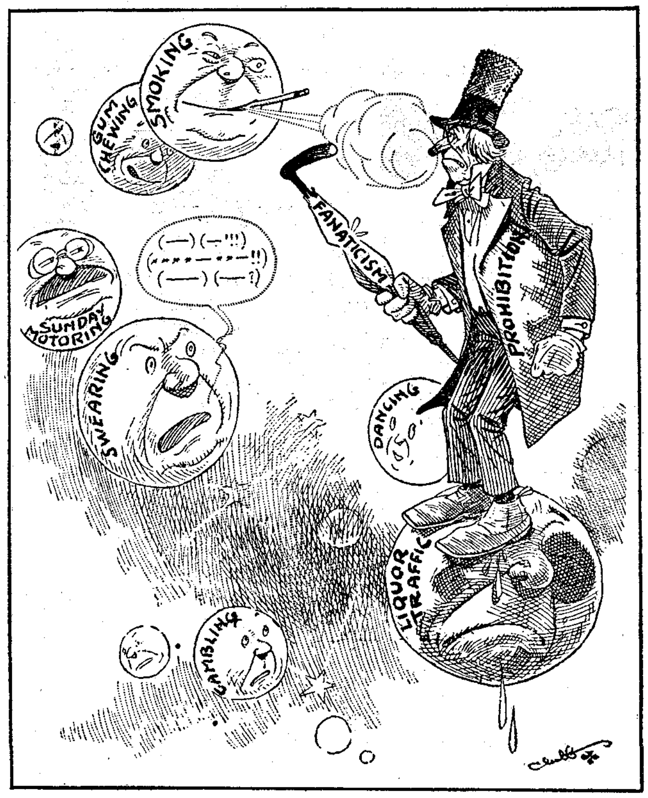
"Secondly—Road-building and other improvements are discouraged by excessive freight-rates on building materials.

"Thirdly—The Federal Government is urging other governments and private concerns to get busy and produce, but is doing nothing but talk itself, Congress being roundly blamed for adjourning without passing bills essential to governmental activities.

"Fourthly—The unemployment situation is not generally bad now, but is getting worse, and a desperate Bolshevik propaganda is actively at work to aggravate the situation."

MUST LADY NICOTIN FOLLOW JOHN BARLEYCORN?

ALTHO "THE CREAKING TUMBREL which carted King Alcohol to the gallows has been turned around and started back after Lady Nicotin," as the Cincinnati *Times-Star* observes, newspapers cognizant of the tremendous and increasing demand for tobacco in both civil and military life do not seem to think that her Ladyship needs to prepare at once for execution. "The Nineteenth Amendment that will tear away so many valuable lives from the dragon-clutch of the Tobacco Devil is," the Pittsburg *Leader* is confident, still "far, far in the peaceful future." "A match, please!" is one editor's cheerful way of dismissing the idea that he may soon be deprived by law of his cherished cigar.



MORE WORLDS TO CONQUER.
—Clubb in the Rochester *Herald*.

Yet a leading antagonist of the tobacco habit warns us that "the antinicotin crusade is not to be considered with levity." The New York *Evening World* agrees that "it's no joke"; the crusade "is, on the contrary, to be considered with profound seriousness as a warning of the tragic extremes of anemia and palsy with which the robust institutions of the country are menaced since it became possible to write sumptuary laws into the Constitution." Such a dynamic personage as Billy Sunday is reported to have said: "Prohibition is won; now for tobacco." Press writers note the growth of such organizations as the No-Tobacco League and antitobacco activity on the part of certain leaders in such influential and militant bodies as the Anti-Saloon League and the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Prof. F. W. Roman, author of the booklet, "Nicotin Next," is quoted as saying that "the evils of tobacco are greater than those of liquor." The Washington *Post* takes pains to caution its readers in particular not to laugh at the anticigaret movement, for "anticigaret leagues have been formed in several States, among them Ohio, and the number is growing." Anticigaret laws in some Western States have, it has been admitted, failed of enforcement. The Rochester *Herald* quotes a feminine campaigner against the tobacco habit as saying "the fight against the cigaret will be harder than that against gambling, swearing, and other evils, because many women as well as men indulge in cigarets." But past failures and the new additions to the ranks of the smokers have only stirred up the foes of tobacco to greater zeal. *The Deseret News*, speaking for the dominant religious body in Utah, praises Colorado Presbyterians for declaring for the national prohibition of cigarets and predicts, "in view of the success of the great fight against the liquor traffic, that the same measure of success against the despicable and deadly cigaret will eventually be chronicled." Antitobacco workers have been especially active in Indiana, where a bill has been introduced in the legislature to make any tobacco-user ineligible to public office. One member of this legislature has voiced his sentiments in a speech quoted in the daily papers:

"Smoking in all public places, including depots, all places where people have to go to conduct business, as stores, barber-shops, and offices, and in the streets where people have to pass, should be absolutely prohibited; not merely to the extent of imposing a little fine, in which case the State becomes a partner in the wrong, but by imprisonment at hard labor, that will really make the law effective. A cigaret fiend, a cigar fiend, nor a pipe fiend, neither has any moral or sanitary right to put himself in a position where people have to come into his presence to do business. No tobacco fiend has any right to pollute the air another breathes. This savage filth must cease in our boasted civilization."

A New Jersey organ of the liquor trade has quoted a few of the most striking arguments of antitobacco campaigners as follows:

"One million four hundred and fifty thousand acres of good, productive land will this year be wasted in growing tobacco unless you prevent it."

"The land could supply every grain need of our nation and its allies. The labor could supply every labor shortage in America."

"Tobacco lessens mental efficiency by over 10 per cent."

"It causes deafness, blindness, cancer, tuberculosis, insanity, apoplexy, dyspepsia, hardening of the arteries, and heart-disease."

"It impoverishes men."

"It lowers the working-power of the human muscle by a large percentage."

"It causes a large percentage of our destructive fires."

"Infants in cradles have been killed by the tobacco smoke of their fathers."

"Congress has voted to prohibit 3 per cent. beer. Why not prohibit tobacco?"

In a pamphlet issued in connection with the campaign of the Non-Smokers' Protective League, Dr. Charles G. Pease has declared that there will be an element of defeat in our victory over Germany "if those who are 'fighting for the liberty of the race' are themselves enslaved to the tobacco vice." Dr. Roman's book, "Nicotin Next," which has been taken up as a text-book for the National Woman's Temperance Union, calls attention to the waste of land in the production of tobacco, the injury to the health of tobacco-workers, the destruction of property by fires started by smokers, injurious physical and spiritual effects of tobacco; and he asserts that the immensely increased use of tobacco in the Army and its acceptance as a ration by the War Department are due, at least in part, to a great campaign by the tobacco interests. Much stress is laid on the necessity for a campaign of education about tobacco which is reminiscent of the "moral-suasion" period in the temperance movement. Wide publicity has been given to the conclusions of certain Y. M. C. A. investigators whose experiments have led them to conclude that "smoking raises the heart-rate and the blood-pressure, markedly delays the return of the heart-rate to normal after exercise, and impairs neuromuscular control."

One of the most notable admissions of the seriousness of the movement against tobacco comes from *Tobacco*, a leading organ of the trade. The editor of this paper declares that "heedless smokers and careless spitters" are giving valuable aid to "the antinicotin shouters." He continues:

"The smoker who recklessly tosses a lighted cigar-butt or cigaret-stub into a place where it might cause a fire, the untidy chewer who bespatters a floor with saliva and tobacco-juice, fellows of that sort, however unwittingly, are constant stimulators of antitobacco agitation.

"The man who defiantly smokes in places where smoking is forbidden, the smoker who is utterly rude, a person showing entire disregard for the feelings of others, may help opposition to tobacco; an ill-judged action of a user of the weed could be more injurious than any speech reiterating the antipathies of an 'anti.'

"However safe from possible prohibition the tobacco industry may deem itself, recent events make it prudent to take certain things into consideration.

"Failure to exercise restraint caused the liquor business to be unpopular. Objectionable things done by individuals under the influence of liquor were the chief arguments for the abolition of the liquor traffic."

This editor insists that tobacco is not an evil, rather—

"Because it promotes contentment, tobacco becomes a blessing to those who use it properly. Tobacco is not associated with excesses as liquor is. A man might smoke too many cigars, it is true, but, then, even the most zealous antitobacco agitator wouldn't expect the smoker to go home and 'beat up' his family. The purchase of a can of smoking tobacco seldom leads to arrest for disorderly conduct. In most cases, indulgence in tobacco makes one calmer and more peacefully inclined."

With these sentiments we find the writers of many newspaper editorials in hearty agreement. Among them we may note such an avowed enemy of strong drink as the New York *Evening Journal*. "As more Americans smoke more tobacco than ever before in the national life," the Syracuse *Post-Standard* "can't see where the prophets of a denicotined nation will begin." The Lincoln *Nebraska State Journal* reminds us that "the war which precipitated the downfall of alcohol has had just the opposite effect, on the other hand, upon nicotin; it has caused the tobacco habit to spread as remarkably as it has caused the liquor habit to shrink." *The State Journal*, of Topeka, Kansas, describes eloquently and at great length the services of Lady Nicotin on the battle-fields, in the trenches, in the hospitals, and on the deathbeds of the present war. And it concludes:

"It is sufficient for us that we had tobacco for our boys in uniform, and that we were able to supply it in sufficient abundance to those who went 'across' to make it one of the mightiest factors for magnificent morale in the history of armed conflict."

Not only war, but even prohibition, is cited by some friends of tobacco as a cause for increasing future consumption of the "weed." And a cigar manufacturer is quoted in a trade journal as noting that the sale of cigars has always increased in dry territory and predicting a phenomenal expansion of the cigar business when nation-wide prohibition goes into effect.

There has been some discussion as to whether the prohibition-workers, having vanquished John Barleycorn, will now turn with equal zeal to throw out Lady Nicotin. As the Chicago *Tribune* sees it, "moderate opinion in the prohibition organization declares against interference with tobacco; radical opinion inclines to action against this other drug." It thinks that moderate opinion will prevail, and it calls attention to this statement by Dr. Clarence T. Wilson, General Secretary of the Methodist Episcopal Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals:

"The desperate effort of the outlawed liquor traffic to make credulous people believe the victorious prohibitionists will now demand a constitutional amendment against tobacco, not to mention dancing and failure to attend Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, is the limit of hypocrisy.

"There is not now and will be no movement to secure prohibition of tobacco, except perhaps its sale to minors."

THE PEACE-LEAGUE BARRAGE

In the Senate it's the league of fulminations.—*Newark News.*

Berlin press looks upon the League with disfavor, which is some recommendation.—*Wall Street Journal.*

The world is in a fair way to get together and abolish war, if the United States Senate does not stop it.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Let the League of Nations start out, somehow; it can also accumulate eighteen amendments if needed.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Some of the speeches against the League of Nations indicate high-muzzle velocity, but they turn out to be duds.—*Manchester Union.*

When Borah refused to attend the dinner-party he showed that he wished to avoid entangling alliances.—*Knoxville Journal and Tribune.*

If the League of Nations can not prevent war, it can at least guarantee that those insisting on war will get all they want.—*Des Moines Register.*

Senator Borah seemingly would copy everything from the Farewell Address except the farewell.—*Newark News.*

The League of Nations may be all right, but how are you going to keep Baker and Daniels from coming out for it, to say nothing of Burleson!—*Indianapolis Star.*

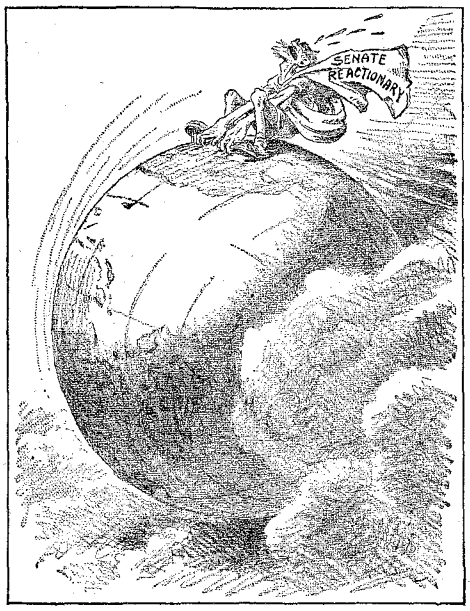
It looks to us as tho some of the intrepid Senators who are fighting against the L. of N. will be entitled to wound-chevrons before they get through.—*New York Tribune.*

The League of Nations will probably run along with a fair degree of smoothness at least until the project of international prohibition comes before it.—*Syracuse Herald.*

Mr. Taft wants a League of Nations with "teeth" in it. Well, it seems to us that the American and British fleets constitute a pretty good set of teeth.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

Mr. James Beck, of New York, says that 100,000,000 stand aghast at the thought of a League of Nations. Evidently Mr. Beck counted 'em while he was standing before a multiplying mirror.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Unless objection be made, the nomination of Woodrow Wilson to be Grand Idealist of the League of Notions will be considered equivalent to election. As the League will require a Notional Anthem, we will award a prize for the best one submitted—a prize of a long-stemmed clay pipe and a bowl of soapsuds.—*Chicago Tribune.*



"HALT!"

—Sykes in the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger.*

Will the League of Nations stage double-headers on holidays?—*Detroit Free Press.*

There are here and there sounds, of course, which remind us that there are no war-profits in arbitration.—*Detroit News.*

After the Society of Nations is formed Germany is going to have a hard time breaking into society.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

We are determined that there shall be no more war and equally determined to be ready for the next one.—*Utica Herald-Dispatch.*

Congress might be reconciled to the League of Nations if the League would take over the railroad problem.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Awful thought! Supposing the League of Nations should make the United States a mandatory to take care of Mexico!—*Boston Globe.*

Anyhow, if the debate between the President and the Senators gets too hot, we can refer the matter to the Peace Conference.—*Manchester Union.*

As we understand one article in the so-called constitution, the League of Nations will not stand for any base stealing.—*Des Moines Register.*

Mr. Taft probably thinks the League of Nations can be provided later with a set of false teeth that will serve for biting purposes.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

A boycott as a means of enforcing the League's decrees may not sound very formidable, but the Germans can testify as to what it means.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

The London *Spectator* cites as a characteristic *mot* by a French wit, summing up the French feeling about the League of Nations, the phrase, "The League is impossible and indispensable."

It is obvious that the President approaches the League of Nations discussion with an open mind. So open that any adverse criticism that may steal in is allowed to find its way out without delay.—*Boston Transcript.*

Switzerland's decision to enter the world league on the condition that she is never called on to go to war, and is never to be coerced in any way, seems to contain the germ of a bright idea.—*Philadelphia North American.*

Political experts believe that on the success of the League of Nations scheme will depend Mr. Wilson's chances for reelection, should he choose to run again. Oh, well, if that's all there is to it we know just what to do.—*New York Telegram.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

EUROPE HOPING WE WILL JOIN THE LEAGUE

THE STUBBORN FIGHT against President Wilson and the plan for the League of Nations that is waged so bitterly in some quarters since his return from Europe excites intense interest among British and French editorial observers. America's traditional distrust of European entanglements is felt very sensitively, and in sections of the British press we find wonder exprest as to what America will do if she does not join the League. "It is harder for America than for the European nations to enter the League," remarks the Manchester *Guardian*, but "in other ways it is easier, and at least it is certain that if America holds back, the League will never come into being." The question is asked in certain quarters whether as an alternative America will form an alliance with Great Britain and France, and opponents of the League, such as the London *Morning Post*, point out that in all alternative suggestions America is summoned to play a part. The fact that some American critics of the League are fighting it because Englishmen are advocating it, says this Unionist daily, puts British opposition in an unhappy situation, for unless America is willing to form an alliance all alternative plans disappear. The London *Evening News* notes more cheerfully that the President "calls upon Americans to act their part as sponsors for the future welfare of civilized humanity," and it believes he will be heard "not only by the people, but also by the Senate," for the Senators, too, are "good Americans and share, albeit in a more responsible degree, the idealism of their fellow countrymen." The London *Times* observes that people sometimes speak as tho the ideals of a League of Nations were being imposed on Europe by America, who herself proposes to go back to her former state of splendid isolation, but this journal replies:

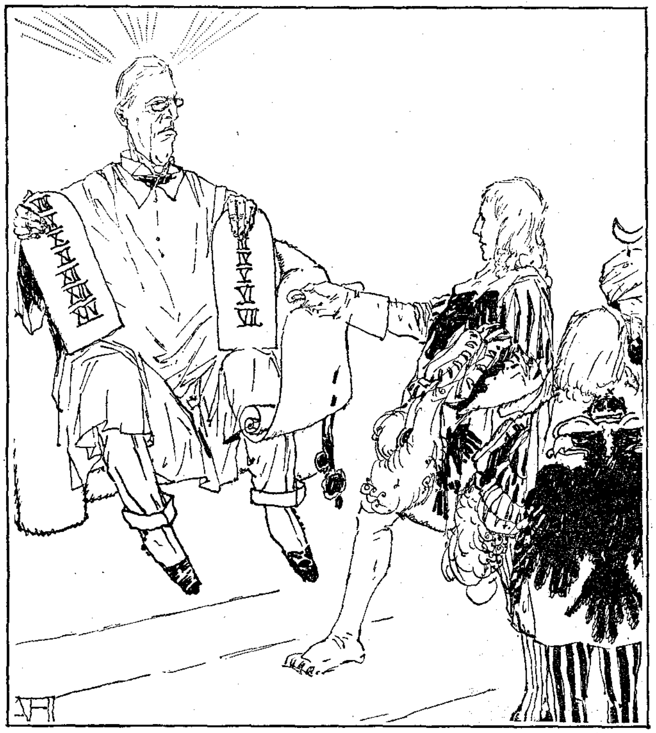
"Nothing of the kind. The American advocacy of its principles means that she can not possibly absolve herself from liability for its working out. She must assume some responsibility for a scheme of which she is one parent; she must on all questions in which moral right and wrong as exprest in the new international law are involved henceforward be a part of the European system. Here is a splendid and beneficent disturbance of the old unstable balance. And France, now that the Russian alliance has lost its value for her, will be the first to see how much the entry of the United States into European politics by the gateway of the League may mean for her in the future. And not only for her, but for all the friends of liberty."

For an official British statement we have the words of Foreign Minister Balfour, who is quoted in the press as follows:

"One of the most important things to be decided, tho not by us, is the share our brothers across the Atlantic are going to take in these new responsibilities. It would be an impertinence on our part to offer them advice, and I should not like to seem to be doing so. But I may say that an immense responsibility rests on the American people. They have come into the war. Their action has had a profound importance. Their service to mankind in this crisis will make a great page in their history. But that service is only half accomplished if they do not take a share in the even more responsible labors of peace.

"Speaking as I have a right to speak for my Government, I would add that what is going on in America at this moment is at least as important for the success of our labors as what is going on in Paris. The New World ought to play at least as important a part in the future of international organization as in the past the old countries of Europe have taken in the Middle East."

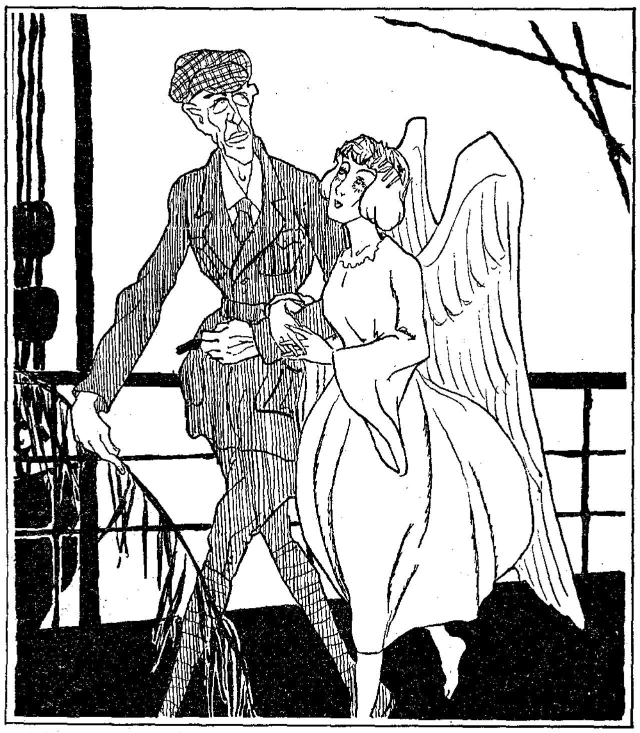
In France, too, we learn from the press, there was a fear that with the return of the President to his own country and his statement on the League of Nations, America might return to her old policy of aloofness at a time when the problems of Europe are so complex. In consequence, criticisms of the President, that had



THE MODERN MOSES.

But will his commandments become law?

—*Nebelspalter* (Zurich).



THE PEACE BRIDE.

Only promise to love, honor, and obey the Fourteen Points.

—*Nebelspalter* (Zurich).

OUR FORMER PROFESSOR AS MOSES AND *ROMEO*.

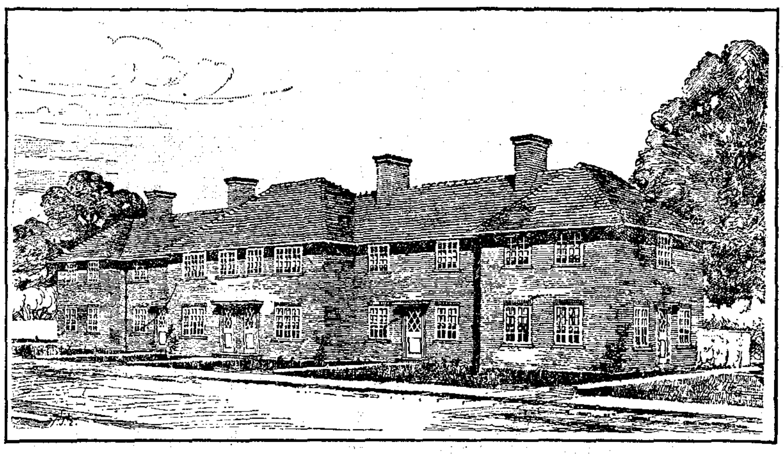
previously been more or less spirited, were softened, if not turned completely into approbation. With an admonitory glance toward these shores, the *Journal des Débats* says Republican opposition would be wiser if instead of trying to destroy the President's work it would try to improve it, and *La Liberté*, of the same city, hopes the Republicans "will make the project more practical without combating the adoption of the principles it contains." The struggle over the League of Nations in this country is described as a crisis which will decide the history of the world, writes "Pertinax" in the *Écho de Paris*, and he continues:

> "Wilson is king, prime minister, conductor of parliament, commander of military forces, party chief, distributer of economic resources, foreign minister, and, under recent law, a despotic reformer in the public service who now appeals to the people."

Rueful bitterness against the League is vented in the German press, and incidentally we learn that the "German Society for International Law" has drafted a scheme for a League of Nations "made in Germany." Professor Schuecking, vice-president of the "German Association for a League of Nations," finds much to criticize in the Allies' project and thinks Germany should endeavor to bring about such modifications of the plan as would protect her vital interests. He believes Germany should be permitted to join the League simultaneously with the other Powers, and should be heard regarding necessary changes in the constitution of the League. On the other hand, some Berlin newspapers say that Germany should have nothing to do with the plan, sarcastically referred to as the "so-called League of Nations" by the Berlin *Zeitung am Mittag*, which calls it "simply a compact of alliance of five great nations, which reserve the right to admit or exclude other nations." The reservation in the disarmament clause that disarmament shall take into consideration the "geographical situation" of a nation plainly means, according to this irate newspaper, that France shall be exempted from its provisions. In the Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger* it is charged that through the League America and England wish to assure themselves power over the whole world. Continental states can be prevented from fighting, we read further, as the leading Powers of the League will throw their forces where their best interests lie. Yet it is admitted, grudgingly enough, that standing armies will no longer play an important rôle as far as England and America are concerned, because the war has proved that these countries are able to create big and efficient armies out of nothing. But at sea the condition is different, for which reason ships and yet more ships are being built, while Germany's fleet and her submarines have been seized. The *Lokal Anzeiger* concludes mournfully that Germany "has nothing to do in the League but obey, and politicians who trusted Wilson and his League made a mistake." A like lamentation is heard from Dr. W. H. Solf, formerly Germany's Minister of Colonial Affairs, who is quoted in a Berlin dispatch as saying that the Germans had "an almost childlike faith in the ability and will of Mr. Wilson," but they have suffered a "tremendous disappointment since the opening of the Peace Conference." The armistice arrangements and the modification of the League of Nations plan, according to Dr. Solf, "have done much to shatter their hopes," with the result that some people have "lost faith in Mr. Wilson's sincerity; and others, while they believe him sincere, do not think that he is able to achieve his object."

ENGLAND'S HOUSING PLANS

Keeping a roof over the head of its people is a postwar problem that the British Government has taken seriously in hand. The administration of what is known as the State Housing Plan is to be entrusted to a Chief Commissioner in London and eight District Commissioners of Housing throughout England and Wales. The men chosen, we are informed by the press, will be of wide knowledge and experience in housing, will have important discretionary powers and adequate technical staffs at their disposal. As a guide for London building authorities, the local Government Board is issuing a manual containing plans of several types of houses of the latest design, and the general aim, it is said, is to restrict the number of houses in urban areas to twelve to the acre and in rural areas to eight to the acre. In addition to a kitchen, larder, scullery, three bedrooms, wash-house, and bathroom, it is planned in many of the houses that there be also a comfortable living-room or parlor. Practically all the essential fixtures, we read, are being standardized, including doors, windows, kitchen-ranges, baths, bolts, locks, door-handles, and general fittings. Where it is practicable, munition-factories and works will be used to produce these articles, at the same time providing employment for many munition-workers. By way of an object-lesson, the local Government Board of London is preparing to build in that city a village of model houses. Each house will be a complete model in architecture, style, and interior arrangements for the guidance of local authorities throughout the country. Meanwhile, as to London dwellers alone, *The Pall Mall Gazette* points out that in view of the great shortage of building material and the consequent high cost of construction, it is most desirable that before building is started investigation should be made into existing housing facilities. This daily goes on to discuss the problem which exists in other large cities as follows:



COTTAGES PLANNED TO MEET ENGLAND'S HOUSING NEEDS.

The six cottages shown here are drawn to be built in a block, but they could be built in pairs if necessary. They are a prize design by Mr. Courtenay M. Crickmer, and could be erected in any area where bricks are suitable and cheap. The roof is of tile.

> "It is quite possible that if a census of house space were taken, and compared with the probable demand, it would be found that London was amply provided with houses, tho not with the precise kind of house that will be needed. The demand is for the small villa residence and small flats for all classes. The rents of these are steadily rising, while in many districts the rents of larger houses, which before the war let at anything from eighty pounds per annum upward, are falling, and, even so, failing to attract tenants. We again urge upon the authorities that the best and cheapest way to provide the smaller dwellings needed is the conversion of these large derelict buildings into *maisonnettes* and flats. By this method rents could be kept down, and the accommodation required could be provided. Moreover, the conversion of existing buildings would obviate the necessity of building on existing sites, many of which already provide, and many more could provide, the playing-fields which are so badly needed by all urban populations."

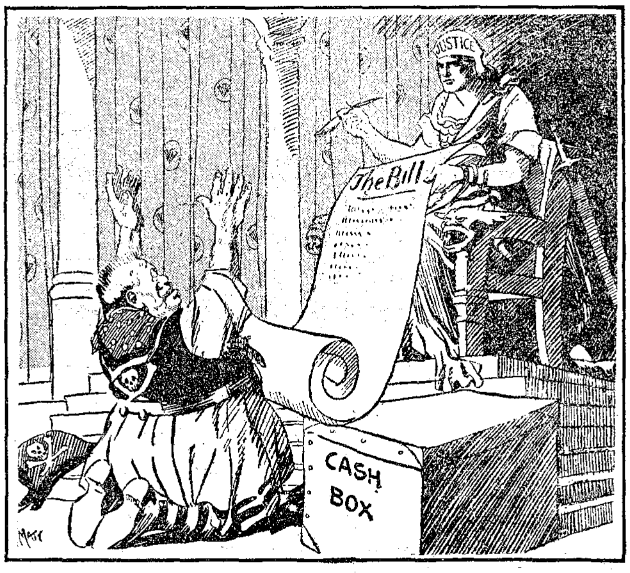
All through England, remarks the London *Daily Telegraph*, the seriousness of the housing problem can not be minimized. As far as London is concerned, it is very complex, according to this journal, which tells us that the last census returns on the population of London showed that 2,627,934 people were occupying one to four-room tenements, and—

"Of this total, 725,951 persons, or 27.6 per cent., were living more than two persons per room. Of people living more than two persons per room in one-roomed tenements the total was 116,552, in two-roomed tenements 277,592, in three-roomed tenements, 223,137, and in four-roomed tenements 108,670. The evil of overcrowding is further emphasized when it is pointed out that of the tenements occupied by more than two persons per room a considerable number were occupied by three, four, five, etc., persons per room. The figures were as follows:

			Persons
Living more than	2	per room	758,786
"	3	"	173,637
"	4	"	38,346
"	5	"	8,903
"	6	"	2,349
"	7	"	575
"	8	"	159
"	9	"	42
"	10	"	12
"	11	"	12

If the provision of houses for the mass of the British people is to be left solely to local authorities, says *Justice* (London)," organ of the National Socialist party, we can expect little but an inadequate supply of inferior houses which will show the effects of wear and tear in less than a decade. Housing must be dealt with nationally and from the same standpoint as education, in the belief of this labor organ, which adds:

> "It is now generally judged to be the duty of the state to see that all its future citizens are decently educated, tho it miserably fails in its duty. It must also be the duty of the state to provide adequate housing accommodation for its future citizens, no matter what the cost may be. In solving the housing question on that basis, our rulers would be conferring on future generations an advantage which could not be measured in monetary figures, so great would be the benefits accruing. Will they do so?"



WHEN PIRATE FRITZ GETS THE BILL FOR DAMAGES.
—*Evening News* (London).

ITALIAN PLEAS FOR FINANCIAL AID—Italy is burdened with the heaviest war-debt of all the Allies, according to Mr. Luigi Luzzati, former Premier and a leading financial authority, who is quoted as saying in Rome that "if all the war-loans of the Entente should be thrown together in one sum, Italy and France, whose efforts and losses in men and substance have been the greatest, will be compensated by bearing a smaller proportion of the war-debt." The United States and Great Britain are "not only strong, but generous," Mr. Luzzati said further, and "they will acknowledge that Italy and France, the two principal centers of Teutonic slaughter and devastation, should be financially supported, therefore, with correspondingly greater help." A request for aid is forthcoming also in the Milan *Corriere della Sera*, which says that the fact that the United States and Great Britain will exercise the preponderating influence at the Peace Conference is regarded by Italy with "faith and hope." France and Italy have paid a much heavier blood tribute than the other Allied nations, and this sacrifice can not be materially compensated. But, the *Corriere della Sera* goes on to say, France and Italy have also suffered material losses which may be compensated by the "equitable distribution of war-expenses." It is impossible for impoverished France and Italy, to become mandatories of the League of Nations for controlling former German colonies, or former Turkish possessions in Asia, if the problem of war-expenses is not first solved. Consequently the Peace Conference should immediately settle the preliminary problem of war-expenses.

HOW OUR ENEMIES CAN PAY THE WAR-BILL

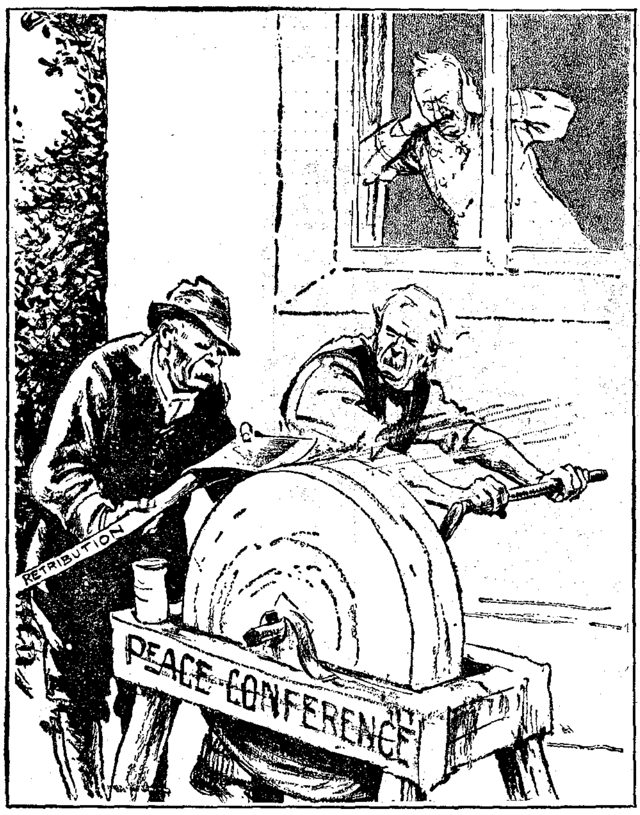
PRESENTING THE WAR-BILL to Germany and her allies is one thing, but how the enormous total is to be collected puzzles some observers, especially in view of internal conditions in Germany and Austria. A practical solution of the problem is offered by the Federation of British Industries, which estimates the annual sum obtainable from the enemy countries at 840 millions of pounds, or $4,200,000,000, to be shared in the following proportions:

Germany	£600,000,000
Austria and Hungary	188,000,000
Bulgaria	31,000,000
Turkey	21,000,000
Total annually	£840,000,000

Large as this sum is, we read in the memorandum issued to the press by the Federation, it will not meet the Allies' debt. In fact, the Conference Committee on Reparation, we learn from Paris dispatches, estimates that $120,000,000,000 is the amount which the enemy must pay. The Federation contends strongly that the whole cost of the war should be regarded as a liability of the enemy countries, irrespective of any investigation or opinion as to their capacity to pay, and that the full sum should be entered in the treaty of peace. The most satisfactory procedure, it is held, is perhaps to make Germany pay off the capital of her debt with her £600,000,000 a year, while we bear the interest and recover as much of it as possible from her accomplices, who could pay a yearly sum of £240,000,000. How the money required from Germany could be raised in that country is shown in the following table, and it is claimed that the extra charges here listed would not infringe seriously on the revenues required for internal administration:

Saved from military and naval expenditure	£100,000,000
By railway, post, and telegraph taxes, etc	143,334,150
Canals and river transport	19,678,500
Electric power tax	14,748,669
German shipping tax	10,530,000
Forest products	3,202,057
Fisheries	4,156,000
Agricultural imports, etc., duty	35,183,690
Crops	44,309,352
Animals kept	33,959,555
Tax on arable land	6,519,953
Tax on grass land	1,019,865
Mineral raw products royalty	7,000,000
Foundry products	5,895,805
Taxes on certain raw products used:	
Flax	242,500
Hemp	125,000
Jute	350,500
Silk	927,500
Mineral oils	527,698
Rubber (1912 figures)	585,200
Leather	2,222,378
Tanning material	319,323
Taxes on goods produced:	
Cement	1,200,000
Electrical exports	1,100,000
Motor-cars, parts, etc	815,000
Petrol, machine oils, etc	229,650
Sugar	3,000,000
Beer (at 1 mark per gallon)	76,120,000
Alcohol (at 5 marks per gallon)	21,143,870
Tax on labor employed in industry, etc	14,353,000
Income tax	200,000,000
Total	£752,808,215

To guard against undue optimism, a deduction is made from this total of £752,808,215 to compensate for decreased population owing to loss of territory, cost of collection, and so on, leaving a clear total of £600,000,000. While no figures at present compiled are very reliable, the Federation of British Industries believes that the paying power of the enemy countries will prove to be far greater than is anticipated, just as the paying power of all the belligerent countries has proved during the war to be far greater than could have been figured from any prewar calculations. It is noted, however, that Germany's allies are all "on the verge of bankruptcy," and the Federation points out that the financial position of the "ramshackle empire" of Austria-Hungary was hopeless even when the war broke out. Moreover, the bulk of the railways, of the population, and of the mineral and agricultural wealth of the empire is passing into new hands. Even such tangible assets as ships will largely be claimed by the new states. At the same time, it is felt that the new states rising out of the débris of Austria-Hungary should be prepared to bear their share of the cost of freeing them. As to Bulgaria and Turkey, the Federation's memorandum says:



THE EX-KAISER—"What a blood-curdling noise!"
—*London Opinion.*

> "These two states were largely industrial, and, tho backward, have, nevertheless, great potentialities. Bulgaria, on the whole, is fairly sound, and her administration has in the main been fairly honestly and well run; while Turkey is thoroughly unsound financially, largely because of a corrupt and incompetent Government. Both, however, possess great potential wealth, and the policy of the Allies should be to develop these with the avowed object of obtaining an increased revenue from which an annual instalment for the indemnity could be obtained. To do this the soundest policy appears to be that outlined below:
>
> "1. Placing the Allies in charge of the revenues of these two states in the position of the administrator of a bankrupt firm.
>
> "2. Take over all loans, treasury bills, etc., due to Germany as part of Germany's investments abroad, the total to be deducted from the amount of indemnity Germany has to pay to the Allies. This step is essential if we are to rescue Bulgaria and Turkey from the grip of Germany.
>
> "3. Deal with the inflation of the currency in Turkey, and, if necessary, in Bulgaria.
>
> "4. Claim that all present railways and all future concessions for methods of penetration with Turkey or Bulgaria should be reserved for the Allies, and similarly all mineral or land concessions also.
>
> "The fact must be emphasized that in Bulgaria, and even more in Asia Minor, there are numerous natural resources only awaiting development, the output from which, besides raising a revenue and benefiting the native population, would confer a great benefit also on the whole industrial world, which needs badly many of the raw products now lying almost untouched."

The Federation recommends that an Inter-Allied commission should be instituted, charged with the duty of receiving revenues for the war-cost fund, and of distributing them *pro rata* to the Allied and associated Powers. It is remarked further that very careful consideration should be given to the question whether the commission should not supervise and control the total revenue of the enemy countries. On this point—

> "It appears to the Federation that such a course would have much to recommend it. In the first place, absolute security would be provided against any attempt to conceal revenue and to build up a secret fund to be expended upon armaments with the object of a sudden or treacherous attack."

The novel suggestion also is made that Germany might liquidate part of the debt by handing over works of art—not her national art-treasures, but those she has acquired, not always by purchase, from all parts of the world, and to which she has no moral claim, but only the fact of possession.

A BOLSHEVIK FIASCO IN ARGENTINA

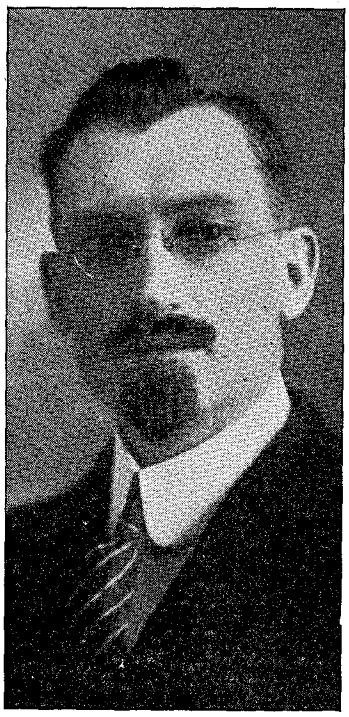
THE DREAD THAT BOLSHEVISM had taken root in Argentina inspired by the great strikes some months ago is thoroughly dissipated by the turn of events, according to a writer in *L'Europe Nouvelle* (Paris). The Bolsheviki stole into the country without examination by the authorities because they were clever enough to travel as first-class passengers. Their principal propaganda was exerted in Buenos Aires, and by playing on the sympathies of the labor federation of Argentina they succeeded in bringing about a general strike. For days the strike paralyzed the city. There were riots in the principal streets and in some sections the strikers stormed the police-stations. But, our informant relates, General Delepianne, who had been appointed military commander of the city with 10,000 troops at his disposal, was prompt and firm in his methods of repression. It is said that 600 rioters were killed and many more wounded. By the middle of January conditions had been restored to normal and the Government set about a policy of correction as follows:

> "Two thousand strikers and agitators were arrested, of whom about 80 per cent. were Russians. There were also some two hundred Catalonians, refugees from Barcelona, who had come after the week of bloody conflict which followed the execution of Ferrer. The emissaries of Lenine and Trotzky had already organized a general *Soviet* at Buenos Aires, the president of which was a Russian, named Peter Wald. All its members were either executed or imprisoned. The Maximalists, the Russian students, and the Spanish and Argentinian anarchists were planning to raise an armed force of four thousand men to take possession of the capital.
>
> "How did it happen that a movement which broke out with such violence was stopt so soon and that work was resumed so promptly? To explain: the Argentinian workers, who at first followed the leaders of the strike, acted in good faith because they believed they were fighting for their claims as true Argentinians. They had not the slightest use for Bolshevik politics, and as soon as they realized that they were the tools of foreigners they completely fell away from the movement. A delegation of Argentinian workers has made attestation that the genuine strikers did not take part in the attacks on the police-stations. This was the work of the Russian anarchistic element.
>
> "One illuminating fact is that the Bolsheviki made a big blunder when they thought they could sweep the masses of South America into support of their doctrine. The Latin peoples of the New World have a very strong sense of nationality. On internal questions they may be divided, but as soon as they perceive a foreign attempt to intervene in their affairs they are joined in the 'sacred union.'"

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

LIVING AND DEAD SCIENCE IN THE SCHOOLS

DEAD TEACHERS are numerous among those who instruct our children in the sciences in our secondary schools. Not only so, but they are buried—covered up with abstractions and formulas. In this picturesque way President Daniel Russell Hodgdon, of the College of Technology, of Newark, N. J., indicated to the Central Association of Science and Mathematics Teachers, at its recent Chicago meeting, the desirability of a little more life in their teaching of general science—a little more attempt to relate the subject to the familiar facts of life. Children who are taught abstractions, he says, find difficulty in applying their knowledge. The boy who knows all about inertia—in his text-book—would never think of it as responsible for his fall when he stubs his toe. The girl who thinks she understands molecules is stumped when she is asked whether she ever saw one. What we need, says President Hodgdon, is the vitalization of science "as she is taught." Our quotations are from the address as printed in *The General Science Quarterly* (Salem, Mass., January). He says in substance:



"SOME OF US TEACHERS ARE DEAD," Says President Daniel R. Hodgdon, and he tells how they can resurrect themselves and their teaching.

"With the world in which we live full of vital, useful, and interesting things, it is a surprizing and sad thing that many of the people, and especially teachers, go through this world and die without seeing the beautiful and interesting things we find about us. It takes very little effort on the part of any teacher to open the eyes of his pupils to the things which will function throughout the pupil's entire life. A surprizing fact, and one which is lamentable, is that too many of us as teachers in scientific subjects go through the world with a pair of scientific spectacles which have been stained the color of abstract facts, in order to filter out the rays of the beautiful, interesting, and the vital science facts of the world that surrounds us.

"Teachers are too likely to use a strictly scientific language, which is too scientific and too indefinite for the boy or girl to understand. In a test recently I found a lack of ability to tell exactly what was meant when students tried to express themselves in some scientific terms.

"Three questions were asked: What is a molecule? What does it look like? Have you seen one? The class consisted of over two hundred pupils who were entering a normal school. They were all graduates of a high school and entered with physics and chemistry as a prerequisite. In most cases the answers were interesting. A number explained a molecule as a small round thing in things. Undoubtedly this answer would have surprized the teachers who taught those pupils the meaning of molecules. One young lady insisted that she had seen one. Several said that their teachers had seen them. Many teachers would be astounded or mortified at the answers if they were to ask their pupils practical questions on this subject.

"Not long ago I asked some pupils who had gone down in an elevator what caused the funny feeling in their stomachs when the elevator dropt suddenly, and they looked at me with peculiar expressions in their eyes, because I had asked such a question, and one laughingly said, 'I don't know.' I then said, 'Have you ever studied physics?' 'Yes, last year.' 'Can you not apply some principle of physics to this thing?' He said, 'I have not thought of it before.' And truly he had never thought of this before.

"One day while walking on the sidewalk a girl stubbed her toe. She ran a few steps, turned around, and smiled as she nearly fell down. She happened to be a pupil in the school where I was teaching. I asked her if she knew why she ran when she stubbed her toe. She smiled and said, 'So I wouldn't fall down.' I replied: 'To be sure, but why would you have fallen down if you had not run a few steps?' She said, 'I don't know.' A few days later she came to my class-room and said, 'I have an answer to your question.' I had forgotten the incident, so she recalled it to me, and this was the way she explained it: 'When I stubbed my toe, my feet stopt, my head kept on going, therefore I had to run to catch up with my head.' Exactly so; she had explained it in a common-sense way.

"Recently on a teacher's examination-paper the question was asked, 'How is coal made to leave a shovel when trying to throw it on a fire?' The young lady taking this examination had done very well on her abstract questions, which dealt with the physics, but this is the way she answered the question regarding the coal: 'After getting the coal on the shovel, you hold it at the furnace-door, the flames jump up and lick it in.' I have given you these examples all from experience, and I may say that the pupils in all cases did know what inertia was, but it would be hard work to have associated inertia with something that had actually happened in their every-day experiences.

"Examine teachers who have had physics, chemistry, biology, or any other science in school, who are not teachers of these subjects, and ask them a few simple questions about simple phenomenon, and they will be unable to explain. The trouble is that some of us as teachers are dead. We died long ago. We have been buried under six feet of abstract facts and formulas. We had a funeral service on note-book computations, etc. The flowers and the beauty of real living things were not present, and we have stayed dead and nothing will resurrect us until we have thrown aside all of this material, which is good-for-nothing, useless material to the average pupil, and reorganize it around the beautiful, the living, and the active world. Some one will say, you are not a science teacher, then I thank God I am not, and I don't want to be, if science can not consist of the real, live material and the problems which you have at hand to be solved from day to day. In other words, we must talk to pupils, we must teach pupils, and we must learn with pupils in the language they know and in the environment they understand."

As for observation, which is the fundamental process of science, we do not teach it, according to President Hodgdon. Ninety-nine per cent. of our science teachers, he says, do not "teach pupils to see things." In his own classes, the author tells us, he has made a practise of answering the pupils' questions and discussing their observations. During the course of a year he answers about one thousand questions, some of which are repeated ten or a dozen times, showing that the same things interest many pupils. He writes further of this:

"Such incidents as this have been reported. One girl said: 'Last night while washing dishes, one glass stuck tightly into the other and I was unable to remove it until I had placed them in hot water. I asked my mother why this was so and she did not know. She had not thought of it.'

"Another incident by another pupil. 'In our room we have a fireplace. Last night we put some wood on the fire and a short time afterward a piece of the wood had blown almost into the middle of the room. I tried to explain it, but I could not find any reason.' This question was answered by one of the other members of the class. Such questions as these are coming up daily in the experience of every one.

"As soon as pupils begin to realize that they can see and understand some of the things about them, they begin to react. A short time ago one of my pupils coming across the meadows observed the fact that the fog stood about three feet above land. She wanted to know why. She had crossed the meadow hundreds of times before entering the science class and never wondered at this phenomenon.

"Another asked why ice steams on a hot day. I was rather amused at the answer of one of the pupils who had had considerable science. 'Because the ice was evaporating and you could see it go,' was his answer. . . . . . .

"I once knew of a teacher who had given an experiment to a boy to do with a motor. He had careful instructions laid before him and he was supposed to follow them. About one-half of the period gone, the teacher stopt at his desk to see what he had done. He found that he had not written anything about the motor, but was busily engaged, and the teacher rather sharply remarked, 'Why have you not started your experiment?' The boy jumped because he had been absorbed in examining the motor, and said: 'I have found out how the thing goes one way, but I can not find out how it goes the other way.' If the teacher had the sense of humor and the knowledge of psychology of a boy he would have said, 'Keep at it until you do find out,' but instead he dismissed the boy from the class and gave the remaining number of the class a lecture on following instructions. 'Never mind what you want to know; just do as I tell you. You will learn something that way. If you want to find out anything else, do not find it out here.' Rather poor psychology, and I doubt whether any pupil in that class will remember that teacher as being one who influenced his life.

"Students can easily be taught to observe and become interested in anything if they are allowed to discuss things about them. How often have I heard a pupil say, 'I have seen more things this year going to and from school than I have ever seen in my life before.' 'I notice the clouds every morning; I have tried to predict the weather. I notice the people in the car. New things, new experiences, happen to me and I try to explain them.' This is the spirit of observation. Not only have I had pupils come to me during class hours, but often have students come after school to ask a question which they could not answer about some phenomenon they had seen. Why? Because they are interested and because science is a thing which produces the spirit of investigation even on the dullest mind. Pupils have written letters after graduation asking for explanation of certain things which they have seen. They will never lose their interest in science."

THE REAL YELLOW PERIL—Asia is a menace to the world, but not by reason of its human population. It is as a permanent breeding-place for the germs of disease that it deserves our watchful attention. Says a writer in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago, February 15):

"Asia is the home of plague and many other pests. At first thought this does not concern us. But the presence of plague in epidemic form, especially in the ports of the Orient, does constitute a menace to Americans. The facilities for travel have brought Asia and our Pacific coast together, while the possession of the Philippines has multiplied the occasions for intercourse with the inhabitants of the Far East. Thus the diseases of Asia threaten to some degree the lives and health of the American population, and the situation regarded from this point of view has been aggravated by the conditions of war. Therefore it may be truly affirmed that the persistence of plague in India and China is a source of danger to this country and one that must be guarded against. . . . An exchange points out that the present epidemic of plague in Asia began in Hongkong in 1894 and in Bombay in 1896, and has persisted since then. It was as deadly and wide-spread as ever during the first three months of 1918, that is, twenty-two years after the original outbreak. Moreover, so long as the rat is infected in a locality, just so long will man be liable to the disease. The obstacles in the way of successfully grappling with the plague problem in Asia are numerous and almost insurmountable. The natives object to wholesale inoculation and rat-destruction; hence the only effective mode of procedure is most difficult to carry out. Religious scruples against the slaughter of animals, even vermin, are prevalent throughout India. Consequently it may be taken for granted that plague will continue to persist in Asia; and as it is extremely rife in the two great ports of that continent, Hongkong and Bombay, it is not an impossibility that it will be conveyed thence to American ports on the Pacific coast, if necessary precautions are not taken."

EUROPEAN HUNGER AND PREJUDICE

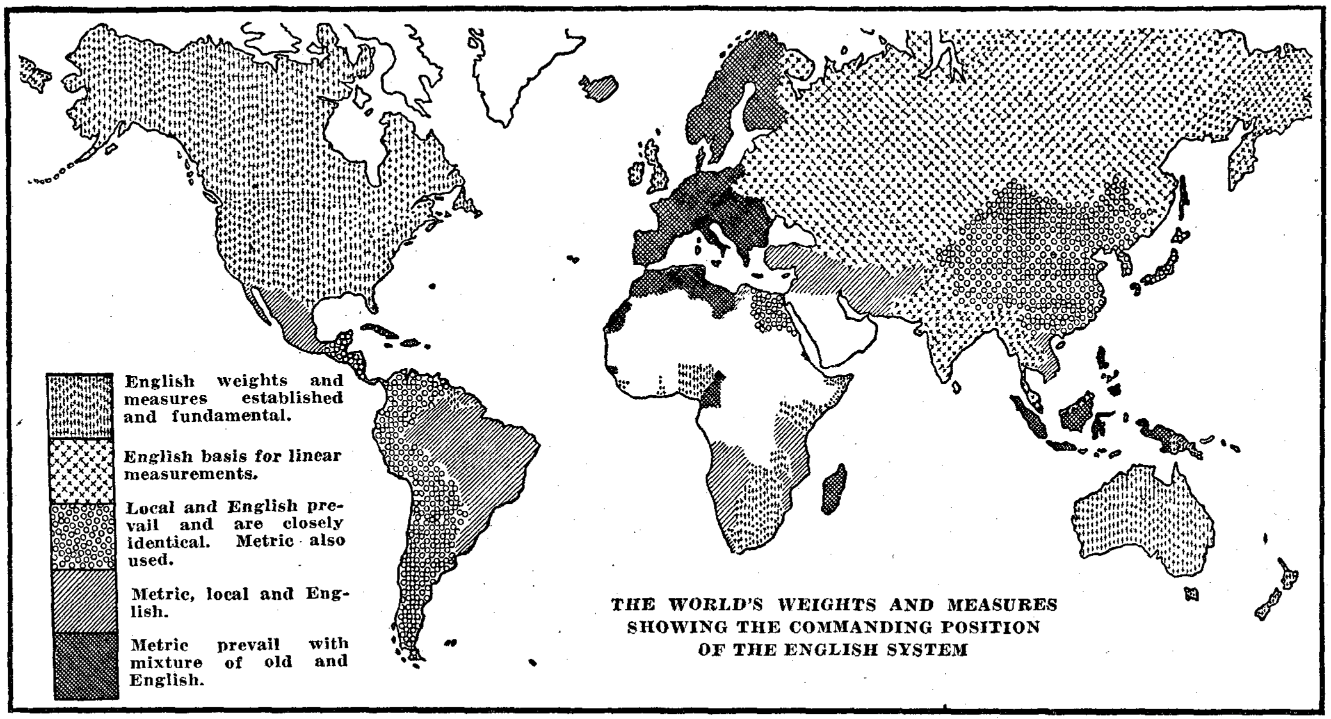
MENTAL ATTITUDE enters strongly into the problem of feeding the world, thinks Dr. David Fairchild, of the United States Department of Agriculture, writing in *The Journal of the Franklin Institute* (Philadelphia) on "The Palate of Civilized Man." Our quotations are from an authorized reprint in *The Scientific American Supplement* (New York, February 1). Dr. Fairchild reminds us that as a general thing people will starve rather than eat what they do not like, even when the food in question has been the staple of whole nations for centuries. We have never taken kindly to rice, for instance, and would surely object to being practically restricted to it, as are some oriental peoples. On the other hand, we had to ration ourselves during the war in the case of wheat because European nations refused to eat Indian corn, which we had in profusion to give them. We read:

"Could a Southern planter or a Western farmer have imagined that the Belgians would refuse to eat his corn or that the British would even under the pressure of war-prices buy corn-meal with great reluctance, and the reason be that 'corn-meal is chicken-food'? The soldiers' likes and dislikes in food have no doubt restricted and hampered the prosecution of the war. Blackberry jam formed an integral part of the ration of our miniature standing army, but it is hardly to be expected that it will be available for the million men soon to be in the field. Now, while the events and facts are fresh in every one's mind, it may be well to consider whether it may not be easier to change our minds than to change our agriculture.

"Consider the corn situation to-day and its bearing upon the gigantic problem before us of feeding starving Europe. When I first heard that the Belgians refused to eat corn, and that the Irish and English would eat anything else before they would touch it, my first impulse was to insist that they ought to be made to eat it. Edward Eyre Hunt, the author of 'War-Bread,' explained and made it entirely clear to me that a shocked and outraged people, wrought up and nervous to a high degree as a result of the treatment they have received, is in no mental attitude to learn to like a new food. The task of education would have been too long and more expensive than the shifting of our own menu at home, and in the meantime would have cost many thousands of lives. Resort was made to the use of different names for corn and concealment of it in war-bread with three parts of white flour. Sir Horace Plunkett informed me that unfortunately his people had grown up to look upon corn as hog- and chicken-food, and that this prejudice was extremely difficult to overcome, but that high prices would in time force them to eat it. One of the British commissioners to this country remarked, last spring, to one of our Southern ladies: 'Madam, I wish you could send us a hundred darky cooks to teach our people how to cook corn.'

"Not to like a food which has been the staple of peoples for thousands of years and to-day is produced by the thousand million bushels and feeds hundreds of millions of people seems to us who like it a strange, incomprehensible spectacle. Yet it is no stranger than that of the American people and their indifference to that other great cereal, rice, which is produced in larger amounts than any other cereal in the world and forms the staff of life of hundreds of millions of civilized peoples.

"It is said that Europe is dependent upon the wheat loaf, and the bakeries of that country are ill-suited to utilize corn. We are sometimes inclined to insist that they should break away from the exclusive use of the wheat loaf and learn to make corn bread—yet we have not yet learned to cook rice properly, and complain of its insipid character, which must be an attitude hard for our oriental neighbors to understand. This indifference toward rice, of which staple we even now consume only the insignificant quantity of seven pounds per capita, has led to the abandonment of the fertile rice-fields of the Carolinas, and to-day efforts are being made to find some paying crop to take its place there, because our meager demands have been met until very recently by the California and Texas rice areas recently developed."


▦ English weights and measures established and fundamental.
▨ English basis for linear measurements.
▩ Local and English prevail and are closely identical. Metric also used.
▧ Metric, local and English.
■ Metric prevail with mixture of old and English.

THE WORLD'S WEIGHTS AND MEASURES SHOWING THE COMMANDING POSITION OF THE ENGLISH SYSTEM

THE WORLD'S WEIGHTS AND MEASURES

THE ACCOMPANYING MAP, showing the systems of weights and measures used in various parts of the world, is from an article on "Our English Weights and Measures," by Samuel S. Dale, in *Textiles* (Boston, January). In this article, originally given as an address before the American Society of Mechanical Engineers in New York, Mr. Dale opposes the metric system and asserts that our old system, based on that of Britain, is no longer "English," but world-wide, and must be recognized if we are ever to have world-wide uniformity. The map was prepared to uphold this argument. Writes Mr. Dale:

"Let us take a look at the situation, beginning with the western hemisphere. The Spanish and English systems predominate in Latin America, and to a remarkable extent they are identical. Listen to the Spanish tables as taught in the schools of Latin America to-day:

"Twelve inches, 1 foot; 3 feet, 1 yard; 144 square inches, 1 square foot; 9 square feet, 1 square yard; 1,728 cubic inches, 1 cubic foot; 27 cubic feet, 1 cubic yard; 4 liquid *copas*, 1 *cuartillo;* 4 *cuartillos*, 1 *azumbre;* 8 *azumbres*, 1 *cantara;* 16 *cantaras*, 1 *moyo;* 16 drams, 1 ounce; 16 ounces, 1 pound; 100 pounds, 1 *quintal;* 2,000 pounds, 1 ton.

"These multiples are practically the same as the English. As for the size of the units, the Spanish *vara*, or yard, is an approximation of the English yard, while the Spanish weights, ton, *quintal*, pound, ounce, and dram, vary only 1.4 per cent. from the corresponding English weights.

"So much for Latin America. As for the remaining portion of the western hemisphere, it is not necessary to dwell on the impressive fact that the English system is the established and fundamental standard of the United States and Canada.

"Turning now to the eastern hemisphere, we find English weights and measures to be the established system in that vast area comprising the British Empire. Throughout that other vast area known as Russia the linear measures are based on the English inch. The Russian *duim* is the English inch; the Russian foot is the English foot; the Russian *archine* is 28 English inches; the Russian *sagene*, 7 English feet; the Russian *verst*, 3,500 English feet. In China English weights and measures are the recognized standards at the treaty ports. The Chinese system in use throughout the country is not well standardized, but the standards of weight in most extensive use are based on the ounce (*liang* or *tael*), equal to 1⅓ avoirdupois ounces; 16 Chinese ounces make 1 pound (*catty*); 100 Chinese pounds, 1 *picul*. Thus the Chinese and English weights are easily commensurable and divided as in the English system. Chinese linear measurements are based on a unit (*ch'ih*) approximating the English foot, the leading standard being equal to 12.5 English inches.

"In Japan the established system of linear measures is based on a foot (*shaku*) of 11.93 English inches used by artizans, and on a foot of 14.9 inches used for dry goods. I hold in my hand a Japanese *shaku*, used throughout Japan and varying only one half per cent. from the English foot.

"Furthermore, in addition to being established and fundamental or closely identical with the established weights and measures in so large a part of the earth's surface, the use of the English system has been extended to all countries by trade and industry, one of the causes of bitter complaint in Germany during this war having been the extensive use of the hated English weights and measures.

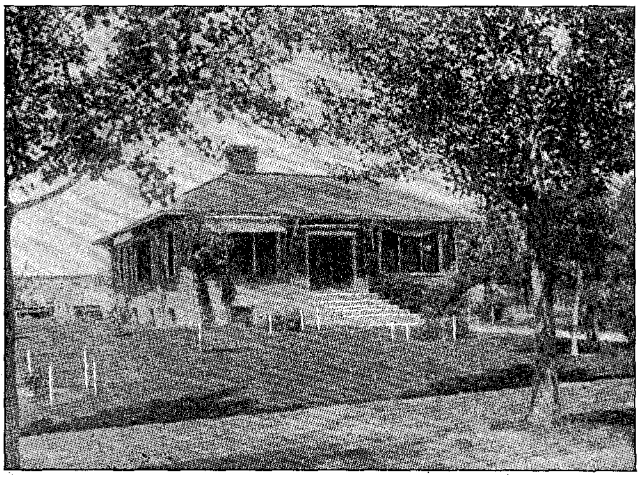
"This survey of weights and measures throughout the world is necessarily brief. It is easy to say, 'English weights and measures are used in the United States,' or 'English weights and measures are used throughout the British Empire,' but these few words state a condition that is decisive as to the question we are discussing. Seventy per cent. of the world's industrial energy before the war was exerted on the basis of English weights and measures. As one thinks of the world situation, the conviction becomes overwhelming that the English system no longer belongs to England and America, but that it is the common property of mankind, and that, if the world's weights and measures are ever to reach or move toward uniformity, it will have to be on the basis of the English system. That was plain before this war ended. The terms of the armistice make it 'so evident it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.'"

TO QUELL MOBS WITH TEAR-GAS—Some of the war-developed gases deserve to be kept as offensive weapons of the law, thinks H. E. Howe, writing in *The Scientific American* (New York, February 15). Substances which produce dense volumes of harmless smoke have, no doubt, come to stay. They are altogether too useful as screens for operations in the field to be discarded, and form an excellent method of defense. He goes on:

"The gases to which reference is made are the lacrymators and the sneeze-provoking gases. Highly efficient gases of each sort which leave no harmful effects are now available for use against mobs and will be more effective than any other method for breaking them up and giving the individuals something to divert their attention. They will reach where water, so often used, can not penetrate, and the effect is for a longer time. It will be recalled that in the Philippine campaign the Americans were required to fight the fanatical Moro, who welcomed death and conducted a difficult kind of warfare. There was an instance, so we have been informed, where the warriors used as a shield their women and possibly children, and occupied a position such that our troops must kill or be killed. The result gave rise to considerable criticism of our troops, and it seems probable that a few gas-shells would have made the story quite different. Continual sneezing and the eyes blinded with harmless tears for a few hours ought to give any fanatic a change and direct his few thoughts into different channels."

A NEW ELECTRIC-HEATING RECORD

A NOTABLE ADVANCE in the art of electric heating is said to have been made as the result of developing surplus electric power in connection with the Minidoka reclamation project in Idaho. This project, we are told in *The Journal of Electricity* (San Francisco, February 1), combines reclamation of arid land and the electrical pumping of water upon lands not reached by the gravity system of supply, to a degree not hitherto accomplished elsewhere in the world. Water is diverted, and the diversion dam is utilized for developing hydro-electric power, which is later used to pump water upon vast areas that would otherwise be compelled to remain arid. The surplus electric power developed at the diversion works is now being supplied economically to settlers, ordinary fuel being difficult and costly to obtain and the winter months often severe in temperature. Says the paper named above, in an editorial:



SMALL HOUSES LIKE THIS RECLAMATION OFFICE

Are now heated by electric current from reclamation projects.

"The electric heating load of this remarkable institution totals 5,500 kilowatts, creating a record for power totals of this nature. Electric heat, as referred to in this editorial, applies only to the electricity used for heating buildings. The electricity which is used for cooking, water-heating, and other similar ways is placed in an entirely different class.

"It has recently been shown at a hearing before the Public Utilities Commission of Idaho that electrical energy can not be sold at a rate which will permit house-heating by electricity at costs reasonably comparable to those of coal, except only in those cases such as the Minidoka, where abundant hydroelectric energy would lie idle otherwise during the long winter months."

Data on the cost of this service, and on the method of charging for it, are given in an article in the same issue by Barry Dibble. He explains first that the United States Reclamation Service in general acts as a wholesaler of electric energy. He goes on:

"It generates, transmits, and transforms the energy, delivering it to distributing companies at the switchboards of the substations. Therefore the costs shown below carry the electricity only to the substation switchboard. The retail company, or distributer, carries the additional burden of costs required to serve the consumer."

Current for heating, Mr. Dibble tells us, is sold not at so much per kilowatt-hour, but at a flat rate per kilowatt-month, or even by the season. The average rate is $2 per kilowatt-month, which, he says, will compete with coal at $8 a ton. He proceeds:

"It is sometimes suggested that electricity for heating should be sold by meter at a kilowatt-hour rate. This would undoubtedly reduce considerably the kilowatt-hour consumption. However, it will be apparent without discussion that the cost of supplying this load depends upon the maximum demand rather than upon the length of time the demand is used. At best there is very little diversity in the demand. When the weather is cold every one wants the heat at the same time, and equipment must be provided to care for this condition.

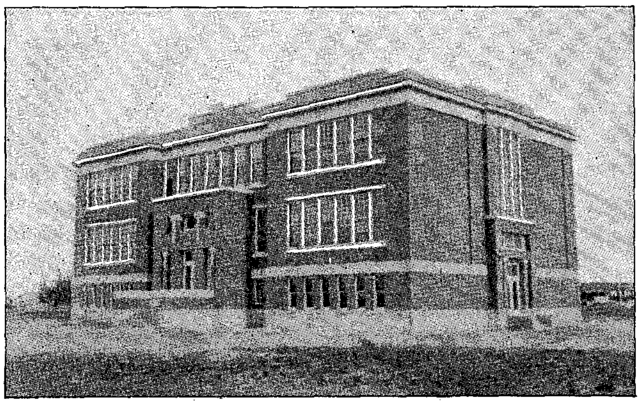
"In conclusion, it should be emphasized that the data given above apply only to the peculiar conditions prevailing on the Minidoka project and can not be safely applied to other power systems. It can be said that electric heating is sometimes justified as a 'by-product' load, but that rarely, if ever, will it be economically feasible to develop electricity from water-power for the prime purpose of using it generally to heat buildings where fuel can be obtained at reasonable prices."

REST AS A BUSINESS PROPOSITION

BRIEF PERIODS OF REST at intervals during working hours often reduce fatigue and improve the health of workers; in some instances they are even reported to have increased output. Experiences with such short rest-pauses are summarized in a recent report published by the National Industrial Conference Board. While, as stated above, most results are favorable, some industrial plants state that the nature of their work offers so much opportunity for relaxation that regular pauses are unnecessary and undesirable. A decision whether fixt rest-periods will be more beneficial than irregular pauses is best reached, the Board thinks, after a plant survey and a time study of each occupation. We quote from a press bulletin sent out by the Board from its Boston office. It says:

"Of a list of 388 employers reported to have introduced such rest-pauses only 104 replied that they had adopted them, and of this number fifteen later discontinued them. It is, therefore, evident that rest-periods are the exception rather than the rule for American industrial workers.

"Except in twenty-one instances, even in these 104 establishments, regular rest-periods were allowed only to selected classes of employees, and frequently only to women. In sixty-one establishments reporting a total of 370,498 employees, 142,489 were allowed rest-periods; of the latter number 136,531, or approximately ninety-five per cent., were women. Experiments of time-study experts in the United States and British experience in munition work suggest, however, that the relation between pauses and type of work is a more fundamental consideration than the sex of the worker. Rest-periods may be advantageous for both men and women in some occupations, while unnecessary for both in others. The general opinion among manufacturers contributing to the investigation was that regular rest-periods are advantageous chiefly for monotonous occupations or those requiring much concentration or severe physical exertion, with little opportunity for change of posture, or those in which the worker is exposed to poor ventilation. Regular rest-pauses based on experimental observation have often proved extremely valuable in heavy work and in work requiring constant standing

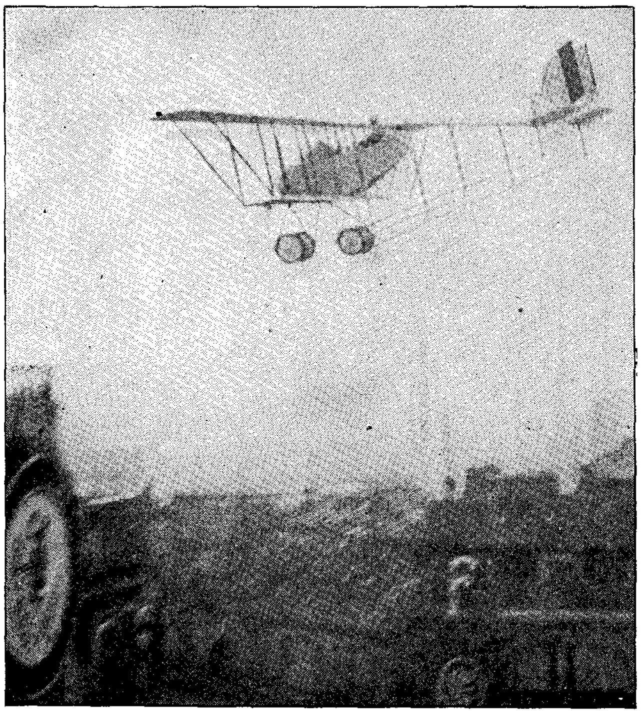


AND LARGE BUILDINGS LIKE THIS IDAHO HIGH SCHOOL.

Are also heated by electricity at a cost comparable with coal.

or sitting. Other advantages of regular rest-periods are the elimination of time waste, by putting a stop to irregular pauses, improvement of discipline, and the cultivation of regular habits among employees with respect to lunches, water drinking, etc.

"Among the most familiar examples of occupations making severe and constant demands on attention are those of telephone and telegraph operators. In the United States the leading telephone and telegraph companies have for many years allowed rest-periods to their operators. Clerical workers, accountants, proofreaders, and dictaphone operators are also frequently granted such pauses. Inspection in factories and work at power sewing-machines are among other repetitive tasks in which advantageous results from pauses were reported.



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HE MIGHT BE A PARIS COMMUTER.

Vedrines flying over the housetops of Paris in a fog; photographed just before landing on the roof of the Galeries Lafayette.

"As a rule, rest-periods were from five to fifteen minutes in length, usually two in number—one in the middle of the forenoon and the other in the middle of the afternoon. In some operations requiring close application, however, better results were obtained by giving a rest-pause of one or two minutes at very frequent intervals. These intermittent rest-periods were usually used in connection with scientific management, and other factors besides the pause itself probably contributed to the results. Length and arrangement of rest-periods may with advantage be adapted to occupational and individual variations.

"Altho absence of accurate records in many establishments precluded positive judgment, a majority of employers reported that output had not been reduced by the introduction of rest-periods. Even with the aid of a staff of technical experts, one large munitions-plant found that it could not appraise the benefits of two rest-periods granted to 4,000 operatives, and finally it decided 'on the basis of common sense' that it was self-evident that such rest-periods 'have beneficial results in every way.' Many employers held that output had been increased. . . . . .

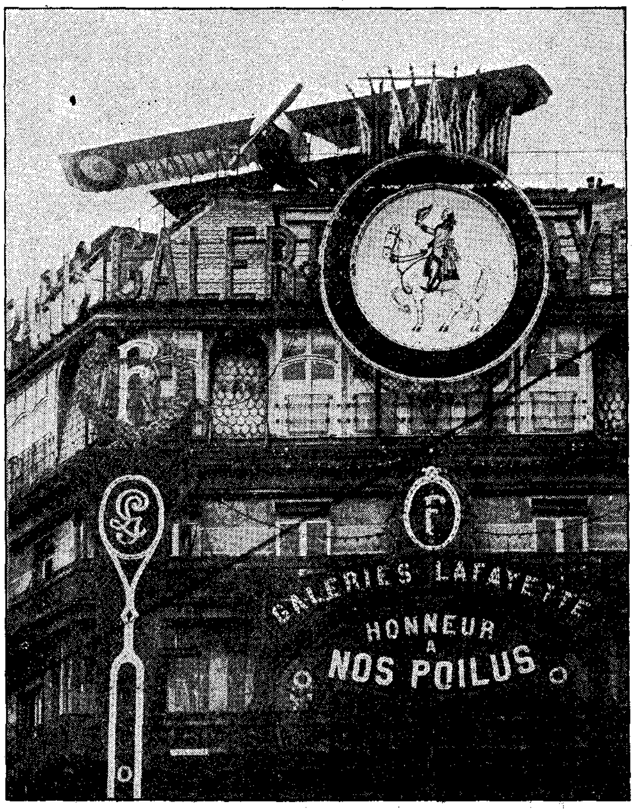
"On the interesting question of the relation of rest-periods to industrial accidents unfortunately almost no evidence was secured. The general opinion of employers reporting seemed to be that there had been a decrease in the frequency of accidents, but the report states: 'Until much more is known as to the causes which control the accident curve it is futile to attempt to draw conclusions on this point.' . . . . . .

"Pieceworkers were frequently opposed to rest-periods and inclined to work through the pauses unless forbidden to do so. As a rule, employees would prefer a shortening of the workday rather than the allowance of time for rest-periods. This attitude, however, was apparently somewhat dependent on the tact and skill of the management.

"The report points to the importance of other means than rest-periods for the reduction of industrial fatigue, such as adequate lighting and ventilation, adaptation of tools and seats to the workers, increased use of labor-saving devices, elimination of noise and vibration. Alternation of tasks where workers would otherwise be obliged either to stand or to sit continuously or a system of relief employees is frequently preferred to regular rest-periods."

AVIATOR LANDS ON A ROOF—To be really practical in every-day life, says a writer in *The Scientific American* (New York, February 15), the airplane must be capable of landing on housetops in crowded metropolitan districts where there is no land available for a flying-field. He goes on:

"Otherwise it would profit an aerial commuter but little to make a flight of, say, twenty-five to fifty miles every day from his home in the country to his place of business, only to have to land at a flying-field somewhere outside the city and then have to travel a half hour or more to reach his office. It has remained for Jules Vedrines, the famous French airman, to demonstrate that even the present-day airplane can land on a roof if properly handled. On January 19 last Vedrines set out from the aviation field at Issy-les-Moulineaux, notwithstanding a thick fog, and flew toward Paris. He flew rather low over the boulevards in order to get his bearings. On approaching the Galeries Lafayette, a large department store near the St. Lazare Station, Vedrines shut off his engine and volplaned toward the roof. Skimming the parapet by a few inches, he made a spectacular landing, altho the machine was slightly damaged. The roof on which Vedrines landed is fifty-two feet wide and seventy-five feet long. The machine employed was a Caudron tractor biplane, equipped with a rotary engine. Its span was thirty-six feet, leaving little room to spare on the narrow roof. Vedrines won a prize of 25,000 francs ($5,000) for being the first airman to land upon the roof of a house during a flight."



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VEDRINES LANDED SAFELY.

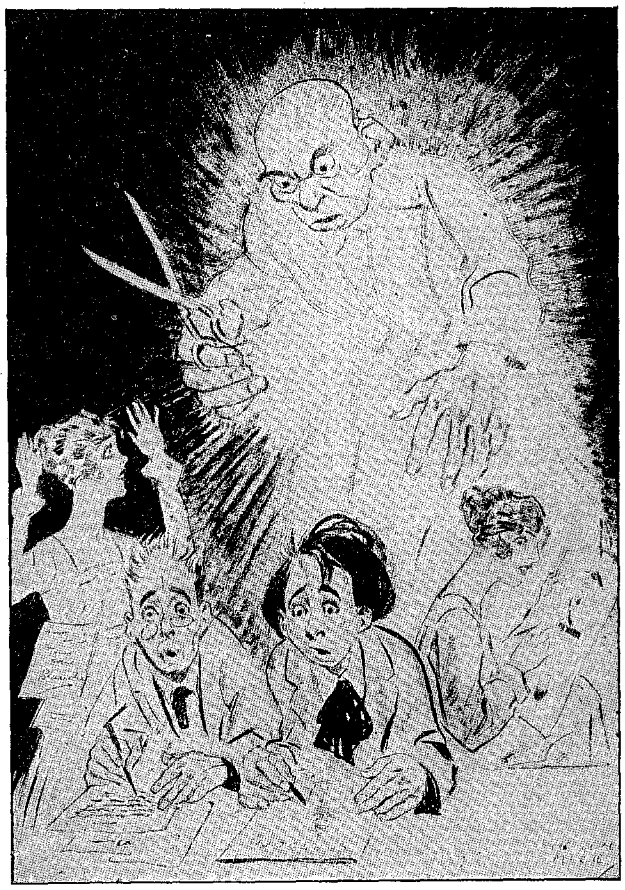
Does it prove that all our department stores will soon provide roof landing-places for shoppers from the suburbs?

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND INVENTION CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

LETTERS - AND - ART

END OF THE CENSOR'S REIGN OF TERROR

THE GAIETY OF *PUNCH*, even in England's darkest days, was one of the marvels of that country's national temper. What might even then have been suppress of national nonchalance is suggested by the hilarious celebration indulged in by *The Bystander* (London) on its release from the terrors of the censor. Some of the things it thought and felt but couldn't reveal are now gathered up in a special number, issued January 29. The censor, so it says editorially, "is not quite dead yet, but his power is on the wane, so let us rejoice that the day of our emancipation is at hand, and while we may, let us pull his leg." Lovers of this gentle pastime, so it observes, have found the censorship fair game for four and a half years, but never until now has *The Bystander* dared to indulge its "inevitable propensities." While giving rein to these in picture and text it serves warning to Whitehall that it "keeps a Lewis gun handy in the office." One of the "Old Guard" on *The Bystander* gives the personal view of a contributor and tells how it was only possible to run a safe course during the restricted period:



THAT QUEER "CENSATION"

Felt by *Bystander* artists throughout the censor's reign.

"For ourselves, we have had little dealing with the departing censor and his myrmidons, since it happens that the little information we ever had about the war and its origin we received in confidence from our barber, who had it first-hand from his aunt, who is a charwoman at the offices of the Board of Trade. Once, it is true, we received an official request to refrain from mentioning the fact that a distinguished foreigner had arrived in London, and the same afternoon the distinguished foreigner appeared at a public meeting and made a speech that was reported in all the evening papers. Having thus had a practical illustration of the futility of censors, we were minded, with our unrivaled genius for apt quotation, to speak of the censorial office as *Mons in parturem*. But we refrained, apprehending that the censor would probably delete the substantive on the ground that it might convey information to the enemy.

"True it is, nevertheless, that the gems of thought which we have from time to time prepared for the delectation of the world have been submitted by order to the censor in the first place; but the result of this rich reading could only have been to improve his education and to enlarge his mind. We have a friend somewhere in France who was not permitted to tell us the precise name of his indefinite location for fear the enemy should discover that he was in charge of an ammunition-dump in the district. And while this awful secret was being religiously preserved on this side, German aeroplanes were bombing the 'somewhere' in question every night in their effort to get a bull's-eye on the dump."

Probably with the fact in mind that Mr. Hilaire Belloc is almost the only well-known individual singled out for personal attention, this writer goes on:

"We have never been of those who out of the fulness of their wisdom imparted to the commanders at the front elementary instruction in the art of war; wherefore the heavy hand of the censor has chafed us but little. There have been imposing journalists who have gone so far as to predict that the tide of the war would be turned by the end of 1918, and that Foch and Haig would be well advised if they commenced the real attack by the spring of 1919, so that peace could be finally concluded by the middle of 1920.

"But these inspired writers are now thrust like foolish prophets forth. Their words could have had no other effect than to raise vain hopes in the censor's mind that his job was, for practical purposes, a permanent one, and that a generation hence he would still be in a position to announce that the —th regiment yesterday advanced to —— in ——. But from what we have seen of the censor it is but fair to conclude that his opportunities for wide reading have been sadly restricted, otherwise he had learned long since that the half-truth is rightly held by most people to be worse than the calculated lie."

Of course, we have always spoken of *the* censor even while we knew in our hearts that he was a many-headed hydra, and the "Old Guard" tells how he came by his heads:

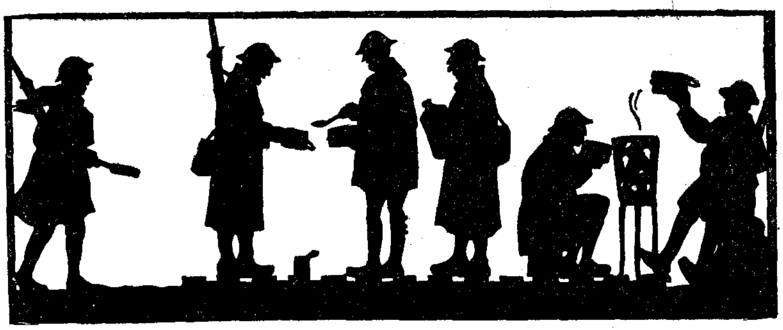
"It is of common knowledge that the censor was not one man, but many. When it became necessary to recruit help, it was not easy to name the qualifications necessary for an office that had not hitherto existed. It used to be said that when a hapless man had failed in every other walk of life, he would buy himself a ferule and set up as a schoolmaster. In modern days he would have been given an appointment at the censor's office; and when we are disposed to criticize the censor himself it were well in us to remember that he is but the official scapegrace of the native incompetents whose appointments were due merely to the inevitable nepotism of all official administration. And since the novices in red-tape ruling had to justify their official existence, they would seem to have judged it better to do the wrong thing rather than no sort of thing at all. Yet the golden rule of the bureaucrat, 'Beware of too much zeal!' still stands, and the censor's chief offense was that he broke that rule early and often for what he believed to be his country's good. Peace, therefore, be unto him and his."

The facetious, irresponsible, quite outrageous "Blanche" who used to write Paris letters to *The Bystander*, now seems to be back in London, and, of course, is allowed her fling at the censor; but she touches a quite poignant subject:

"I visited last week—one the Ruhleben Exhibition at Westminster, the other 'Jolly Jack Tar' at the Prince's Theater. At both we were actually shown how cruelly our prisoner-men in Germany suffered, and how atrociously the unspeakable Hun treated them. Sort of thing that never happened, you know, when the censor was on the war—or rather cense—path, for it's been quite one of the features of this war of ours (1) that our feelings at home should not be too badly lacerated with the story of our soldiers' sufferings; (2) that anti-Hun propaganda should always be kept within studiously Christian and polite limits."

GERMAN ACADEMIC PRESTIGE LOST

IMPONDERABLES are wholly beyond the German mentality, says the editor of the London *Graphic*, and that is one reason why the German keeps on repeating to himself that he is not beaten. Besides his colossal losses, which are enough to convince every one but himself of his parlous state, comes his loss of prestige, the "imponderable" quality that even baffles our own "hard-headed" business man. The German has, indeed, tried to evaluate such qualities, but he always fails, and the British writer maintains that "in no direction is the loss of prestige, laboriously and to a large extent fraudulently acquired, more clearly demonstrated than by the fact that the youth of the Entente countries will no longer turn to the Fatherland for those finishing touches the secret of which has too long been supposed to be the monopoly of her preposterous professors." Along with the desertion of the German universities by foreign students, the door has been closed upon the young Hun in English universities, so that hereafter the German mind will stew alone in its own juice. The writer turns to this country for the "most striking proof of the curtailment of Germany's academic prestige":



AS THE ARTIST MIGHT HAVE DRAWN IT.

An issue of rum—CENSOR'S OPINION—" Rum? Never!"

"This is afforded by the establishment and work of the American University Union, which is now busily engaged working out a scheme for the placing of young Americans in the universities of our own country, of France, and of Rome. Indeed, so many young Americans have decided to enter our universities that Oxford and Cambridge can not accommodate them all. The same is true of France, where the provincial universities will help to educate the overflow from Paris.

"The foundations of this movement have been well and truly laid, notably by the preparation in 1917 by Dr. George Edwin Maclean, formerly president of the State University of Iowa, of two compendious 'Studies in Higher Education' in the United Kingdom, issued by the American Government. These two documents, tho totaling fewer than four hundred pages, contain by far the best and most succinct account of the work and status of our universities ever published, and they serve to show how thoroughly America is in earnest over this all-important question.

"The loss to Germany is very severe, because it has been largely through her universities and her professors that she has been able to propagate her theories of *Kultur*. The German state commandeered the professors, and the influence of the professors did not end with the teaching of German youth. It also made a deep impression on young foreigners studying at the German universities, for they were caught at an impressionable age, and went back to their own countries with a high appreciation of German methods, which in some cases they attempted to graft on their own national systems. This was specially the case in America, where the universities not only had native-born German professors, but employed men very partial to German methods."

Germanism, it is claimed, never got quite the same hold on English universities, because "they never lost their grip on the humanities." The German system, it is complained, "became a vicious circle, a real center of plague and infection, and the setting of a sanitary cordon round it" is entirely for British, and ultimately for its own, benefit. Going on:

"If the revaluation of German academic influence has been hastened by the war-demonstration of what *Kultur* means, it is not conditioned by any sense of vengeance or bad temper. The plain fact is that German academic prestige, always overrated, has been on the down grade, imperceptibly perhaps, for a good many years. Indeed, it might well be argued that it was the perception of that fact which led the Germans to throw down the challenge of war in an attempt to regain it. It is no doubt true that the German method of education had a good deal to teach us at one time, but we had learned the lesson and were beating up rapidly upon it, especially on the technical side of university education.

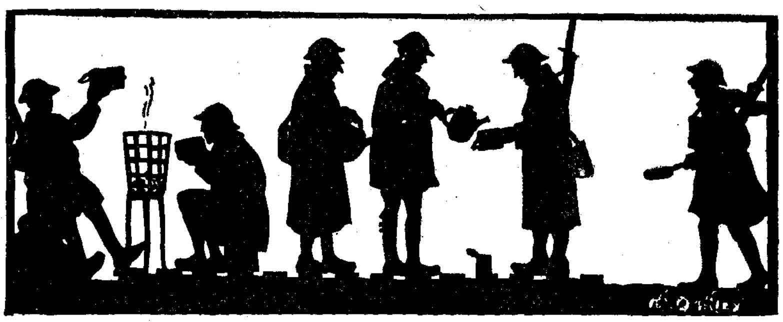
"This was even more true of America, which has a consuming passion for education, so that millionaires endow universities in the United States on a scale for which we have hardly any precedent here. So far as equipment goes, America has gradually been outstripping Germany, and she had come to feel, as Lowell said in another connection, that 'they don't know everything down in Judee.' The same is true in a lesser degree of France, especially in the region of esthetics, as may be seen in the admirable studies by men like Mr. Huchon of such idiosyncratic writers as Crabbe and Charlotte Brontë.

"The German professor, always a laborious hewer of wood and drawer of water, and a master of the school of infinitesimal research, as Leslie Stephen once phrased it, was, of course, very active in toiling away at the mere apparatus of such work, but he was constitutionally unfitted to tackle the spirit of it. As a matter of fact, his influence in dealing with any literature has been disastrous, and has dealt a deadly blow to education in 'classics.'

"The German universities were, indeed, the forcing frames of *Kultur*; but they had gradually been dissociating themselves from culture as we understand it. They had been overtaken by the grim materialism which was the blight of the Fatherland: they were ceasing to be universities and becoming mere technical colleges, in which the broad spirit of the old *studium generale* was rapidly disappearing. Germany has long been neglecting the big principles in a microscopic attention to the more practical and commercial application of them, leaving the original thinking to be done by others. She was not cultivating fruit herself, but merely robbing other people's orchards, or picking up 'windfalls.'

"Furthermore, being essentially provincial, she could not help perverting truth, making the facts of history constantly fit her own purposes. This tendency, noticeable in Mommsen, Slesviger tho he was, ran riot in Treitschke, for to him all history seemed to have been evolved for the sole benefit of the German 'people'; while the work of his followers was even more flagrantly vitiated by 'patriotism,' which was myopic madness.

"Knowledge, you may say, knows no boundaries. That is exactly the point, for German knowledge was marked by a whole series of misleading finger-posts, deliberately erected to encourage the German student in his *Wanderjahre* and to discourage the pilgrim from any other state from having any belief in the qualifications of his own country. But the fashion of praising everything German is out of date, even if other similar fashions succeed it. It was chiefly the fashion of middle age, which remembered Germany in the days of the *Mädchen* with the flaxen pigtail. But Youth, converted from student into soldier, has faced the horrid thing at close quarters, and to its cost, and even if the Elders had not seen the error of their ways, it is probable that Youth would decline to be 'educated' by the apostles of *Kultur*. In fact, Youth feels that Hans must go to the bottom of the class."



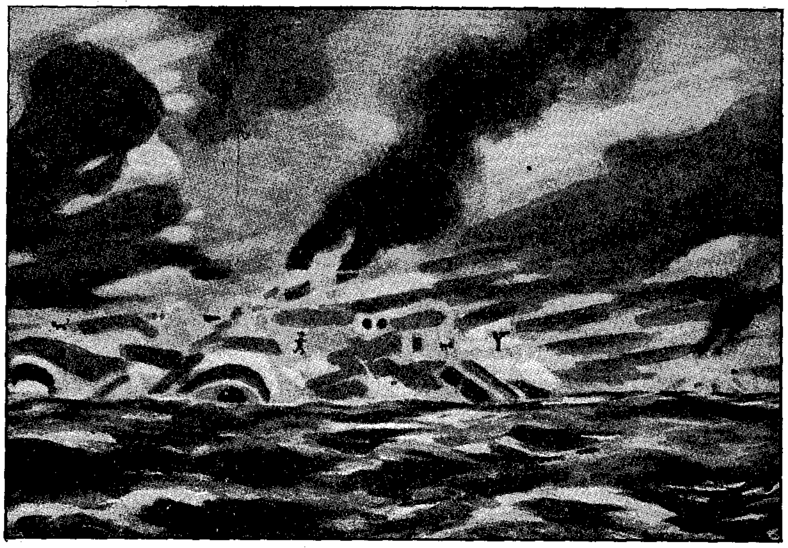
AS THE CENSOR WOULD CERTAINLY PREFER IT.

Tea in the trenches—CENSOR'S REMARK—" That's the spirit!"

—*The Bystander* (London).

ENGLAND'S "STRANGE UNDERGRADUATES"

BACK TO SCHOOL is a phrase that gathers up a new experiment now going on for almost the whole world. We are trying it here with many reluctant youth who have grown to be men in the great school of experience. England is, perhaps, furnishing the most picturesque example in the hundreds of young naval officers, whose education was interrupted by war, now sent to various colleges at Cambridge to continue their studies. "The experiment will be watched with great interest," say the daily papers, for here is a new example of going backward. Kipling has celebrated it in a poem published in the London *Daily Telegraph*, but withheld by copyright restriction except for such a taste as "show me how a rose can shut and be a bud again." Again, he looks upon their long vacation, just ended, when



"TAISEZ-VOUS: MÉFIEZ-VOUS."

Two naval pictures, says *The Bystander*, that it didn't dare submit to the censor. Two famous "hush" ships patrolling the North Sea. (Note the crew—if you can!)

> Their books were rain and sleet and fog—the dry gale and the snow,
> Their teachers were the horried mines and the hump-backed Death below.

To come back to school and "learn to read and write" will be a great test of the qualities they have already gained, for as Kipling sees them,

> They have touched a knowledge outreaching speech . . . . . .
> They have learned great faith and little fear and a high heart in distress,
> And how to suffer each sodden year of heaped-up weariness.

Their story is celebrated in a long editorial appreciation in the *Daily Telegraph*, which also recalls one of the tragedies in England's naval history carrying an element of pathos of which the outside world has long been unaware:

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, in the poem entitled 'The Scholars,' which we have pleasure in publishing this morning, recalls one of the outstanding, perhaps pathetic, and certainly heroic, incidents of the eve of the Great War. It will be always remembered as characteristic of a race of empire-builders, who keep youth at the prow. On a fine Saturday afternoon in summer—date August 1, 1914—the cadets at the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth, their studies for the day at an end, were spending the hours of recreation after their usual fashion: in the cricket-field, the swimming bath, the fives court, at the canteen, supplementing in boyish way their ample midday meal, or walking in the lanes which only Devonshire produces in riotous perfection of fern and flower. The captain, passing through the entrance of the building which overlooks the 'silvery Dart,' was handed a telegram, and, opening it, he read the one word, 'Mobilize.' The nation's call had come to all these boys, many of whom were hardly aware that Europe was boiling over for a war which was in due course to drag into its vortex nearly all the countries of the world. At first the cadets, many of them in their first term and just entering on the course of study prescribed by the Admiralty to complete the Osborne routine, could hardly believe that they—mere boys of fifteen years or so—were, of all the millions of people in these islands, wanted by the country of their birth. The news was too joyful. Conviction came speedily, and with it each one of them passed, as tho at the waving of some magic wand, from boyhood to manhood—for a time. The orders were imperative; telegrams to hundreds of distant homes were the only farewell; and then these sons of old, but ever young, England set out on their war-mission—to help defend the land of their fathers. Before the day closed the halls and passages and classrooms were empty, and the playing-fields were desolate. The great college had become the mere lodging-house of a comparatively few restless naval officers and staid schoolmasters, afterward themselves to be drawn into the great gulf-stream; and so, in order to lift the gloom which oppressed their spirits, the Beagles—the famous Beagles which had been the peculiar pride of Sir Christopher Cradock—were turned out. In that fashion these lads were mobilized for the war, and within a few days were scattered in scores of ships, doing men's work and bearing men's responsibilities, for the sea service is a swift educator in duty. The great world knew nothing of their call until the cruisers *Cressy*, *Hogue*, and *Aboukir* fell victims to a submarine off the Dutch coast. Then it was learned from the casualty lists that among those who had entered 'the emerald halls of death' were some of those young seamen. Voices of protest were raised, but they were silenced by proud mother tones. Those who, mourning their dead, had the best right to speak, claimed for these boys the privilege of serving as Nelson and his companions in their day had served."

To *The Daily Telegraph* "it is a strange reversal of the normal course, for these students have gathered already much of the ripest experience of a lifetime, as well as a good deal of the love of the sea." It is well that Kipling be the first to celebrate their return to the games where he once saw them only as

> The flanneled fool at the wicket
> And the muddied oaf at the goal:

"During these past crowded months of war, 'red in the fang,' they have faced fierce storms and dense fogs, baffling currents and inconvenient tides. They have stood, in all their fresh and buoyant youth, before the enemy of civilization, defying his craft; they have looked death in the face not once or twice, but for months on end. Some of them have passed through the ordeal of Jutland, the one great sea battle of this century; others have invaded the bight of many hidden memories; yet others were spectators of the overwhelming of von Spee; a few watched the great guns of the Navy pouring their wrath on the peninsula of Gallipoli; and here and there may be recognized former young officers of the auxiliary patrol, who last autumn were dealing with German submarines and mines at no slight risk. These strange undergraduates, whose acquaintance the old university town is making this week, are boys in years but men in dearly bought experience. They rank in war-sensations with all the admirals and captains of many years' service who have served afloat in responsible posts since those August days of 1914, for they have been in the struggle from the first shot. These fortunate youths 'have touched a knowledge outreaching speech,' and yet, after the unaccountable and altogether admirable way of the Navy, they are passing back to the classrooms, the playing-fields, and the river; 'gentlemen tired of the sea,' it is suggested by the poet of the Empire, but, if the truth be told, longing to return to it. . . . In future days they will bless the anonymous autocrat who took them from the gun-room and planted them in the academic atmosphere of this university, with its rich traditions. . . . . .

"And so these former cadets of the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth are turning their steps from the fearless, careless, but responsible existence of the gun-room to tread the historic 'backs' of Cambridge. They are about to complete their education. They may be of good cheer, for they have laid sure and true foundations. At least undergraduates in the knowledge of things that matter most—the real philosophy of life—they have already studied in the best disciplined, most exacting, and most hardening of all universities, where the great seamen of our race, Raleigh and Drake, Nelson and Collingwood, and—may we not add?—Jellicoe and Beatty, took the degree which the world to-day holds in highest honor."

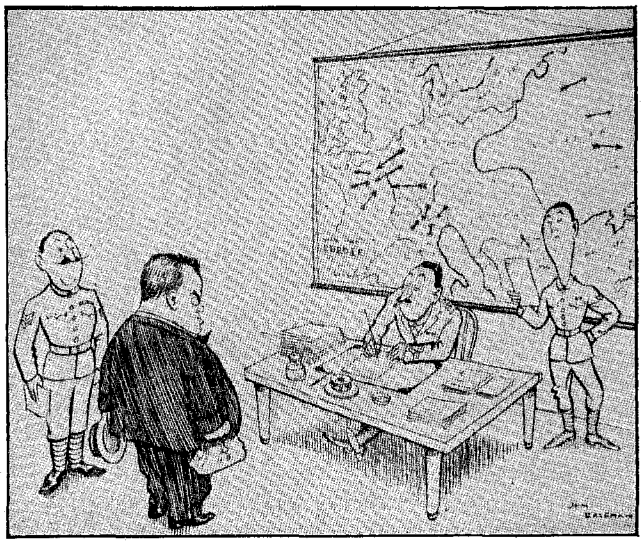
THE FUTURE OF MARY GARDEN

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH MARY GARDEN? People who went to the "Chicago" season of opera at the Lexington Theater talk of her in much the same language Whistler used of a young artist whose drawing was considered very faulty. "She can't draw," said Whistler, "but she doesn't need to." "Mary can't sing," they all agree, but seem to imply in the same breath that she doesn't need to. Every one owns her to be—that is, nearly every one—a consummate actress. Her thrill may be imagined when one sees how she draws from a seasoned critic like Mr. Henderson, of the New York *Sun*, his "Mary Garden again. Mary Garden in familiar sweeping gestures and long-lined poses, fanning the circumambient ether with nobly modeled arms and gazing with cold *Mélisande* eyes through the dusky slopes of Egyptian lashes." Of course, Mr. Krehbiel in the New York *Tribune* isn't decoyed into anything so rhapsodic. When he might serve his turn with Mary Garden, the closing of the Chicago season giving all the critics occasion for general comment, he falls back upon bygones and writes of Mme. Patti. Of course, the two singers do not suggest contrasts. Mme. Patti simply furnished a way of escape, and the glance given to Mary Garden deals, as does Mr. Henderson's, with her impersonation of Massenet's *Cléopâtre*. This opera, says Mr. Krehbiel, "despite the efforts of Miss Garden in a part which ought to have fitted her taste and capacity, had librettist, composer, and herself striven better than they did for a realization of the historical ideal embodied in the character, was a distinct failure, an irredeemable one, we are tempted to say." For—

> "The composer's imagination was stagnant in it, and he seemed scarcely sufficiently energized to put forth his always ready powers of construction. He maundered through the first act along with his librettist, and Miss Garden knew nothing better to do than to follow *Mark Antony* about with her eyes, as if the amatory killing was to be made with a glance. It came with amazing suddenness, but without provocation enough to excuse a libidinous imbecile. As little true dramatic metal or musical value was found in the score of Fevrier's 'Gismonda' or in Miss Garden's impersonation of its heroine, which lacked the charm of womanhood as utterly as did her *Cléopâtre*."

Critics always differ, and the observer turns away bemused by the frailties of human judgment. But an added piquancy comes when almost violent differences arise within the columns of the same paper. Mr. Krehbiel observes that "in the lobbies and in a few newspapers there was much fulsome and indiscriminate adulation of [Mary Garden] for her acting." Mr. Ralph Block, the *Tribune's* dramatic critic, wrings his hands over the presence of a great dramatic artist among us and no stage fit for her. "The modern stage," he avers, "was never set for Mary Garden":

> "It is only now, when the amazingly conglomerate thing we call opera reveals, almost in spite of itself, the fire and sweep of this great actress that students of art and life become aware of what losses the stage has suffered in being unready for her. Even melodrama, in its older sense, with its shock of great unrealities and tremendous coincidences, has disappeared, and in its place nothing is left except the banalities of our commonest reality or the sporadic visions that come out of the art theaters. Now and then a producer talks earnestly of a resurrected costume drama, failing to understand that the potential moments of romance can not be made to live merely by being properly garmented. Beerbohm Tree rode persistently on that formula and failed discouragingly. No, a deep and understanding mind will have to come among us again and disclose what beauty lies in the strangeness of romance and the unreal. The greatest art is always more than the mere aspect of common life; it is, at its best, life in an extraordinarily and almost unbelievably real sense.
>
> "Freed of the conventions of opera and the limitations put upon her by its strange dualism, turned into an arena where the strong individual is limited only by himself, Mary Garden might have brought such a drama back to us. It is a strange comment on the inspiration of playwrights that they write for actors and producers. Sardou wrote for Bernhardt, D'Annunzio for Duse. Ibsen wrote for the world, but Ibsen was a moralist and contemporary historian first, an artist afterward. It will be strange now if no imagination of caliber is fired by Mary Garden's recent appearance in New York to create great rôles for this potential actress, who has been doomed by circumstance to stand—tho standing greatly—on the outer edge of powerful dramatic expression. This very retardation of her art, the incomplete substantiation which opera has allowed her, ought to be in itself an aid to dramatists who are touched to life by such glimpses of her.
>
> "Opera has supplied her with the rôles, the background, the atmosphere, everything except the ample formula of real dramatic action. And lacking this, Mary Garden has been betrayed into a marble repose, a too elastic mode, which has conspired to rob her of significant moments. She is a beautiful woman, gracious and fine in movement, but too much has been made of these qualities in a setting that is so impressively pictorial. The very critics who have complained of the stridencies of her singing voice have had no ears for the poignancies of her speech, the theatric drive of her recitative, alive with the tones and cadences of spoken emotion. Beauty is a gift from the gods; to be intelligent and to live by evidences of intelligence and imagination of a high order as she does creates a debt only to herself. It is these many signs of a greater artistry that she manifests which should stir artists who know what it is to use words greatly to make patterns of them for her."



A CENSORED INCIDENT.

Mr. Hilaire Belloc explaining how the war should be conducted.

—Bateman in *The Bystander* (London).

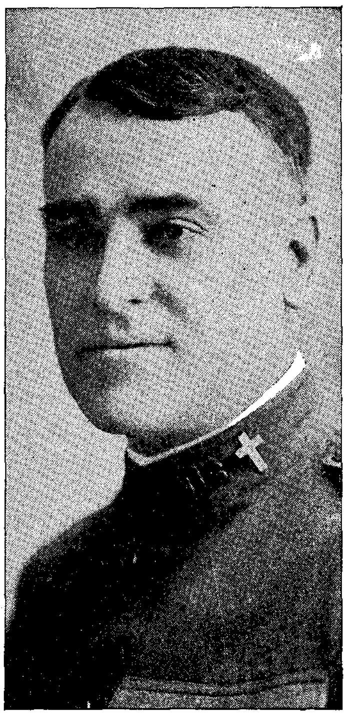
There is no drama for Mary Garden now, he repeats like a litany. "It remains to be made for her":

> "Rachel, called by Lewes 'the panther of the stage,' had to stay by Racine and Corneille to achieve her effects. Racine, looked on in England as a cold dramatist, was shown by Rachel 'instinct with passion and dramatic effect.' It is curious, too, in view of the oft-repeated statement that Mary Garden would be lost without music to sustain her, that Rachel failed when she essayed Molière's prose; 'deprived of the music of verse and missing its ictus, she seemed quite incapable of managing the easy cadences of colloquial prose.' But the parallel does not end there. If the cadences of to-day are unsuited to Mary Garden, so is the flat landscape she would be called on to present. Modern drama is unheroic in the epic sense. It is impossible to imagine her as *Hedda* or *Rebecca West* or *Nora Helmers*. Ibsen, even as Shaw, demands a power of cerebration, apart from imaginative intuition and the magnificence of passion, which is alien to the art of Mary Garden. The modern dramatist is ironic and satiric; his women are deeply conscious of themselves. Mary Garden comes as a figure out of a less sophisticated time, when great women lived richly and ardently and were little conscious of themselves or their fates.
>
> "Yet everything that has been said of Garden, the imagery struck out by her beauty, was said of Duse when she first came to America. Both have been clothed in erotic figures, seen by poetic minds as symbols of the eternal enigma."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE WELCOME HOME

THE HAND of fellowship and welfare reaches out to the returning soldier as his ship comes to the dock, and the spirit behind that first welcome is that personified by the Red Cross, the Salvation Army, the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the Jewish Welfare Board, and the Y. W. C. A. At the head of all these agencies at the port of New York is Maj. John T. Axton, who, by order of Maj.-Gen. David H. Shanks, commander of the port, holds the unique post of Port Chaplain. His duties embrace not alone the direction of such agencies as surround the gang-planks of these fast-arriving transports, but they reach out to Camp Merritt, Camp Mills, Camp Upton, Port Newark Terminal, and a dozen hospitals where the returned soldiers stay for a brief period while *en route* to the came or hospital nearer home. All this, as we are told in *The New Era Magazine* (New York), the official medium of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, is "in addition to the direction of the chaplains and the welfare-workers who are assigned to every transport and who provide information, entertainment, and good cheer on the trip back from 'over there.'" Of the leader and his work *The New Era Magazine* publishes some interesting facts of the non-military oversight of men in the stage between France and home:



Copyrighted by "The New Era Magazine."

THE PORT CHAPLAIN.

A unique post held by Major John T. Axton, who supervises the welfare work extended to returning troops entering the port of New York.

"Maj. John T. Axton, U.S.A., who has been in the service seventeen years, and whose service-bars, when he is not too modest to wear them, show duty in the Philippine insurrection and in Mexico, is one of the busiest and best beloved men in the port. One could not imagine a finer combination of qualities for his task than he actually possesses. His marked administrative capacity is multiplied by his facility for seeing what is worth while in any suggestion that comes and putting it immediately to work. To a fine sense of tact, so necessary in the variety of relationships which he has to hold and to supervise, is added a quiet simplicity of manner that makes every one instantly aware of the friendliness of this big-hearted Christian. As his aids in carrying on the multifarious responsibilities of his office he has a staff of more than thirty chaplains—over a dozen at Camp Merritt and Camp Mills, from one to three at each hospital and others at the port."

For vividness, the work of three of these is singled out as they went about meeting the contingent on the *Baltic* in one of her recent arrivals:

"As they reached the end of the pier the great ship was already in sight. She has doffed her weird blue and black and white camouflage and is in regulation liner's garb. Her decks are brown with khaki and her rigging dotted with lively figures, joyously waving hats and hands and even overcoats. Cheer on cheer greets the efforts of the band on the police boat *Patrol*, where the Mayor's Committee of Welcome stands and vainly tries to shout above the roar of welcoming river whistles. Just behind the police boat a powerful fire-tug is sending huge white feathery geysers into the air. As the *Baltic* nears her pier and the puffing tugs begin to push and haul her around, the Port of Embarkation band on the pier strikes up 'Homeward Bound' or 'Hail, Hail the Gang's All Here.' Two score Red-Cross women in dark blue uniforms wave flags and banners in welcome. As the hawsers are cast which draw the liner to her dock, the shouts of the boys become clearer.

"'Has the 27th got here yet?' 'Three cheers for the Red Cross.' 'Where do we go from here?' 'When do we eat?' and many other characteristic soldier watchwords are heard.

"Soon the gang-plank is swung out and the chaplains, along with the other officers who supervise the debarkation of the troops, pass on board. Before the *Baltic* reached Quarantine the Mayor's Committee had already tossed bundles of newspapers on board for the boys, and a 'Y' man is now moving among them giving out later editions. The chaplains scatter, one to seek the welfare-workers on board, another to visit the sick bay, all to mingle and chat with the men, answering 'Where do we go from here?' and 'Do we get any furlough?' with the latest information obtainable.

"Soon the 'Casual Companies,' which have been formed in France and England and consist of men returning to the same demobilization district in the United States, and the other units, are marched on to the pier. Here, as they are being checked off, the Red Cross Emergency Canteen Service workers pass up and down the lines with hot coffee and rolls and Salvation Army lassies with doughnuts—for the soldier's question, 'When do we eat?' always implies 'Now' as the answer. Meanwhile, men of the Y. M. C. A., the K. of C., and the Jewish Welfare Board are mingling with the troops, distributing chocolate bars, cigarets, chewing-gum (how the boys welcome 'real American gum'!), postal cards, and telegraph blanks. The cards go from the dock as 'soldier's mail,' without postage, and the telegrams are sent 'collect' or paid for by the distributing organizations to let the folk at home know as soon as possible that John or Dick or Will is back in 'the good old U. S. A.'

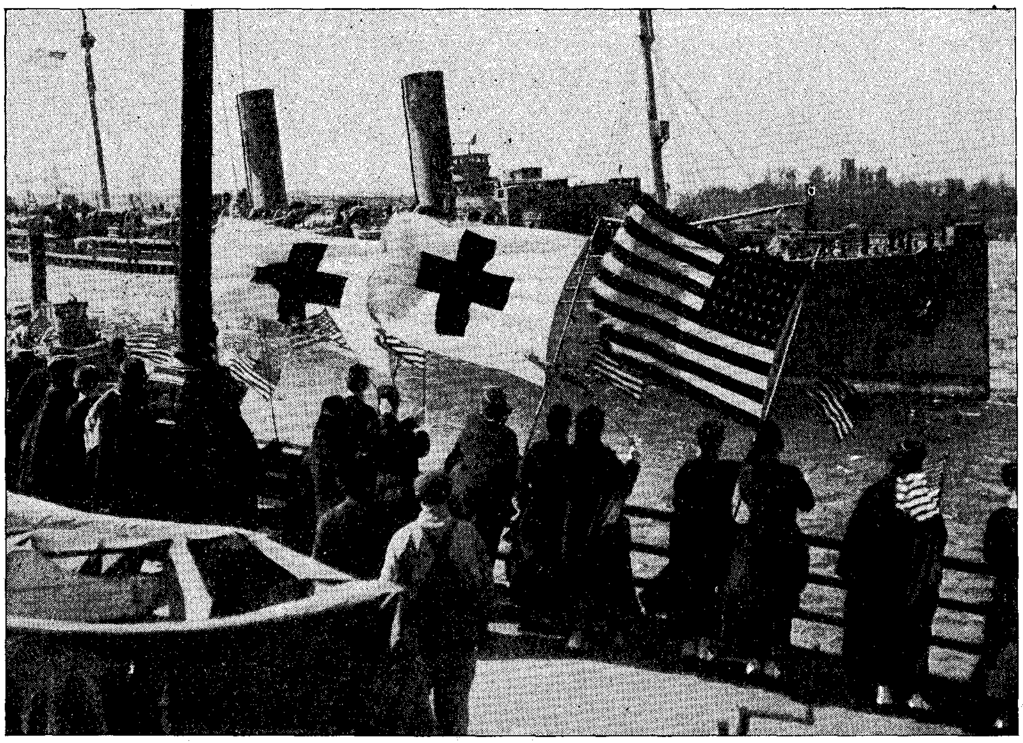
"As soon as all are checked off they are quickly transported by ferry and train to Camp Merritt and Camp Mills. There they remain for three or four days while a physical examination is made, clothes are fumigated, and arrangements are completed for their transfer to demobilization camps near their homes or places of enlistment. It is just in this brief vacant period that the services of the chaplains and the welfare-workers again meet the needs of the men. At Camp Merritt, for example, Major Axton has ten permanent chaplains in addition to those who may be returning from overseas. He has placed Chaplain John M. Thomas, who, by the way, is president of Middlebury College, Vermont, in charge of them and of all the welfare work in the camp. Here are the familiar huts of the Y. M. C. A. and the K. of C., at which good entertainment programs are provided, and a fine recreation center called Merritt Hall, which is the apple of Major Axton's eye. Here also are the spacious Hostess Houses of the Y. W. C. A. and the Catholic Visitors' Houses with fully equipped information bureaus ready to help a man's friends and relatives to get in touch with him. Here also are the information bureaus of the War Camp Community Service to tell the returned soldier what to do and see in case he has a day or half-day in which to visit New York. Facilities for the exchange of his English or French money are available, and as far as possible his every need is anticipated. The chaplains provide several church services on Sunday, and during the week constantly mingle with the men, advising, suggesting, informing, seeking to turn minds which have been suddenly relieved of the strain of thoughts of the battle-front away from possible anticipations of idleness to visions of continued useful service to home and country."

The first stampede over, then come the "sick and wounded," who also are checked off as they come down the gangway and are guided to the steam barges and ambulances which will carry them to their destined hospitals:

> "Most of them are convalescent or require only occasional attention. The serious cases are carefully carried ashore in basketlike stretchers. While the officers of the Medical Corps are busy keeping the procession moving smoothly and swiftly, the chaplain is standing by to pass a cheering or a steadying word or lend a helping hand."

A CATHOLIC PREDICAMENT IN ALSACE-LORRAINE

THE JOY of the Catholic clergy in Alsace-Lorraine at reunion with France is somewhat tempered by the fact that their Church has no official standing in the Republic, and it may be that they will therefore no longer receive state support. It is pointed out that the bishops and priests of this territory have received stipends from the state during the German domination, and religious orders and congregations have multiplied. The question now arises whether along with her restoration to France, Alsace-Lorraine will undergo similar legislation to that in force in the mother country. The questions put by the Catholic journal, *America* (New York), are illuminated by further speculation on the new situation created:



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RED-CROSS GREETINGS

To Squadron "A," 351st Artillery, Pennsylvania colored troops and "casuals" on the transport *Louisville* arriving home from France. A frequently repeated scene in New York Harbor

> "Are the religious to be expelled, is ecclesiastical property to be confiscated, are ecclesiastics to be deprived of the support hitherto derived from the state?
>
> "Certain radical anti-clericals are bent on forcing the immediate execution of the laws against religious in France, but it is not believed that the Government will affront the sense of justice of the entire world by adopting so unnatural a program as to drive out of their native land those who have done so much by their heroism and sacrifice to save France. Perhaps the Government will not go so far as to rehabilitate, by legislative enactment, the French religious, but it is simply incredible that they should not allow the previous unjust legislation to lapse into the state of a dead letter. Should this surmise be correct, it is thought that Alsace-Lorraine will not be seriously molested in its religious rights. Should it prove incorrect, the Government will face the alternatives of according religious liberty to one corner of France, namely, Alsace-Lorraine, while denying it to the rest of the country, or of bringing Alsace-Lorraine into line with France by launching religious persecution there as elsewhere. The latter alternative is so inconsistent with France's professions of championing the liberty of the world that it would appear almost beyond the range of possibility.
>
> "*The Irish Catholic* (New York) is not very optimistic over the situation, and, as is the case with many others fitted to form a careful judgment, finds matter for apprehension in the curt reply made by Mr. Pichon, the French Foreign Minister, to the question put him by Mr. Carnudet, the Catholic deputy, as to the advantages of resuming diplomatic relations between France and the Vatican. Mr. Pichon, it will be remembered, declared that 'in the opinion of the Government there can be no question of such a thing.' French Catholics at once protested that there can and must be question of such a thing. Mr. H. Collin, the director of *Lorraine*, returning to Metz after an absence of fifty-two months, refused to take the Minister's statement at its face value, and declared that it must be understood as applying only to the present moment. An article written by him on the 'Hopes of Lorraine' is optimistic over the situation, and in support of his position calls attention to the promises made by the Government to the clergy of the favor to be shown them for their patriotism before and during the war. Mr. Guiraud, of *La Croix* (Paris), however, commenting on the article, warns the friends of Alsace-Lorraine not to trust to hopes, but to resort to action to bring about the accomplishment of their desires. *The Irish Catholic* reserves judgment until the result of the coming elections proves whether or not the anti-religious Socialists and Freemasons will be as powerful in the new Chamber as they are at present."

The Alsatian clergy naturally see in the reunion with France "not merely a message of joy, but a menace of trial," says *America*, and their sentiments are exprest in a letter sent to Cardinal Amette, of Paris, which the San Francisco *Monitor* reprints:

> "Allow the priests of Alsace to express to the priests of France, so worthily represented by your Eminence, their sentiments of admiration, gratitude, and brotherly affection. We should be ungrateful if we could forget the sacrifices which you had to make to pay the price of our ransom and deliverance. Your ranks have been thinned, your parishes desolated, your parochial works paralyzed. Thousands from among you have given up their lives for the great cause, and now they sleep the sleep of heroes.
>
> "How noble your clergy has been, by its sacrifice, during those four terrible years! From the confused and contradictory echoes which the enemy's newspapers were bringing us, we could indeed guess the immense and fruitful work done by your priests in the trenches, at the front, at the relief stations, in the hospitals, and in the parishes. But now that we have them in our midst and can see the fruit of their apostolic zeal among the admirable French troops, we are moved to tears. We can say without exaggeration that if, to-day, the flag of freedom waves over the Strasbourg Cathedral, the clergy of France can claim a large share in this triumph. With the great generals, with the valiant phalanx of the officers, the clergy has been the most powerful leaven of the incomparable morale of your army. To all, honor, glory, and thanks.

> "But this debt of gratitude should not be paid only in words. We are anxious to pay it by deeds; we want to act in union with you. For the last ten years you have carried on struggles which must be numbered among the most beautiful ever recorded in the history of the Church. Those were the favorite topics of our conversations in our ecclesiastical meetings. We witnessed them, with emotion, as the early Christians witnessed the fights of their martyred brethren. To-day Providence grants us our desires. Blessed be God!
>
> "Ah! what a sweet joy for us to resume, at last, relations which, after half a century, had been much loosened and threatened to disappear completely. Open for us the ranks of the great sacerdotal family of France, and allow us to share in your trials as well as in your joys. A flood of generous blood has cemented that new union. May Divine grace make it lasting and fruitful, for the glory of God Most High and for the salvation of souls!"

THE CHURCH IN THE PRESENT DISCORD

THE WORLD IS SUFFERING from the sharpest reaction it has ever experienced, and the Church has to learn its duty here and take it up quickly as it did when called to rally to the work of war. Then it urged forward the struggle; now it must steady the discontent. Many people, says *The Guardian* (London), organ of the Established Church, are "startled, not to say shocked," at the manifestations in the conduct of people, who, when the war was raging, bent all their energies to the purpose of winning it. Then "there was no time for amusement, no room for art or literature, no opportunity for cultivating the gracious things of life." "The young saw their youth ebb away; to the middle-aged the years which separated them from the elderly were bridged rapidly by anxiety and sorrow." But after November 11 one class of men and women jumped "from an unnatural and enforced gravity to an almost equally unnatural levity." This religious paper speaks especially of English conditions, but probably many other countries furnish parallels. "One class flies to the theaters, restaurants, and dances; another, more dour but no less determined to extract the utmost from the return of peace, demands less work and more money." This paper does not try to read a severe lesson, tho it sees "signs of what, not so long ago, would have been called irresponsibility, but is really no more than a relaxation of exacerbated nerves." It notes that many people—

> "had expected something more serious, more *rangé*, a line of conduct which took graver account of the extremity of the peril from which we have all escaped. They are frankly disappointed with their fellow countrymen, and more especially with their countrywomen, who, so it seems to them, are not maintaining the reputation for seriousness which their war-work gained for them.
>
> "A little more knowledge of human nature would have prevented a good deal of this disillusionment. Reaction is one of the laws of life, and it was inevitable that the long strain through which we have all passed should produce a reaction of restlessness. We may regret some of the forms which this restlessness takes; but society, in the widest sense of the word, is disintegrated, and we do not yet know the fashion in which the atoms will coalesce afresh. Especially is this so in relation to labor. On every hand discontented workmen are striking for more money and less work; no sooner is one demand conceded than another is sprung upon us, often with little reason. The political domain is full of incipient Bolshevism. Masses of men are dissatisfied—they do not always quite know why; but man is the most imitative of all animals, and while some countries are sympathetic to naked revolution, others respond readily to those more subtle forms of revolt which consist in strikes and general unsettlement."

While the League of Nations idea is recommending itself as a necessary international trusteeship, this Church organ reminds its people that "England will not be very successful in surmounting her present difficulties, social and economic, unless her various and warring classes learn to be trustees for each other." The Church finds a new problem in just such new conditions:

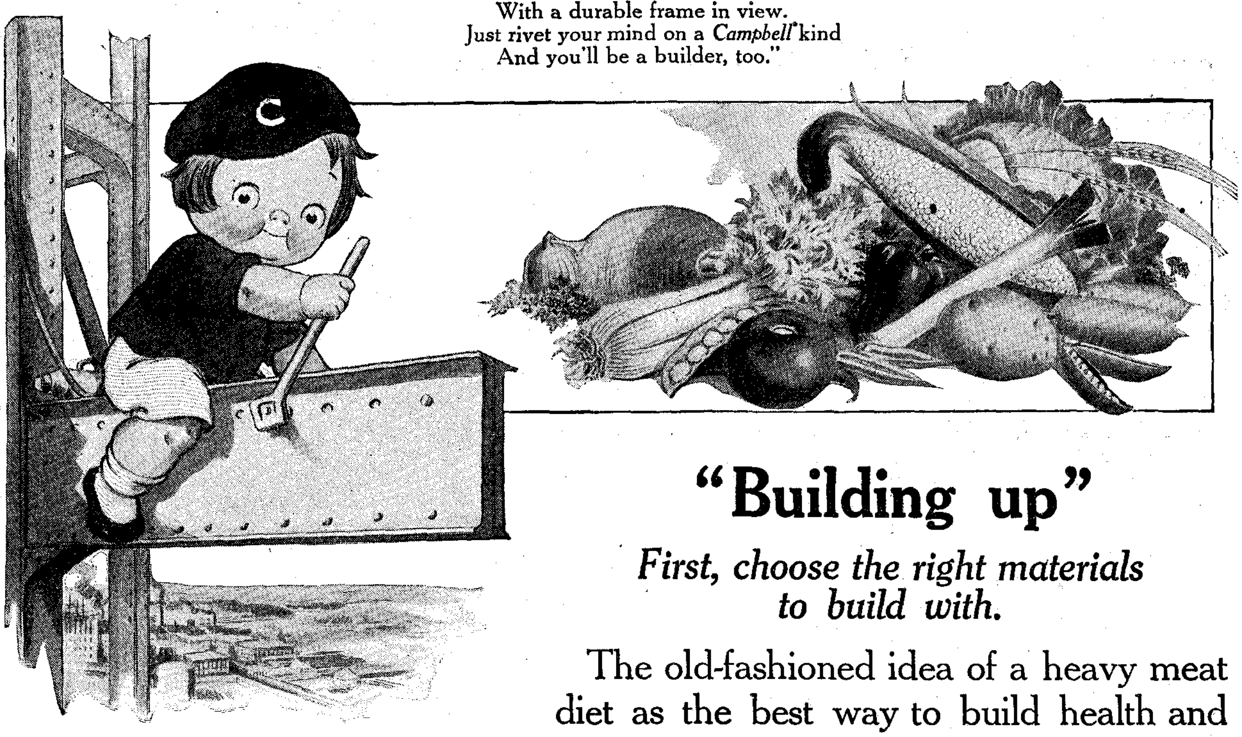
> "Restlessness, if prolonged, is an evil thing for the mind and the character. It is highly contagious, and the Church ought to set to work at once to combat the contagion. The best method of showing sympathy with a sick man is to try to cure him, and the Church possesses valuable remedies for the present discontents. The effervescence of the moment we understand —as we have said, it was inevitable; but effervescence is essentially temporary. Neither men nor nations can work out their destiny unless they act with quiet confidence; it is the Church's duty to impart that quietness and that confidence. Patience is the first essential of these things. We are engaged upon the biggest task that has ever confronted mankind—the creation of a new social order; and it is grotesque to suppose that the petulance and impatience which produce strikes and labor disputes on very small provocation, or none, will help us to solve our problems. The clergy, and more especially the leaders of the clergy, have a great opportunity. If they speak decisively and with authority, yet with tact and sympathy, they will be listened to—pious platitudes are worse than useless. Let them show that the world is just now in danger of being its own worst enemy. It is much to know what one wants; it is far more to be reasonable and patient in the pursuit of it. You can not mend a fabric by first tearing it to ribbons, which is what many people are trying to do. The Church has many platforms, and at this time they ought all to resound with steadying words. The Church sympathizes with the people's aspirations. Let it say so, plainly; but let it be equally plain in emphasizing the terrible perils of a restlessness which is often little better than selfishness."

THE Y. M. C. A.'S MISTAKE

THE Y. M. C. A. MADE A MISTAKE in taking over the canteen work. On this point there is very general agreement, and very frank confession of the mistake is made by Mr. Theodore E. Brown, a Philadelphia insurance man, who was Supply Executive Secretary in Y. M. C. A. work in France. Out of this blunder a multitude of smaller evils grew which gave rise to the criticisms we hear from returning soldiers. Some here at home have in turn criticized the dough-boys, but *The Presbyterian* (Philadelphia) gives a timely warning to such critics, among whom has been a leading editor: "It always hurts when a man undertakes any reflection upon 'the boys' who offered their all in sacrifice for the nation. Such efforts will not be received in good grace by the people." Besides, as *The Presbyterian* observes, "Some of the criticism [of the Y. M. C. A.] has come from most intelligent and brave men, accustomed to handle finance, who were in no sense inclined to be knockers or soreheads." The canteen, it is reported, will be turned back to the Army by March 31. *The Presbyterian* continues:

> "Mr. Brown gave a strict account of the work and difficulties encountered by the Y. M. C. A. in their heavy task, and frankly admitted there were unavoidable defects in the work. He admitted that it was a mistake for the Y. M. C. A. to accept the canteen work. In this he tells the whole story. The Y. M. C. A. undertook more than it was able to carry out, and as a result the soldiers suffered, and so they kick, and have a right to kick.
>
> "There is no use of further criticism. We all make mistakes, and when they are recognized and frankly admitted, the only thing is to profit by them and let them pass. The mistake of the Y. M. C. A. is only one of many which are appearing in our times. They arise from the same source as the German ambition to do a big thing rather than a good and wise thing. 'The big man on a big job' has become a failure, like the 'efficiency expert.' This war, out of its necessities, has revealed the vanity of one man or one organization undertaking to do more than it is reasonable to expect. A number of men have been obliged to drop the undertaking assumed, in order to save themselves from death and the business from ruin. Some have learned a good lesson and will profit by it. But some are unteachable and keep running on as executive officers of many things. Such rash men should be held in check, both for their own sakes and the safety of the work they undertake. It is now reported that John R. Mott, the general secretary of the International Y. M. C. A., is to be chairman of the executive committee to raise millions for general denominational missions. There have been too much centralization and too much ruling and directing from above downward. It is undemocratic and un-American, and with a free people must fail."

"I'm riveting firm and true
With a durable frame in view.
Just rivet your mind on a *Campbell's* kind
And you'll be a builder, too."



"Building up"

First, choose the right materials to build with.

The old-fashioned idea of a heavy meat diet as the best way to build health and strength was like some old stone buildings you've seen—with more weight than strength. Architects know better now, so do dieticians. Modern hygiene shows that you must have an abundance of good vegetables to build a vigorous constitution.

You are using the best kind of "building up" material when you eat

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It combines the invigorating meat juices of selected beef with the nourishing properties of choice vegetables, fine herbs, strength-giving cereals. And all these are in the most digestible form.

This is not only a tempting and appetizing meal course but it supplies in a substantial measure the vital elements necessary to correct the blood, regulate the body processes and create active energy.

All authorities agree that good soup eaten every day is one of the surest means of keeping in prime physical condition. And at this time of year when the system is inclined to be sluggish, you realize especially the need and the value of this wholesome and delicious soup.

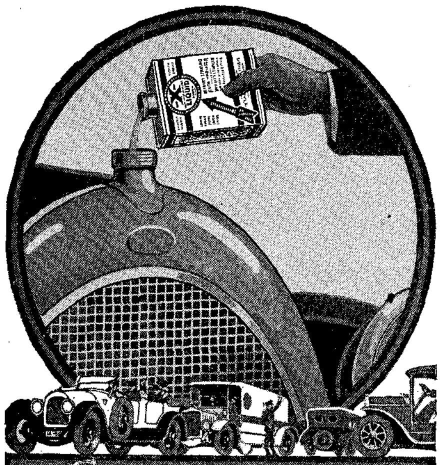
Now is the time to order it by the dozen or more. *And always serve it steaming hot.*

21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbell's
CONDENSED
VEGETABLE
SOUP
JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
CAMDEN, N.J. U.S.A.

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Science has taken the *guesswork* out of repairing leaky radiators

WHY doesn't it occur to some car owners that "guesswork" is ancient history around a motor car?

They ought to know that soldering a leak is a risky job. The high heat of the soldering torch *weakens* the radiator. If the leaks are hard to get at they are never repaired *right*. And after laying up the car for three or four days—and paying a bill anywhere up to $25—what guarantee is there that the radiator won't leak again—soon?

In addition to the *economy* of it—an "X" Liquid repair is *quicker*, and *more scientific* than soldering. It gets to the places that solder *can't reach*. Whether there is *one* leak or a *thousand*—whether these leaks are in the radiator, pump, connections, gaskets, waterjacket, etc.—"X" Liquid makes a permanent repair in *10 minutes*.

And if "X" Liquid is left in the water it positively *prevents future leaks everywhere in the cooling system*.

Improves Engine Performance—Reduces Upkeep Costs

The same "X" Liquid left in the water after the leaks are repaired—will *loosen* the Rust and Scale already formed. "X" absorbs all the free oxygen in the water and prevents *new* rust from forming. It also prevents the lime and magnesia in the water from depositing scale on the metal walls.

In this way, "X" keeps the narrow water spaces free and clean. It eliminates considerable over-heating. It helps the motor work much better. It reduces the consumption of oil. And helps get more mileage from gasoline.

Use "X" Liquid *before* using an anti-freeze. The "X" seals all the small holes that are present in your cooling system—and prevents the anti-freeze from leaking away. This saves money and *protects your engine*. "X" Liquid is the only repair product that works in alcohol or other reliable anti-freeze solutions.

Not a Radiator Cement

Don't confuse "X" Liquid with radiator cements, flaxseed meals and other "dopes"—many of which clog the cooling system and ruin it. "X" is a scientific process for *improving* the cooling system.

Large Size, $1.50 *will do a $25 repair job!*

Ford Size, 75c *will do a $10 repair job!*

Guaranteed to make good or your money back!

At your dealer's—or we will mail direct on receipt of price and dealer's name.

"X" LABORATORIES
646 Washington Street Boston, Mass.

"X" TRADE MARK LIQUID
makes all water cooling systems
LEAKPROOF·RUSTPROOF·SCALEPROOF

CURRENT POETRY

WITH England's younger men fighting in all the battle-fields of the world, it was left to the older ones to stand on guard against the German raiders, whether in airplanes or *Zeppelins*. The mustering out of these faithful watchers is gracefully recorded in the following sonnet from the London *Westminster Gazette:*

THE VOLUNTEERS' LAST PARADE

By John J. Withers

Halt! Loyal friends of many a martial day,
Too old in years to bleed on Belgian plain,
Too young in spirit to endure the pain
Of standing swordless while grim battles sway!
After the city's toil you swept the gray
Night sky for winged Huns, and in disdain
Of sweltering summer heat or wintry rain
Stood sentry, and prepared the final fray.

This is our last assembly. Peace has come.
Through the long route-march of the years to be
Bear your packs bravely, and let even this
Be a proud thought, that when the tyrant's drum
Bade Britons guard their homeland, manfully,
Rewardless you bore arms! Parade, Dismiss!

It may be that Ruskin is no longer an apostle of "sweetness and light" to such vast congregations of readers as he once instructed and stimulated. But the influence of his work abides and his centenary on February 8 of this year was widely and warmly noted by English critics. The enduring spirit of his work is hailed by H. D. Rawnsley in the London *Westminster Gazette*, who writes:

THE RUSKIN CENTENARY

By H. D. Rawnsley

A hundred years have vanished as a day
Since first your spirit took on human form,
And still we hear your voice above the storm
Bidding us love this earth in her array
Of Dedal beauty, crying, "Cast away
The curse of Mammon gnawing like the worm
Till simpler life's contentment be the norm
And knightly brotherhood the Nation's stay."

Tho still the only stars above your grave
Must be the daisies sprung from mountain sod,
Your star of hope for England's good shall shine,
Till toilers in the factory and the mine
Shall find the joy of work, with hearts made "brave
For help of man, and just for Love of God."

Few newspapers publish with regularity such verse of distinction as *The Westminster Gazette*, from which the two preceding poems are quoted. We select a third one, which celebrates the wonder and romance of aviation as contrasted with the romance of the days of knighthood:

A SONG OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

By Neil East

Oh, great are the tales of the wondrous Knights
That courted the maids of old.
But my love has flown to the wan white moon,
In a fleet winged car of gold.
In the morning sky hung the moon all white,
And moonwards he flew in the pure sunlight;
And the wings of the car that carried him
They flashed with gold till the eyes grew dim.

When the evening sky was flushed like a dream,
And the clouds were gray like sleep,
And the misty stars lit over the moor
Like beacon lights on a steep;
My lover came home at the fall of day;
He hung in the air with wings all gray,
Bat-wings dark gray on the rose-red sky,
Whence the sun in splendor had sunk to die.

In the starless, moonless midnight time
Came a thunder out of the sky;
There was one that traveled the trackless night,
Unamazed and fearlessly;

What! Postum?

"Do you mean to tell me this is the drink I have read so much about!"

"You're like many others, Jack, who think they must have coffee—you find *Postum* a happy surprise."

It is in reality a most delicious beverage, with a rich, coffee-like appearance and flavor. But, unlike coffee, it contains no harmful ingredient.

There's nothing of actual worth lost in a change from coffee to

POSTUM

On the contrary, there is great gain. Gain in health and comfort for those with whom coffee does not agree.

Postum comes in two forms:

Postum Cereal, which must be boiled; Instant Postum, made in the cup, at table, in a moment. They are equally delicious, nourishing, healthful, and *always economical*.

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

And up in the sky was nothing seen
But a star of red and a star of green,
That swooped together and rose and fell,
Then vanished sudden where none could tell.
Are our days to-day so pale and dull—
Were the old days brave and fair?
Knight never rode such a daring quest
As my love who rides the air:
Nor lady had need to be so brave
As she that would such a lover have!
Lord God of the earth and the fire and the sea,
In the ways of the air keep my love for me!

There are two ways of looking at the war, according to *The Expository Times* (Edinburgh), which mentions first that it may be considered as "a vulgar, dirty business all through," or as the "opportunity and vindication of the spiritual man." The latter attitude is taken by J. L. Crommelin Brown in his volume of war-poems entitled "Dies Heroica" (Hodder & Stoughton). In one of these poems he introduces the late German philosopher Nietzsche, who evolved the superman, that "lost illusion" of modern thought.

NIETZSCHE

By J. L. Crommelin Brown

I dreamt that there was merriment in hell,
And as each meager new-departed sprite
Came hesitating forward to the light
To warm itself, there followed straight a yell
Of devil's-mirth, for trade was doing well.
And when in Flanders fiercer grew the fight,
So thicker thronged the fantoms through the night,
Louder that gusty laughter rose and fell.

Lastly they turned to one apart, who furled
A cloak about his face. "Oh! make reply
Thou, who hast said this Christ corrupts the world,
And men no longer have the will to die.
These thousands perished for a treaty. What
Hast thou to say?" But Nietzsche answered not.

A hint of the quaint speech and genial optimism of the late James Whitcomb Riley is evident in "A Simple Man's Creed," which we select from the Buffalo *Evening News:*

A SIMPLE MAN'S SIMPLE CREED

By John D. Wells

Elisher—he's our hired man—
Allows there ain't no better plan
Of circumventin' woes an' cares,
Than smilin' when y' come down-stairs;
An' lives up to it, square an' blunt,
Like general run of preachers won't!

Elisher smiles an' fore you know
The rest of us is smilin', so
Ketchin'-like it is! My law,
It flits from him to me an' maw,
An' then across to Uncle Dri
Or Mairy Ellen mebbe; why,
I've seen it set the pup
A-waggin' fore the sun was up!
Then bimeby, as like as not,
Some man will pass that's mebbe got
A mortgage that his crops can't fetch,
But like enough the man will ketch
Elisher's smile an' drop his frown
An' tote the smile away to town.
An' peddle it where, bein' wuss,
The people need it more than us!
The feller at the griss-mill gits
The spirit of the smile—it flits
Across an' through the blacksmith's door,
An' breezes through the general store,
Then out again, an' wreaths, doggone,
Whatever face it fastens on!—
Because Elisher's smile is jis'
As ketchin' as the pink-eye is!
An' then the feller brings it back
At night along the back-urds track,
An' scatters it on either side
The Country Road, both far an' wide,
Until, by time when we get in
From work, the smile is back agin!
Back home agin!—an' seems t' bless
Elisher for his cheerfulness.
"Because you smiled," it seems to say,
"The world has had a holiday!"

He Shot the Gun

And Found that He Had the Greatest Wheat Food in Existence

Prof. A. P. Anderson knew that each wheat kernel contained some 125 million food cells.

He knew that each cell contained a trifle of moisture.

So he said, "I will turn that moisture to steam, then explode it. Thus I will burst every food cell so digestion can instantly act."

It Took Years But He Did It

He finally solved the problem by sealing the grains in huge guns. Then he revolved the guns for one hour in 550 degrees of heat.

When he shot the guns every food cell exploded. About 125 million steam explosions occurred in every kernel.

Airy, Flaky Bubbles

The grains came out shaped as they grew, but puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size.

The fearful heat created a toasted nut flavor.

The explosions created flimsy morsels, which melted away at a touch.

He had what is recognized everywhere now as the most delicious wheat food in the world.

But above all it was a whole grain made wholly digestible. Every food cell was broken and that never before was done.

He applied the same method to rice. Then to pellets of hominy and created Corn Puffs.

Now there are three Puffed Grains, each with its own delights. And happy children are now getting about two million dishes daily.

Don't let your children miss their share.

Keep all three kinds on hand.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

Each 15c — Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(3034)

RECONSTRUCTION-PROBLEMS

"NATIONS IN REBIRTH"—a series of articles prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST and especially designed for High School Use

EDITORIAL NOTE.—*In the Educational Department of* THE LITERARY DIGEST *the claims of various nations for a new alinement of boundaries are presented as the self-same nations set them down. The decisions reached by the delegates at the Peace Conference will in due course be reported in the news record of* THE LITERARY DIGEST, *as also the press comment from divers angles.*

GREECE

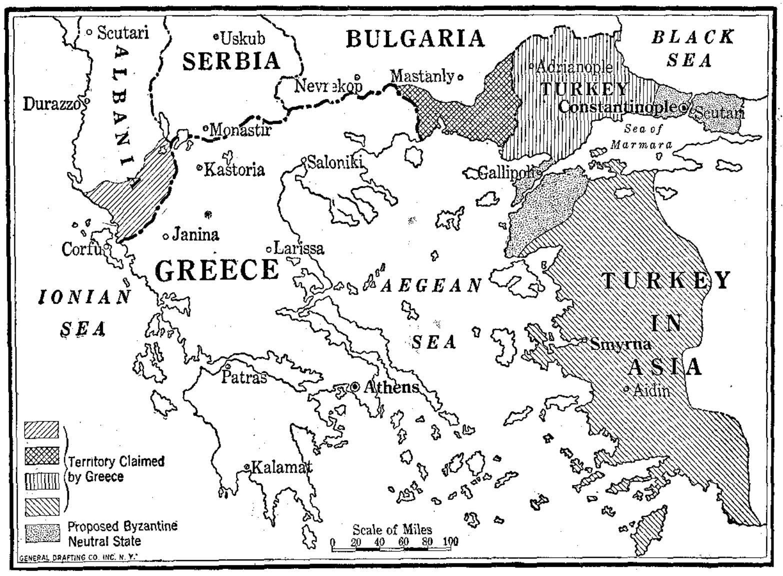
THE CLAIMS OF GREECE — The Greek territories under foreign rule, which the Hellenic race now seeks to have restored are listed, according to the Greek Bureau of Information (New York), as follows:

"1. Northern Epirus—including Himara and Korytza.

"2. Thrace—including Constantinople and the country surrounding the Sea of Marmora, and the purely Greek towns of Xanthi and Dedeagatch.

"3. Asia Minor—Smyrna and the contiguous territories inhabited by nearly 2,000,000 Greeks.

"4. The Islands of the Dodecanese, which are inhabited only by Greeks, with the exception of 11,000 Turks in Rhodes and Cos and 4,000 Jews in Rhodes."



Drawn for "The Literary Digest."

BOUNDARY CLAIMS OF GREECE.

In the lower left-hand corner of the map the key by lines shows sections of territory claimed by Greece, together with the proposed Byzantine neutral state.

To-day there are 3,000,000 Greeks "living under the rule of foreign autocratic governments," according to Mr. John N. Metaxa, former Governor of Saloniki, who avers that the methods of "repression, persecution, and extermination" applied with "organized barbarity," argues well for the **vitality and moral strength** of the Greek race. Otherwise the Greeks could not to-day muster so many representatives in these regions, inhabited by Greeks "since remote antiquity," who are still leaders in all branches of civilized life. Mr. Metaxa proceeds:

"Until the year 1453 the Greeks of Constantinople kept at bay the barbarians of Asia and protected civilization and the Christian faith, but Europe abandoned them at the critical moment, and they fell before the overwhelming hordes of Turks, whose slaves they became and have been ever since. And yet they have never wavered in their adherence to their race and religion, ever deriving strength to resist their persecutors and patience to bear their sufferings from the inspiration of their great Ideal, the Ideal of the Greek race, for the realization of which they have repeatedly shed their blood and sacrificed their all—the Ideal of Liberty, for which Greeks fought more than two thousand years ago, as they fought but yesterday on the battle-fields of Macedonia, where the presence of the Greek Army and its achievements were to a large extent responsible for the overthrow of those other enemies of civilization, the Bulgarians, and to the ultimate triumph of the Allied arms.

"In thus alining themselves with the defenders of Democracy the Greeks were true to their traditions, for it was they who first used this Greek word 'Democracy,' and it was the Greek philosopher Plato who first declared that the prime right of a human being was to be a free citizen. The gift of this great principle and of an incomparable art and literature to civilization might well render the Greek people the object of the gratitude of the civilized world, while it should also not be forgotten that it was in their language that the Gospels and the Epistles of St. Paul were written, and that they always were, and still are to-day, the sole bulwark of the Christian faith in the East.

"It may thus be claimed that, throughout their long, unbroken history, the Greek people have never been lacking in those moral qualities which distinguish nations as well as individuals, and which are exemplified in continuous effort to attain what is best and noblest, together with patience in adversity and a stedfast faith in better things to come.

"Constantinople, the capital of the Greek people, is still in the hands of the Turks; Saint Sophia, the ancient Greek cathedral, is still a mosque, while thousands are waiting to remove the profane whitewash that covers the sacred Byzantine mosaics and to raise aloft the cross in their own cathedral, which was for many centuries the heart and soul of Christian worship."

To consider the problem of Greece in detail, we can do no better than take up next the proposals at the Peace Conference of the Greek Premier, Mr. Venizelos, who is admittedly one of the greatest of modern statesmen.

NORTHERN EPIRUS AND ALBANIA — The Prime Minister of Greece, Eleutherios Venizelos, chief spokesman for his race at the Peace Conference, starts with the principle that through the winning of the war by the Allies it is possible to "fix the political frontiers of the European states in exact accordance, or, at any rate, in approximate accordance, with the limits of their ethnical domain." In this way, he maintains, the **"indispensable basis"** of the League of Nations will be created. Therefore he is prompt to point out in his memorandum to the Peace Conference, from which we are permitted to quote by courtesy of the American Hellenic Society (New York), that the Greek nation is distributed as follows:

"1. 4,300,000 inhabitants of the Kingdom of Greece;

"2. 151,000 in Northern Epirus and Albania;

"3. 731,000 in Thrace and the region of Constantinople;

"4. 43,000 in Bulgaria as it was before the Balkan wars; the territories which were annexed to Bulgaria by the Treaty of Bucharest carried with them another 88,000 Greeks.

"5. 1,694,000 in Asia Minor;

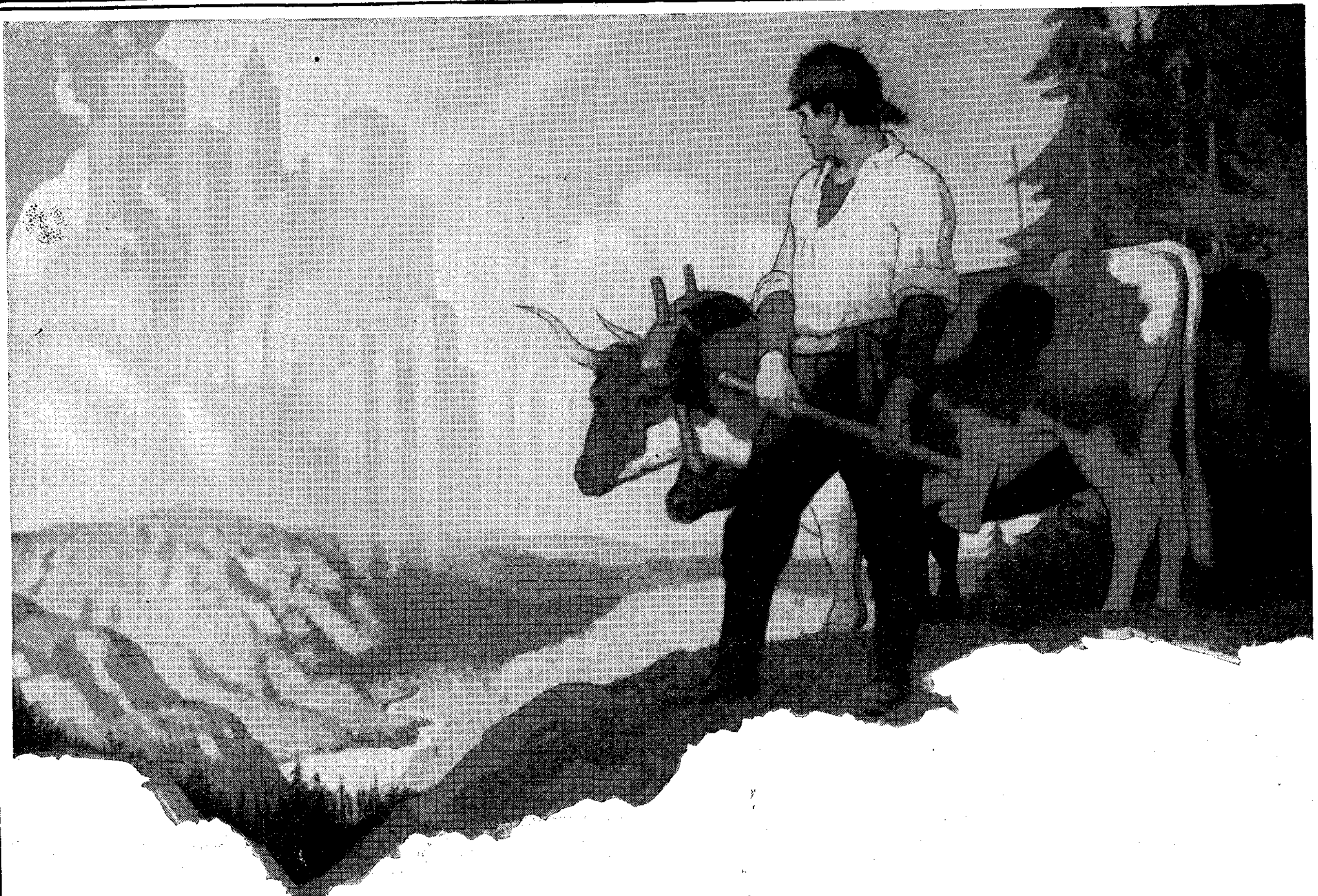
"6. 102,000 in the Dodecanese;

"7. 235,000 in the island of Cyprus;

"8. 1,000,000 or thereabouts, distributed variously—notably in Egypt and in the rest of the African Continent, 150,000; in North and South America, 450,000; in southern Russia, 400,000."

Fifty-five per cent. of the Hellenic population of 8,256,000 lives in the Kingdom of Greece and forty-five per cent. outside

(*Continued on page 131*).



The PIONEER and the VISION

DURING the days when many of our mightiest industries were in their infancy, some fifty years ago, an advertising organization was brought to birth in the city of Philadelphia. From a beginning based on a vision backed by determination, from a local effort with a national outlook, this institution has grown until its activities encompass the country; this is the summary of the record of the house of N. W. Ayer & Son.

With that genius of vision to see the fullness of opportunity within the accomplishment of its many and varied clients, this organization has maintained the leadership of its pioneer days. Hardly can there be a public service story or an advertising problem taken from the course of American commerce that does not pay tribute to the efforts of this institution.

Fifty years of constructive endeavor with thousands of commodities, has built a complete organization. The smallest mechanical detail and the most involved advertising problem have each at its command the trained service of experience. From the beginnings of business through all the stages of development, this agency has been councilor, creator and active operator.

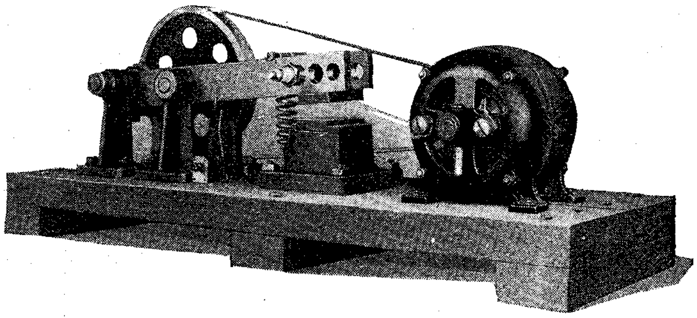
Here the new enterprise finds a strength of experience to back its inexperience; the great industry finds a breadth of service capable of carrying the most varied and most exacting burdens. Constant contact with many clients maintains lines of information which keep the newest and the best of commercial methods in continuous circulation. This service is at the disposal of the makers of any worthy commodity.

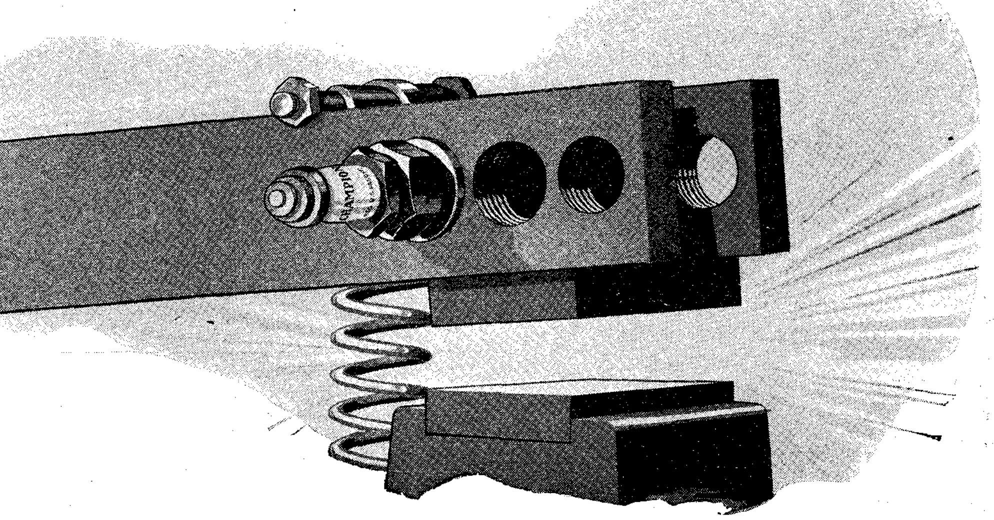
N. W. AYER AND SON
ESTS 1869
Keeping Everlastingly At It Brings Success

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS
PHILADELPHIA
NEW YORK BOSTON CLEVELAND CHICAGO

Champion Dependable Spark Plugs





CHAMPION
REG.U.S.PAT.OFF

Champion Regular 7/8-18
Price $1.00

Withstand Shocks of 300 Sledge Hammer Blows Per Minute

THE RESULTS of various exhaustive factory tests imposed upon Champion Spark Plugs completely demonstrate their ability to endure every punishment your car's engine can impose.

The test illustrated here is known as the "shock test." The shock, which the Champion Spark Plug must survive without injury, is the equivalent to a weight of 3½ pounds, dropping with the rapidity of 300 times per minute.

The qualities that enable Champion Spark Plugs to successfully withstand such severe trials are largely a result of ten years' study and experimenting that developed our patented gasket construction and our Number 3450 Insulator.

This superior Insulator offers 2½ times the resistance to shock and vibration compared with the best previous insulator. That is one of the several reasons why Champion Spark Plugs are more durable and dependable than ordinary spark plugs.

Buy Champion Spark Plugs now and make sure the name "Champion" is on the insulator as well as on the box and avoid substitutes.

Champion Spark Plug Company
TOLEDO, OHIO

Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ontario

PERSONAL · GLIMPSES

THE AMERICAN "POILU" WHO LED A CHARMED LIFE

HIS French comrades called him "*L'Américain*," even tho his name was François Xavier, and he was almost as French as they were, except for a brief residence in New York and San Francisco and his "first papers" of American citizenship. Later, when he became known as the sole survivor of his original 8th Company, comprising 250 men, of that famous battering-ram of the French Army known as the "Iron Division," they spoke of him as the "Charmed American." It was at the head of this Division (the 39th of the 20th Corps) that Marshal Pétain made his triumphal entry into Metz. "*François l'Américain*" served in it for nearly three years · "without getting so much as a scratch," even tho it bore the brunt of some of the deadliest battles in history, including the Chemin des Dames and Verdun.

This "American" kept a journal of his experiences, written in French, since his native tongue was easier than his adopted one, and it has been edited and translated under the title of "The Charmed American" (John Lane). The best parts of Henri Barbusse's "Under Fire," by many considered the most forceful, vivid, and realistic account of modern warfare yet written, are suggested by the narrative of this American *poilu*. The American may be credited with seeing more and bitterer fighting, with equal ability to put his impressions into flashing, colorful phrases, and with none of the morbidity that, in the opinion of some critics, disfigures the latter parts of Barbusse's widely circulated work.

Verdun, in the days of its greatest horror, misery, heroism, and glory, is reflected in one of the later chapters of François' story. The "Iron Division" is going up to meet the great German offensive, and "*l'Américain*" takes the reader with the tired and battered French legions:

> Here we are, then, again, tramping bitter places on earth, among lame, halt, and blind, wrecks and wreckage, human jetsam eddied hither and yon.
>
> We are warned to hurry forward. No time to lose now, no moment, in consideration of the task before us. Nothing but haste — haste — haste! Retreating troops in squads of fifteen or twenty crowd past us minus rifles or equipment. These despondents have the most wobegone countenances and a haggard, sullen, exhausted, pitiful look. Their clothing is soaked—as is ours; only they have the dash of crimson common to all front-line men, and mud and filth of the trenches embroidered in.
>
> The heaviest reverberations jar the earth. Great spouts of flame mark the salutations from our 240s, still pounding away at the rear. They are camouflaged in woods. Alone, these monsters are standing off the foe, and awaiting our reenforcements to ease up. *Marmites* sing overhead from the Teuton lines. The straggling French legions, retiring in bad order, flinch and jerk their bodies this way and that from shell-shock and nervousness.
>
> "My God, they must have been through a siege," my captain mutters. "See how they are affected."
>
> "Yes, and that one—he is as dazed as if he milked the cows at home."
>
> Our captain halts such a squad.
>
> "What's the reason you go back?" he inquires, sharply.
>
> "Everybody is going, *mon Capitaine*. It is useless. The *Boches* will be in before midnight."
>
> "*Cristi!* Is that the way they do! Well—" he shuts his teeth with a snap, and we go on.
>
> Heavy artillery comes lumbering toward us now. The last of the defenders, except the valiant 240s, are giving up in despair. What a shelling it must have been! What fiendish offensive work launched by the Crown Prince!
>
> Verdun! A surge of fire sweeps through me—we must fly—we must advance on the double-quick to defend Verdun! My pace perceptibly increases. I am surprized they do not all hurry up—the rest of the 2d Mitrailleuse, but we are halted in a field, ignominously—fatally, it seems to me!—to wait for orders. How long will this be? Must Verdun fall while we hesitate, inactive, motionless—while the enemy sweeps in. *Diable. Diable! Mille diables!*
>
> The field is piled high with munitions.
>
> Perclun observes this. "If they fire right, we will get a blowing, *Américain*, that will save us the trouble of going up to the trenches," he says, cheerfully. The saucepans (heavy shells) come frightfully close.
>
> Fortunately the blizzard recommences at this stage and the flakes come down again lustily.
>
> "Good! Blanket the scene and we get no visitors from above!" This observation is directed toward hostile aircraft. Night also closes in while we shiver and shudder beneath, and an inky blackness envelops us. Not a mouthful of food is in the *musette;* not a spark of courage or nerve-energy remains. The zealotry stamped out of all—myself included—by this disastrous delay, we sink down, one by one, in miserable, frozen attitudes on the snow. Sleep, sleep and oblivion, sleep and oblivion, sleep—and—oblivion—
>
> "*Tout le monde debout!*" (Everybody up.)
>
> The old order—crashing in — gets us all on our feet! We are stiff—like tent-pickets, aching and cold—ah, so frigid! No longer can the teeth be controlled, or the limbs, or the senses. We sway like dizzy things, drunken with cold.
>
> "*Eh bien, Américain*—are you there? Swallow this."
>
> Constant puts his flask of *alcohol de menthe* into my hands. I take a swallow —something burns my throat like red-hot coals! It revivifies while it stifles—rushes the blood through the veins, churning up life—energy—action.
>
> "A-a-ah!"
>
> "You feel better, do you? Well, come this way." My captain draws me after him, stumbling over corpses, into shell-holes, and bumping mules and caissons.
>
> "Holy Mother! What did you put in the alcohol, Constant?"
>
> "It burns your palate? Then—" He rolls a snowball and hands it to me. "Nibble this."
>
> I make a wry face, but eat it, and the burning sensation secedes. With a few more mouthfuls I will be all right.
>
> "Sa, eat all you want, it is free—gratis!"
>
> We laugh, and the company gets to the *Fortin de Froide Terre* by 1 A.M. Two officers of the artillery and seven men are alone here in the garrison. Our captain addresses one:
>
> "Possible to get a little food for the men?"
>
> "Not a *soupçon* (suspicion). We are out completely."
>
> "What a misery! My company has been on the road twenty-four hours and with scarce a mouthful."
>
> We go on. Our orders are to repair to the lines. Now, at last, it is apparent, without food or water, in a fainting condition from fatigue and overexertion, we are expected to succor the lines! *Bon Dieu*, have mercy on us—this will be a task! The Iron Division moves up with its pulses failing.
>
> We cross the shell-pocked meadow—struggle on with beasts and packs, swaying, wallowing. A hundred slugs are whistling overhead—*arrivées* (German shells) bursting. The snow-field spouts in geysers, cataclysmic and fatal. With each crash a fresh shudder runs among the men. Our nerves are going. The eery night, so forlorn, so famished—so morbid in its hopeless, fearful fight, grips us in our very vitals, quaking and quailing the flesh.
>
> A shriek bursts across the wild maelstrom! It resounds, clutching hearts and tingling spines.
>
> One of the conductors has gone out—blown into fragments! His *voiturette* (cart) is standing, but without either mule or driver. They have been wiped clean—tho not clean! Somewhere in that ghastly meadow remains are lurking—descended in some sour swamp—foul morass—for crows and vultures!
>
> We denude the wagon of its contents—pack these off by arm-loads into the ravine, where all the caissons are unloaded, to return to *Froide Terre* to await us—or, at least the returning contingent—at that point. We shoulder the machines, the munitions, a guide precedes, and the 2d Mitrailleuse plunges ahead in an effort to stem the German tide—to resurrect Verdun!
>
> *Boyaux* (connecting trenches) are there none! Long before have these crashed under in the fearful cannonade. A broken, bewildering mêlée succeeds, swimming with snow-water, putrid mud, bodies of victims, and slimy, sticky depths. Steel bits and bars and remnants of hordes of fighting units are jangled; dugouts leveled; trenches reduced to choppy stone-quarries. Disaster is here complete and overwhelming! The snow has ceased, and we trudge down into the valley. It is *La Vallée de la Mort*. (Death Valley). A whole battalion has been swept out here by the barrage-fire, plying its demoniac trade over men, horses, mules, wagons, and caissons, crumbling steel and stone, blasting blood and bone. The whole swamp is sodden, grisly with relics — savage

with brute-lust. Carnivorous worms and weasels, mousy and gloating, glide through the ruins.

We cross also that field of horror. We advance to what formerly were trenches, dugouts, and strongholds. The trenches are shell-holes; the dugouts are shell-pits; the strongholds are—well, shell-holes, too! There is neither semblance nor souvenir of order—no lines—no parapets; everything leveled out that was high, thrown up that was low, mangled, distorted, disheveled. We plant the machine guns as firmly as possible in those shell-craters, choosing the deepest and best-protected, but being in reality only makeshifts of the flimsiest order.

It is three o'clock now and we have been constantly on the march since one of the previous morning. That is twenty-seven hours! *Cristi!* twenty-seven hours afoot in blinding storm and raging blizzard with scarce food, or rest, cessation to gain a position from which to counter Fritz.

Patrols sent out by the captain report the 156th ensconced on our left on the Côte du Poivre; the 160th in the region around Douaumont, on the other hand; so again we are directly between and in a position to bear the severest fighting brunt.

Not a vestige of resistance would have greeted the Crown Prince had he walked in an hour before! Right there and then he lost Verdun. Right there and then were the *Boches* cheated of as fine a victory as could be imagined upon the Western Front. It is as clear as dew and sparkling as any midwinter morning that all this great bombardment, this fiendish preparation, this calculation, concentration, extermination of the *poilu* shall go for nothing in the face of that one gaunt, but gigantic, hour, from two to three, on a February morning of 1916. What was the reason for the delay that cost so dear? Why was it the enemy failed to invest Verdun with the French forces in *débâcle?*—to enter "with the rifle on the shoulder," as it were? History alone—from the *Boche* standpoint—can account for this. Suffice it, the hour is past, the receding chin of the Hohenzollern heir played too great a part—and the failure at Verdun can since be ranked with Waterloo, with the shoe on the other foot.

Germany failed to make good!

Whether in fear of mines—in fear of a trap—of a stratagem—

Germany failed to make good!

Without a single *poilu* left to guard what was once a works—without a single works left to guard what was once an army—

Germany failed to make good!

Miette, our lieutenant, and formerly infantryman from Arras, set his jaws squarely, feet firmly planted wide apart behind a mitrailleuse.

"They will continue to fail, *mes braves*, if you will remember the words from *Froide Terre*"—he enunciates clearly,

"Until the last man—not an inch!"

We repeat, "Not an inch!" meaning it as grimly.

He refers to the captain's instructions to the company on leaving for the lines: "Do not take the offensive, but remain to the last man with or without mitrailleuse—with or without success! I expect from the Iron Division iron resistance."

"It will be a tough time, *Américain*," the lieutenant assures me. "I do not think either of us will come out of this furnace alive!"

The water stands about our waists. Its icy embrace curdles any scruples we have about the character of the work undertaken. Before is an enemy determined to the point of frenzy, hesitant only in order to summon up greater strength for greater fury. Our bleak vigil is, therefore, prelusory of death. No power should stop our rabid tongues from speaking—pouring forth leaden hell before this super-confident foe, as he will be when dawn ushers in. We are wilting, we are fatigued, we are weary to the heart's core, but let once the attack be launched—

Thus it is, and the first faint ray awakens first gleam smiles in Verdun. Fritz jerks up his head—like an angry cobra, strikes out—hisses—we let loose in one Titanic outburst! Every machine gun, every field piece in the open lands behind, bellows, roars, smashes, crashes, whistles.

Line after line comes up in dense formation, mechanical shoulder-to-shoulder, superb with military exactitude and fortitude; it sweeps on, over the crest, up to our positions—goes down in one scythelike volley! We rush the machines, feed—feed—feed, everlastingly fire and feed—and the spouting flame goes forth—the grinding death spurs on, spreading like a cancerous growth in the German morale. The casualty is enormous. Warm bullets draw the air after them over our own heads, shells break in the valley behind—among the battery crews. No single man of the division falters—no protest among the exhausted, emaciated, semidelirious defenders can be heard. Many go out, but it is a fatal, or near-fatal, wound that is exacted to still them.

A seething torment seems to rattle in the brain! The continuous pfut-pfut-pfut-whrroarrr! storms through the head, choking the sensibilities, rendering everything motion without sound—sound without surcease!

The sheep continue to come on—lie in rows, sacklike and stuffed with cotton-clay. No end—the heap grows—raises two—three feet, before our cannon-mouths, gun-muzzles, pouring out its blood. . . . . . .

Indescribable—the life snuffed out!

Boom—boom!

Whrroarr! Crrackk! Rattle—crrackk!

Boom!

We feed—they fall!

Verdun trembles in the balance, but leaning toward our side. The attack eases up and we have all the best of it.

Before full day a second offensive is launched. These poor, puzzled *Boches* can not understand the resistance. They thought to have crumpled us pretty badly. So it was! But the psychological moment having passed over, alas, for them!—the battering-ram is in motion, this French legion from the border—and no power on earth can give them Verdun now!

We have them stopt!

The full import of this is demonstrated this second attempt. Again they hurl upon our straggly, unbusinesslike formation—again are mowed down and cast like false Buddhas into the dust.

We spare our ammunition with this retirement and leave it to the artillery to ward off any false hopes on the enemy's part. What must the reports be that are spreading over the world?—the giant German offensive unsuccessful before Verdun. The fortified city and its strategical value saved for France? The Nemesis sounding for Teuton arms before the double-quick advance of the 20th Corps?

Long and laborious eulogies will be sung—symposiums graced with the details of that fray—we are only tired men in icy depths of mud and water behind toy cannons that cool at last as we sink into slumberland!

The day passes over. The night, and the following day, and by not so much as a hair's breadth is our vigilance relaxed. By this time it is a little quieter all along the front, but the artillery still breathes defiance.

Coming over to inspect our machine, the captain tells me Perclun is no more. "Went out with the corporal and Pierre Raas yesterday morning," he said quietly. "And that is not all. We have two machines out of order and four boys wounded."

Then I am the only man from our Belgian company remaining! The knowledge leaves me dumb.

"You can do us all a great service, *Américain*." He lays his hand on my shoulder, looking into my face. "Can you go as far as Verdun? It is a dangerous mission . . . . . ."

"I am glad to go."

"One chance out of ten you arrive?"

"I am willing to try."

"*Bien!* Find the *Hôpital Militaire.* The *échelon* and kitchen are there. Tell them where we are. At the same time, if you can buy any food, in God's name do it—or I shall have a company of skeletons on my hands."

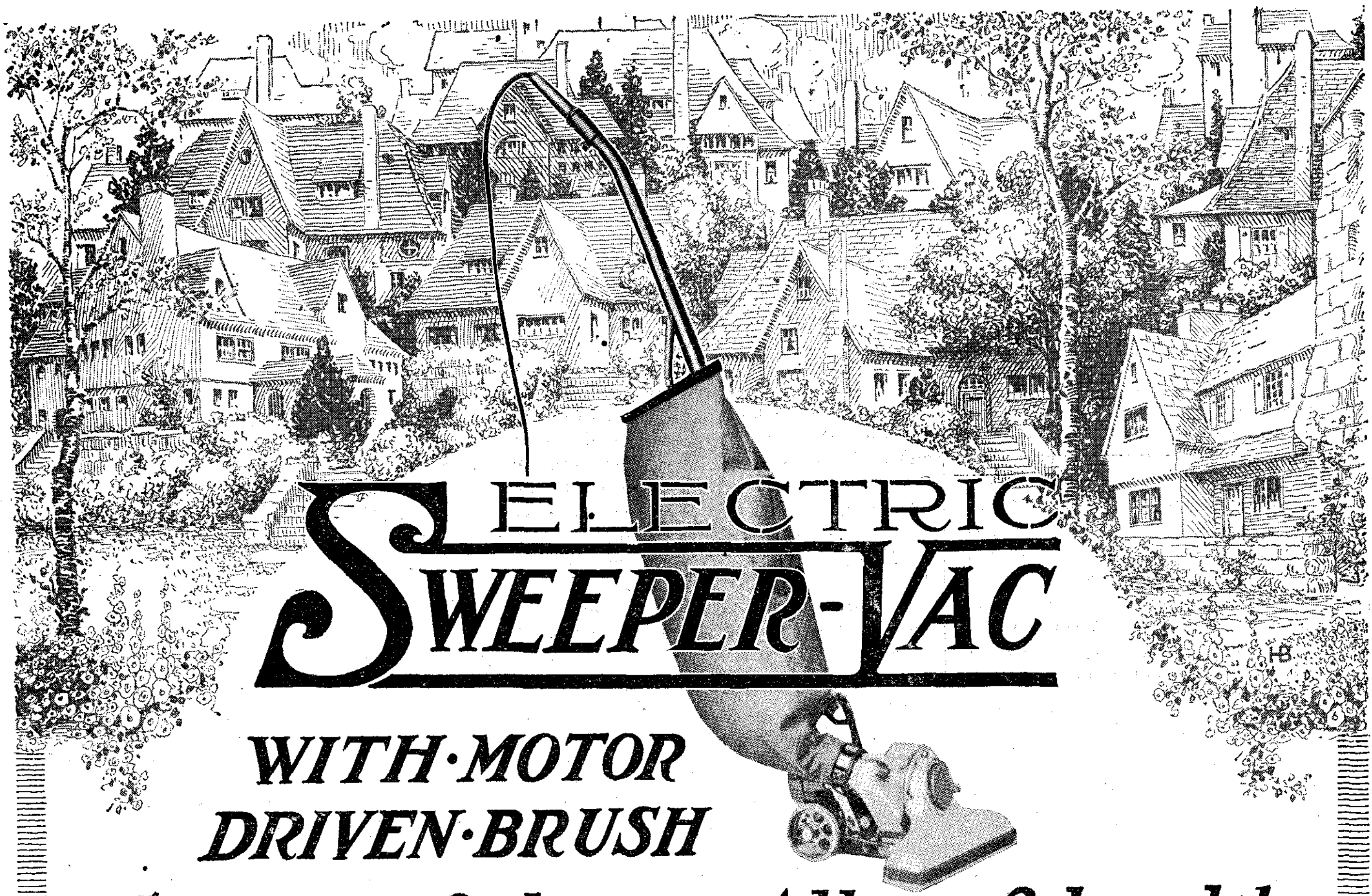
Humor, keen French humor that smacks of Daudet's immortal *Tartarin,* crops out in the midst of all this tragedy, giving an effect of truth and balance that is rare, if not so far totally lacking, in records that do not skimp the horror of modern war. In the masterpiece with which this account must inevitably be compared, Barbusse's "Under Fire," there is no humor, there are no laughs. Some one has said that there is humor even in the tenth circle of hell; certainly "*Francois l'Américain*" finds it in that modern inferno which flamed at Verdun. It crops out suddenly, irresistibly, as he proceeds with the story of his journey for assistance:

When it is dark I start. The direction of *Froide Terre* is torn with shell-fire. I pass through *La Vallée de la Mort,* which reminds me of a festering sore. Bodies hurtle through the air with the force of the explosions, bursting right and left and before and behind, but never correct for me. Redemolition of that already demolished area is making turmoil out of chaos. Life is instilled suddenly into the most blameless exteriors. Objects rejuvenate, spurred on by a bit of explosive—flung here, jolted there—spun by the force of expanding air high into whirligigs—slashed down with momentous force on the innocent terrane! Spasms pass that shake and tremble everything—a tremor involving tons of dirt and catapulting steel fragments. Snow is lasht, water sprinkled, corpses disintegrated, helmets bounced hither and thither. . . . . . .

Boom—boom!

The bombardment swells ever higher and more insistent. A peculiar shrill scream pierces the din! I come upon it almost rushing—stagger back! Wild fear clutches, and as suddenly releases, my heart . . . a mule! It is one of our simply worthy *échelon* tribe, stuck in a puddle of mud and unable to extricate himself! He makes the night hideous, tho, with his whines. I free him, lead him through and out of *La Vallée* and clear to *Froide Terre.*

It is 2 A.M. We lodge together in a stable there. Heavy shelling launches in the day—concentrated action against the fort. The 240s and 380s, the large-



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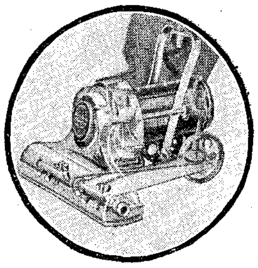

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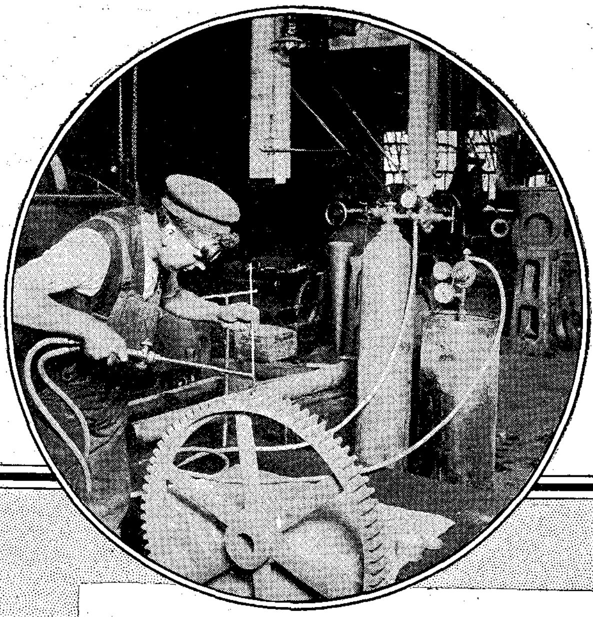
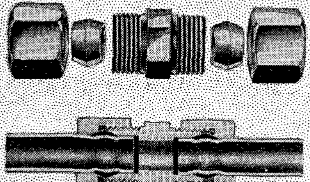
Unique Jiffy Switch— allowing you to stop the Motor Driven Brush, still permitting the powerful suction to go on unhindered.

The Light Weight of the Electric Sweeper-Vac—the ease of operation—the dust- and pin-proof belt—the tilting device—the freedom from necessity of adjustment—and a score of other unusual features.





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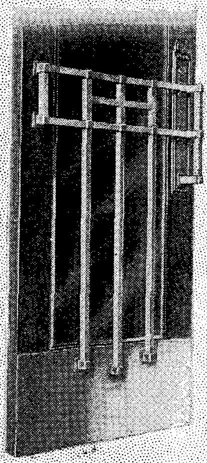

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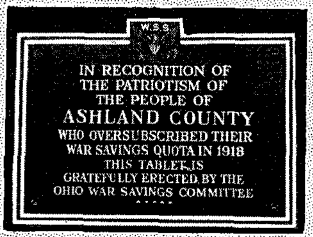

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calibered German Berthas, rain their dismal, enormous messengers about the environs—into the actual premises of the famous stronghold—Verdun's finest. Not a bolt budges—no rock careens even to the force of the blow. *Froide Terre* resists with all the forces in her—stands up like a general! We quake—we sway like ships over a bar, like crater-tops saluting the blood-red sky of Martinique, but we cast them off as pebbles ricochet from granite.

I am hungry as a wolf. Several *artilleurs* are in as bad a condition. They resolve to go to Verdun. "We must have food!" is the cry. In half an hour they are back, empty-handed, and with four of their *corvée* missing. I resolve to hold out until nightfall.

"If you go before, it is suicidal. The *Boches* are sitting up in 'sausages' (observation balloons), and can see the whole salient," warns the *commandant*.

I act on his advice. I set forth on the road when evening's shadows have begun to fall, leading my emaciated quadruped, who is about as anxious to expose himself as a ripe snowball before sunlight. The blizzard has commenced to rage again. The night is dark; the road obliterated. I have been fully advised of the direction, but two moments out of the fort obliterates this. I am as astray as a lost cat! Heavy shells crash an interrogation in the solitude. My companion, being supported with less fortitude than his guide, bolts and runs!

Now this is a splendid mess! Slashing mud and water, extreme hunger, some fatigue, onerous duty, omnipresent death, and a crazy mule! The combination threatens to work calamity, but with one accord both master and animal stop! A *fusée éclairante* (flare-shell) buds over the landscape—wavering snowflakes show opalescent, silently shimmering; the white blanket rips, explodes—an immense cataract develops into a furious downpour, and we are engulfed!

My mule struggles with all the panic at his command to come out of the deluge. He shakes himself—his sides heaving—and rattling the cart at his back like the tail of a snake; then bares his fangs and brays in a raucous falsetto! The sound goes over the prairie like dead souls screaming. I clap hands to ears. . . . . . .

"Yeeee-hawrr-rr!"

Whrroarr!

This second tumult effectually blankets the first. The fal-lal cuts short. And now maybe, as time improves, we will move on. But "Nikko"—I have heard that mules sometimes bear this name!—construes otherwise. He hastens to differ. He stands. No amount of persuasion or acrimony can budge him from his post. Shrapnel wings in a steady ratio over; rockets blaze. Slender fillets of lace plant one above the other on our crowns and shoulders—and in "Nikko's" case, flanks. He elects to court annihilation—immobile.

The blizzard improves. I roll and light a *sèche*.

I say: "Écoute, Nicodemus. Why shall I not go ahead if it is your preference to remain behind? Stay—eat snowballs—drink marmites—make food for the ravens. What is that to me? The *échelon* will do without you. There is a fine one coming from Fritz every minute—you have only to remain a few seconds longer, and pouf! it is through. Now, *pied de chou* (foot of a cabbage) make a choice!"

I start out, walking briskly, and my comrade tags at the heels as ready and docile as any dog. He follows closely, his hot, sour breath revolting my stomach reflection that it must be the same to most gentle-bred women when they meet a rough-faced *poilu!* And then the night closes in double dark.

We are confronted with a slushy creek. "Nikko," his anxiety to conform with my slightest desires, immediately plunges in. I issue first from the other side, he second, and the cart a bad third. It is uncertain on its wheels. Some time is spent bolstering this up. We continue up a slight incline. At the crest of the hill are voices. A light shines out suddenly. Panic-stricken, my faint-hearted follower attempts a second break, but I have him fast by the forelock.

"Yeeee-hawrrr-rr!"

His resilient voice is the signal for a volley of rifle-shots! I fall flat, abandoning my hold, and consigning mules and their accompanying sirens to the dung-heap; and then, having allowed a sufficient time to elapse, both for my attackers to desist and my mule to default, rise up to find them both in the close vicinage. Three *poilus* are examining "Nikko." They bray at him and he brays back, and so the matter stands when I approach them.

"*Holà!* Is that friend or foe?"

"!!———*!———??!———!—!**!"

"*Sacré!* You are choice with your epithets, my *frangin!*"

"It is Jean Rass!"

"Correct! Well, how is it you are here, *Américain?*"

"I could ask you the same."

"I am on the *liaison*, as you well know."

"And I am on the mitrailleuse."

"To be sure. And how is Pierre?"

"He—he—"

"Well? What are you hiding?"

"Nothing. He is all right."

"I—think—you—lie."

"Well, what of it? One does not go into the war expecting to live!"

"Ah, he is dead—*amoche*—*bouzille!* My brother is dead—do you hear, Durand? I have lost my brother! Oh, misery—he is gone—Pierre. . . . . . ."

He breaks down completely.

The man addrest as Durand addresses me: "What is that you say—his brother is killed? *Sacré nom d'un nom*, you do not mean that?"

"What can one expect?"

"That is terrible!"

"So it is, my good friend—but when you have seen your intimates go—one by one—sometimes three together, as in this case, into the *abattoir*, pulverized before the cannon's mouth—then you get hardened. Is that not so? I am the last of my company."

"But his brother!"

"I have lost two."

"You don't know how this affects him."

"Oh, yes."

"And his mother! She wi—"

"Mine did also!"

Silence. Only the sobbing sounds of the stricken young *poilu* mingle with the steady drip-drip of the seep water around. More distant is the rumble of batteries and occasional crash of shells. "Nikko," forgotten, leans down, sniffing at Jean Rass's bent-over form. This electrifies him! He leaps up.

"Oh, I hate war—I hate war!" he shrieks, waving his arms aloft. "I shall never get over this! The *Boches* may live or die, come or go—I—"

The fourth man of our group plucks him at the arm: "Silence! If *Ceintre des Ponnards* hears you, it is all up!"

The sorrowing boy gives him a stupid, rather withering look, drawing deep breath, and takes himself away.

I turn to Durand: "Which is the way to Verdun?"

"Cross the creek on the level—"

"I have just had one bath in it!"

"Then follow, without crossing, as far as the railroad. Cross that. One hundred meters farther you will come on the highway; it is the Verdun-Bras road and leads you straight. But go rapidly there, because it is always under the hammer of the enemy and comes in for steady barrage."

"*Merci*, my *frangin;* and now have you anything to eat?"

"Do you hunger? In that case here is some *bricheton*. But only a small piece, as we are without *ravitaillement*. Likewise the wine."

He actually has a small measure of brandy, and this he gives ungrudgingly to me. I swallow—once only, and with glowing eyes thank him.

We are on our way. "Nikko" needs no encouragement now, and, strangely enough, tracks my steps as faithful as any cur. He muzzles up, in fact, until by the time we are at the railroad, he is pressing me for the lead.

"Sa, what is it, old *Grandes Oreilles?*" I say to his "Long-Ears." "That is a brilliant name for you and quite fitting the successor of the predecessor!"—I refer to the late *sous-lieutenant*. "What is the hurry up?" I stand and face him, putting the bread into my mouth. But at this he yaps out so lugubrious a wail I am forced to laugh and choke, and expel the morsel, which he greedily devours from the ground.

"That is a great scheme! Well—here—eat it all if you are that bad. Better you than me—you have to carry me!"

Negotiating the highway, I leap into the cart, grasp the lines, pushing him along at top-speed. We rumble, sway, and bounce. A stray shell arrives on our quarter, and "Nikko" ends up his dizzy fight with a mad gallop into Verdun!

So the shattered companies of the "Iron Division" above Verdun, with American assistance—at least with the assistance of "*François l'Américain*"—held out that day, and the next, and the next, until the world as well as the Germans knew that the German flood would not pass. In three years of service, 35,000 men went through the 20th French Army Corps. "That is to say," comments the writer, "they wiped us clean out of existence. The biggest offensive division in the French Army had lost all of its original material." So the "Iron Division" was sent to Lorraine for a rest, and the American *poilu* who tells its story was given leave of absence to return to San Francisco. He arrived late in October, 1917, and gives some of his impressions in a letter dated San Francisco, November 2, 1917, to the translator of his journal:

The idea of arriving on American soil in a French uniform was rather terrifying, had I known it. They minced and mouthed over me—congratulated me and spun a fine web over my extraordinary valor, notwithstanding I did not don my *Croix* for the delectation of all the worshipful. I came straight to San Francisco. There was a good deal of money spent on the route for refreshment and comforts. I did not spend it! In Chicago a recruiting sergeant introduced me to some French citizens formerly of Arras.

"Ah, *m'sieu*, do you know Neuville-St.-Vaast?—that beautiful. . . . . . ."

"What is left of it, *oui, madame*."

"Left of it?"

"*Certainement*. I know at least fifty of the fifteen thousand men who lie buried in its ruins."

"Ruins?—*mon Dieu!*"

"Ruins, *madame*. There never were finer ruins—except those in La Targette! My friend Parisoto, used to say—"

"There is nothing standing unblemished of Neuville-St.-Vaast? Impossible! You jest! Neuville. . . . . ."

And so it goes.

No one is willing to believe that the east of France is really a desolate waste; and, knowing further that I will be taken for a liar and *mariolle* wherever I go—regardless of the affection these Americans seem to have for the "*Bleu Horizon!*"—why, I say nothing, where I can help it. I tell them neither that I have faced gas nor liquid-fire, nor Fritz in Arras, the Champagne, Verdun, the Somme, Aisne, or Lorraine; I leave that all for you to do, *mon vieux!* Every word in those notes of mine is true, so help me Heaven! and any one having cause to doubt has never been on the front!

War is not a pleasure, or a necessity—it is a curse!

I have had thirty-two months of it—my Government decrees I must go back into the *abattoir*, which all governments are decreeing—therefore, not one is any wiser than the other. I shall go!

Meanwhile, I arrived and betook myself to my home, where my wife and two tots were waiting—but not for me! They did not know I was *permissionnaire*. They were waiting for a letter from their *père* in France. . . . . . .

I rang the bell. My wife opened the door. She saw my light-blue uniform and took me for the postman.

She said: "Any mail to-day?"

I responded: "No, Elice, but I am here myself!"

CHINA'S NEW WEDDING CEREMONY TAKES ONLY FIFTEEN MINUTES

SINCE the downfall of the Manchu dynasty and the establishment of the Celestial Republic, there have been many striking changes in the social customs of China in addition to the abolition of the lamented masculine pigtail—lamented, that is, by the Western boy in whose mind the cue and the Chinaman were inseparably associated. According to a writer in the Spokane *Spokesman-Review*, a new marriage ceremony is coming into vogue in China, together with something of the Western notion that a maiden should be wooed in order to be won—

It used to be a common saying among foreign observers that love and romance, in our meaning of the terms, were unknown in China. In a general way, the statement seems to have been true, but closer observation afforded an interpretation of the old customs of China. In the West the marriage ceremony is based entirely on the principals. The parents' wishes generally are secondary to those of the couple. In China the unit was the family. The parents must see that the family did not become extinct and it was not uncommon for the wedded couple to become first acquainted the day of their marriage. The system seems from one view-point to be a success, for divorces and separation are practically unheard of in the unemotional East.

The new ceremony is the result of the return of Chinese students from the Western schools and universities who have advanced the new idea of courtship which is now being generally accepted. But instead of a complete departure from the old plan of the parents dictating the terms of marriage, the new custom is a happy medium between the ancient and the Western ceremony. In the more enlightened families the young people are allowed to choose their husbands and wives for themselves, so long as the parents are consulted in the matter.

In the less progressive families the parents exercise the initiative and arrange for an alliance, but the young folks usually are consulted in the final decision. Among the Western educated students the "matchmaker" is still an important functionary, but his duties chiefly are ornamental. The person who introduced the young couple has a place at the wedding, as did the ancient "go-between."

The new marriage ceremony is not so elaborate as the old. If the parties are Christians the ceremony must take place in a church or mission. Otherwise the rites may be celebrated at a private house or public institution.

The following is a program of a recent fashionable wedding between the daughter of the ex-Minister Tang-Hua-Lung and the son of a former governor of Fukien Province, which took place at Peking New-year's day:

1. Music.
2. Guests enter.
3. The go-between (match-maker) enters.
4. The heads of the two families enter.
5. The bride and bridegroom bow twice to each other.
6. The bride and bridegroom exchange tokens and testimonials.
7. The bride and bridegroom face northward and thank the go-between. Two bows.
8. The bride and bridegroom thank the men guests. One bow.
9. The bride and bridegroom thank the women guests. One bow.
10. The bride and bridegroom face northward and honor the family ancestors. They burn incense, offer wines, kneel, make three prostrations, and then rise.
11. The bride and bridegroom offer their respects to their parents.
12. The parents formally acknowledge the presents already received. Three bows.
13. The family elders acknowledge the gifts. Three bows.
14. Other relatives acknowledge the gifts. One bow.
15. The ceremony is concluded.

The bridegroom as well as the best man was "arrayed in the orthodox European evening dress." The newspaper account says the wedding-march was played, but, unlike the American press, neglected the big item of how the bride was drest. The ceremony lasted only fifteen minutes. The company then adjourned for refreshments, and finally the happy couple drove away on their honeymoon. All of this instead of the old-fashioned dinner-party which was marked by vulgarity and brutality at which the guests had the license to do their utmost to add to the embarrassment of the newly married couple.

The marriage certificate, in Chinese, reads something as follows:

"L. K. T., of Chihli Province, and S. J. S., of Chekiang Province, having agreed to be married to each other, are to-day, the 28th day of June, 1918, united in wedlock before the witness T. Y. P. The affections of two parties are overflowing and will continue until their hairs may turn gray.

"(Signed) T. Y. P., L. K. T., S. J. S., C. Y. Y., and S. C."

AMERICAN CANNERIES DEFEATING WORLD HUNGER

AS if it were not serious enough to be reminded by Mr. Hoover all through the war that we had one hundred and twenty million allies who needed food, Mr. Edward Mott Woolley, writing in *McClure's* for March, figures that the close of the war brings two hundred million additional mouths and appetites to our table, so it is a big relief to learn that the possibilities of the canning industry, that great standby for food accumulation, "have scarcely been touched."

Shortly after we entered the war the Government practically drafted, coordinated, inspected, and regulated our 3,500 canneries. In 1914 we were preserving three billion cans of food a year. We have more than doubled this production. But our canners must keep on canning more busily than ever; for,

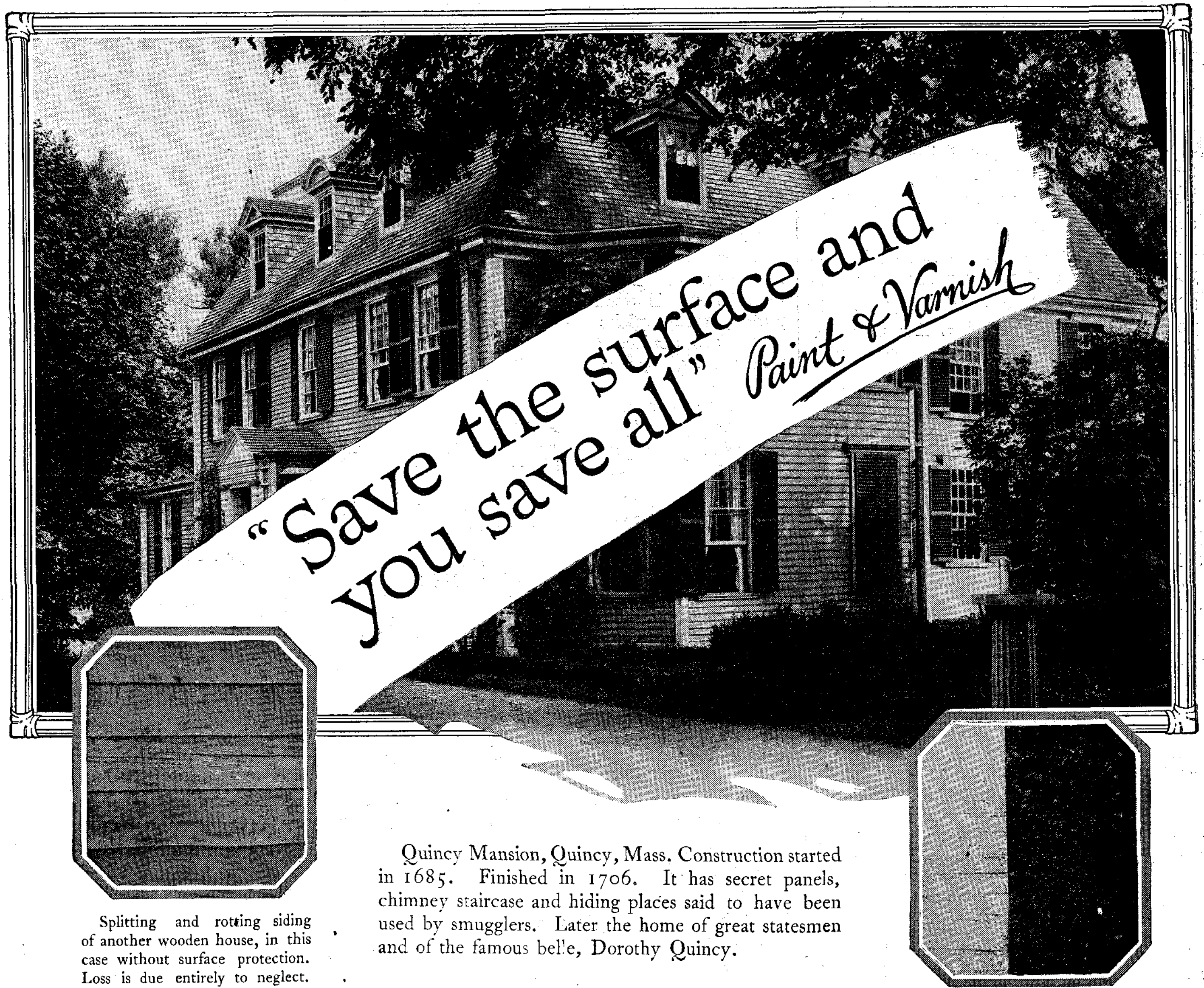
The United States soldiers have consumed 1,500,000 cans or jars of food daily, or about 548,000,000 a year. Figured at an average retail price of twenty-five cents a package, the value would be close to $137,000,000. The biggest item is condensed or evaporated milk. Then, in the order of their quantities, come jams, tomatoes, corn, baked beans, peas, salmon, peaches, pineapples, catsup, stringless beans, apricots, pumpkins, lobsters, and clam juice.

It may be interesting for a moment to go beyond canned foods and get an idea of the total quantity of foodstuffs of all kinds required daily for our Army at its maximum: 13,500,000 pounds, or the equivalent of 225 car-loads. In a year this would make a train of 82,125 cars. The total annual cost of food alone during the war has been more than half a billion dollars, and if we include the expense of transporting, preparing, and serving, the total is probably over a billion a year.

The quantity of food sent from the United States to the Allied countries has been almost incredible. Of all kinds, including canned products, we furnished between July of 1914 and the summer of 1918 complete rations for 60,000,000 people for a year, and in addition, supplied proteins for 23,000,000 others. Of all this ninety-nine per cent. went to England and France. But, of course, canned foods played only a modest part in this vast total.

In that important department of cannable foods, fish, the salmon holds first place. The retail value of the United States' salmon pack last year was in the neighborhood of $80,000,000.

The mystery of the salmon is one of the strangest in nature. The great bulk of the Pacific coast varieties go into the deep sea from the fresh-water beds where they hatch, and remain in the ocean from four to six years. Then, like migratory birds, they come back to their identical breeding places—male and female alike. They are large fish, sometimes weighing eighty pounds, and they make their way up the rivers and creeks by the million, forcing themselves into shallow pools where the spawning takes place. A salmon spawns but once—and then dies; and the male, too, dies, on his first trip back to his birthplace, the males and females being



Splitting and rotting siding of another wooden house, in this case without surface protection. Loss is due entirely to neglect. The occasional application of paint would have kept the lumber in perfect condition.

Quincy Mansion, Quincy, Mass. Construction started in 1685. Finished in 1706. It has secret panels, chimney staircase and hiding places said to have been used by smugglers. Later the home of great statesmen and of the famous belle, Dorothy Quincy.

A panel of steel. One portion was painted; the other was not. Exposure has ruined the unpainted surface. Rust has bitten deep into it. The painted portion is as good as new. Save the surface and you save all.

What Dorothy Quincy's famous house tells us

LOOK at this house. Who would ever realize that it is more than 200 years old! What an example of property preservation by *surface protection*.

But it is only an example. The real point to appreciate is that if it is a house we own, or any other thing, its *surface* is its danger point. That is where disintegration begins.

Your floors—wood or cement—your doors. Their damage is sure, without surface protection. That's wear. Your steel garage, metal roof, metal parts of your wooden house. Their ruination is certain without surface protection. That's rust. Stucco, and even cement, have their durability aided by protective coatings as well as their appearance enhanced. Every manufactured article you own—your desk, your chair, comes to you with a necessary surface protection.

Everything with a surface needs surface protection—save the surface and you save all.

And so, may we say: don't paint and varnish merely for appearance. Watch the surfaces of all your property of every kind and see that they are given a coat of fresh protection as soon as it's needed. Loss from neglect is so much greater than the cost of protection.

¶

We have prepared a book which you will find as interesting as it is valuable. It will tell you some startling new things about preventing loss, through surface protection. Thoroughly illustrated. Send for a copy. Address Educational Committee, Save the Surface Campaign, Room 632, The Bourse, Philadelphia.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT *is issued by the Educational Committee representing the Paint, Varnish and Allied Industries, whose products, taken as a whole, serve the primary purposes of preserving, protecting and beautifying the innumerable products of the lumber, metal, cement and manufacturing industries, and their divisions.*

"SAVE THE SURFACE AND YOU SAVE ALL" *Paint & Varnish*

WOOD	PLASTER	CONCRETE	MANUFACTURED PRODUCTS	METAL	BRICK

> about equally divided. Both parents are fated to perish in the full tide of their strength in order to furnish food for their young. Their bodies sink to the bottom and are preserved from putrefaction by some provision of nature.

Cod, tuna, and sardines are the other more prominent marine canning specialties, but there are many sea products that we are just beginning to use for food. White-fish is being canned, and there is even talk of shark and whale meat for emergencies. A California company is reported to have invented a fish sausage. Then there is the lobster:

> Lobster-fishing is a curious industry, confined chiefly to Eastern waters. Traps are set on the bottom in the form of boxes with openings, and the lobster, walking up an inclined plane, goes in after the bait—and finds himself caught.
>
> An average lobster catch for the season has been 25,000,000 pounds, or perhaps 8,000,000 lobsters; but only 6,500,000 pounds go into the cans, the remainder being waste.
>
> The turtle, too, is a curious victim of the canners' wiles, and every one consumed here will mean a day's food released for several families in Europe. During the hard period of recovery from war, each meal will count.
>
> Turtle-hunters lie in wait on the sands bordering the Gulf of Mexico, and when these awkward creatures come ashore in the night they are turned on their backs and captured. Sometimes they weigh a thousand pounds apiece. They are transported alive to huge tanks under the piers at Key West and other places, and here I saw men wading among the monsters—who seemed quite friendly.
>
> Sardines likewise can help considerably in filling the deficit at home. The sardine canning industry, as it flourishes along the coast of Maine, might well be a story by itself. It has contributed from six to ten million dollars a year to our food.
>
> The sardine canneries operate whenever the fishing-boats come in, and the summoning whistle of the plant is as likely to blow at midnight as at noon. Then pretty much the whole population gets out of bed and rushes away to the canneries. At other points on the New England coast, particularly at Gloucester, Mass., the dried-fish industry is found. It will play an important rôle in our food problem.
>
> Down along the Gulf coast live the crayfish or shrimp, and in the spring and fall they come into shallow water. They are caught in nets, but only their tails are used for food.
>
> Oysters, of course, are especially important as a home food, and the oyster-canning business in past years has been immense. At present it is deprest because of misfortunes in the oyster-beds and prohibitive labor costs. Nevertheless, the more oysters we eat, the more we will do to conserve food for hungry people abroad.

Canned tomatoes have proved a specially important war-food. As tomatoes are ninety-three per cent. water, they were extensively used to refresh thirsty fighting men, the cans being most frequently opened with that handy tool, the bayonet. In 1918, our tomato pack was about 480 million cans, of which the Government took approximately forty-five per cent. Maryland is the leading tomato State, with Washington, California, New Jersey, Virginia, and Delaware, not too far behind.

Automatic machinery is greatly increasing the product of the canneries:

> In the tomato plants a "merry-go-round" conveyer supplies two hundred peelers and takes away the refuse. There are also inventions to hull peas, remove the strings from beans, extract cores from pineapples, macerate pumpkins and squashes, and husk corn and cut it from the cob. There is even a mechanical corn-picker, which picks seven acres a day. There are devices for grading, washing, filling cans, and so on. One cleaning-machine now does the work eight girls formerly did, and a certain conveyer did away with twenty-five people.

But another element in food-conservation during the war, which is by no means to be forgotten, was patriotic cooperation:

> Interesting stories are told to show how townspeople mobilized themselves in emergency to save the food. In one Ohio town all the business men and employees ran the pea canneries all night for a week, contributing their wages to the Red Cross. In Indiana 600 acres of overripe tomatoes were harvested by boys. The merchants of a California town closed their stores forenoons to work in the orchards.

The Army took a large share of the better grades of canned peas, the Government having bought twenty-five per cent. of the total pack of 288 million cans. Wisconsin, or, generally speaking, the Great Lakes region, is the nation's pea center. Corn, the best of which comes from Maine, last year filled 280 million cans, the Government taking about a quarter of them. Asparagus and spinach and cabbage are largely used for home consumption. But,

> One of the most important of all canned products for the soldier is baked beans, of which the Government took 360,000,000 cans in 1918. Gage this quantity from the fact that it would give two million people a can every other day for a year.
>
> One Illinois canner packed nothing but beans for Government use for a period of six months last year, running day and night. He produced over 275 car-loads.
>
> Baked beans, of course, form the smaller part of American bean production. Dried beans are shipped to Europe in immense quantities. On the piers of New York last summer one concern employed a hundred and fifty men rebagging beans for the Belgian Relief. For world relief both dried and canned beans promise to be huge factors.
>
> The need of the world for food is almost certain to develop in the United States many lines of canned products hitherto scarcely known; for example, canned eggs. Experiments have been made, too, in canning ostrich eggs. One of these is the equivalent of twenty-four hen's eggs. I believe, however, that this product is put up only in liquid form for cooking uses.

The Government in 1918 took the lion's share of the total fruit pack of 240 million cans, and enormous quantities of jam—blackberry, raspberry, and strawberry jam—were absorbed by our soldiers. The Navy took a big portion of the winter pack of pineapples, and our Army last year ate twenty million pounds of prunes—

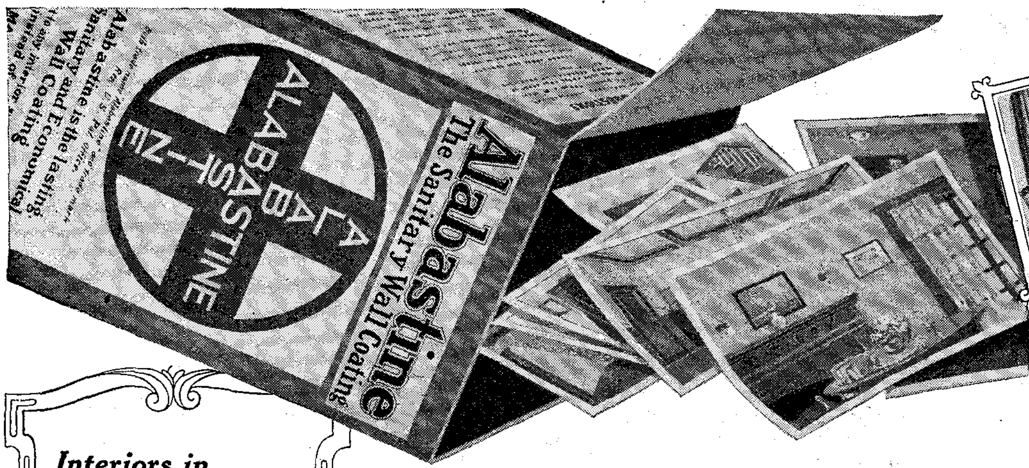
> One of the most vital of canned products to come under government demand was milk, and the requirements grew so fast that plants ran nights and Sundays. In 1918 the Government took a billion and a half pounds of canned milk. The Army and Navy divided the product equally. Thirty-two thousand freight-cars were needed to transport this supply for the Government, and its value was $165,000,000. Illinois led in production.

By far the largest part of the Government purchase of milk went to feed the babies in the Allied nations, and the necessity for increasing production of this essential food is greater than ever.

MIRTH AND MUSIC AMONG AMERICAN SOLDIERS ON THE RHINE

SOME returning member of the American Expeditionary Force now lingering in the enemy's country may write a book called "Joking Through Germany," "Rackets on the Rhine," or something else indicative of dough-boy fun. In the meantime we must content ourselves with the stories that gradually come across the ocean, wondering in the meantime what the Germans think about the great American joke. One of the best and most characteristic stories is told in a special dispatch to the Chicago *Tribune* from Coblenz. In an unwary moment, says *The Tribune*, the manager of the Stadt-Opernhaus in Coblenz asked one of the invading officers to prepare in English a brief synopsis of the story of "Carmen," so that the visiting dough-boy might better understand what that opera was about should he feel so operatically inclined as to attend the production. The officer prepared the synopsis, but seems to have done it not in English, but in American. However,

> The guileless *Boche* took the copy supplied and printed it in full, much to the delight of the first audience and the entire Army. Here is the introduction of the three principal characters:
>
> "*Carmen* is an oversubscribed flirt. *Don José* is a N. C. O. in the M. P. whom she is about to send to the S. O. S. *Escamillo* is an expert bull-thrower.
>
> Act One.—"A square in Seville with a crowd of people off duty, a fag factory on the right and a guardhouse on the left. *Micaela*, a cute little contrivance with an awful crush on *José*, comes hunting him. A bugle in the pill emporium sounds the first call for fresh air, and a bewitching bevy gushes out. *Carmen* trips in, courted by all except *Don José*, altho he is the very guy she is looking for. He acts a little buggy, but is really a little sulky."
>
> The second act recites that *José* went A. W. O. L., and here is the narrative of the third act:
>
> "It is a large day. *Escamillo* has been prominently advertised as the big excitement. Single-handed he is billed to slaughter the monthly beef ration for the Governor's mess. He has also promised to take advantage of all the bulls *José*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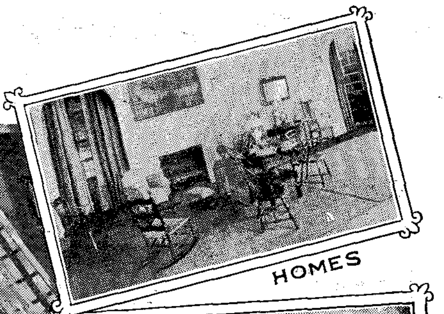

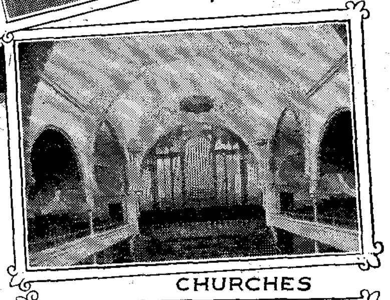

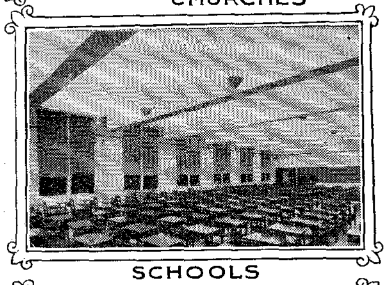

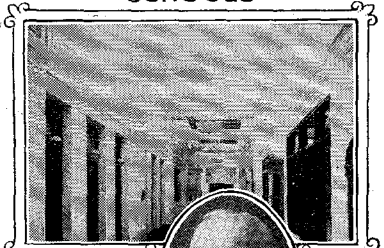

Interiors in

Country Homes
Office Buildings
Town Houses
Lodge Halls
Apartments
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Hotels
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Clubs

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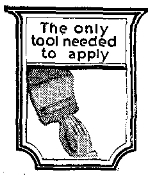
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It transmits power without jolts and jars

THE power that drives your car will also wear it out—if it has an all-metal universal joint.

All the power from your motor passes through the universal joint while being transmitted to the differential and rear axles.

Heretofore the universal joint has been made entirely of steel. Being rigid and unyielding the steel joint transmits the sudden jolts of starting and the strain of shifting gears by a direct metal-to-metal contact. Likewise every shock encountered by the rear wheels is delivered to the engine without the slightest cushioning.

New principle in Universal Joint design

The Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joint is constructed with a flexible disc which acts as a cushion. It protects the entire chassis against the destructive jolts of sudden starting, and the continual succession of road shocks.

It has no metal-to-metal surfaces and consequently requires no lubrication.

It has been thoroughly tested for years both in shops and service. Many Thermoid-Hardy Universal Joints have been in use over 60,000 miles without reaching the limit of their endurance and wear.

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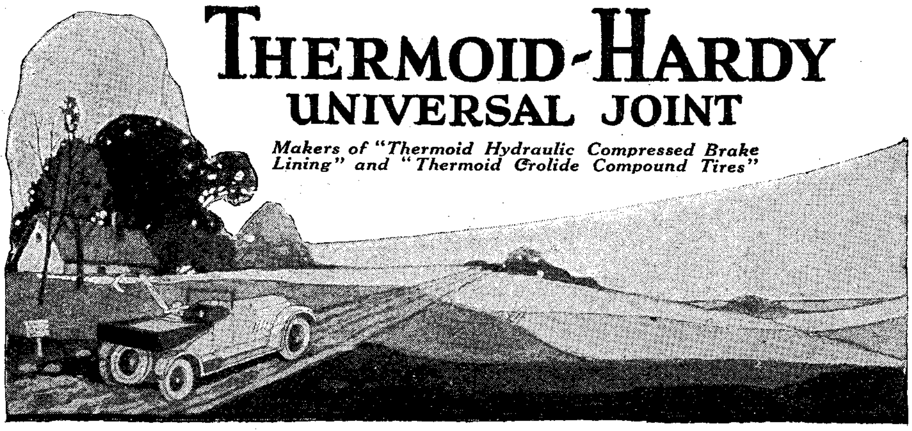

THERMOID-HARDY
UNIVERSAL JOINT

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made. As he starts for the arena, *Carmen* announces she is his if he gets away with his job. Then she heads for the box-office to tap the free list, but *Don José* shows up for an interview. He hands her an earful of highly seasoned remarks and admits that he could be arrested for what else he thinks about her. Here *Carmen* makes her last fox pass. She stabs him to the quick with a jeer. He stabs her to the blood-hump with a toadsticker. Moral: Never fool with an M. P."

The authorship is a mystery, but Capt. O. H. Fernbach, former San Francisco newspaper man, is under suspicion.

Speaking of opera and music, another American officer, Lieut. Nathaniel Lief, writes to the New York *Evening Sun* that he went into a café where he heard German musicians try to play "Hiawatha," "By the Light of the Silvery Moon," and other disinterred melodies of the past. "Their attempts at jazzing," he moans, are "painful." On the other hand, the indigenous music seems to have its good qualities, as he says, "I consoled myself by going to a German opera where I had five marks' worth of sleep." Lieutenant Lief contributes this story:

One of the advantages of holding a high rank is the automobile that goes with the job. A brigadier-general's car carries a flag with one star. One day a b.-g. passed a colored sentry who failed to present arms as the car passed by. He got out and said to the guard, "Don't you know what that star represents?" "Yassah," was the reply, "dat mean you done have er son in de ahmy."

American music in Germany is not always classic or entirely decorous. Thus another soldier, telling of the approach to Coblenz, writes:

We used to sing a song at Camp Sherman that we never thought would come true for ages, and we weren't sure of that. Tune of "In My Castle on the River Nile" and parody on same:

In my castle on the River Rhine
I'm going to have one h—— of a time,
Inlaid pretzels on the floor,
German butler at my door.
I'm going to have a Princess Hohenzollern
Cook my Christmas dinner in the town of Berlin;
Hang my pants on the Hindenburg line,
In my castle on the river, river,
In my castle, castle on the River Rhine!

Every time we break into song these days that seems to be the one we all agree upon.

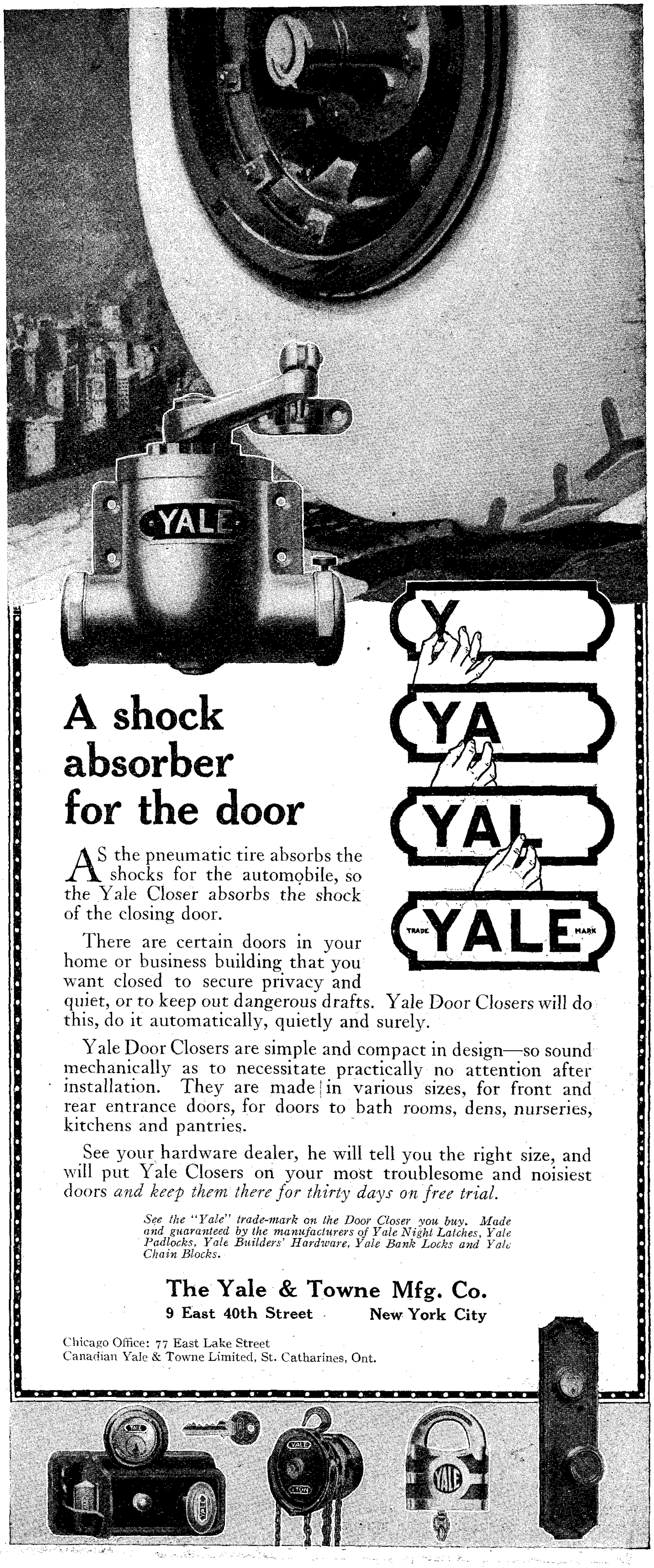
P. S.—Can you beat it! Here I am in the most wonderful place you ever saw, "My Castle on the River Rhine." It takes my breath and I am stumped for words. Sayn is the name of the place, and it is only a few miles across the Rhine and not so far from Coblenz. Around here we see real signs of civilization again for the first time, even in cultured Hunland. Went into a store and saw "National Cash Register Co., Dayton, Ohio." Then we came over here to this 1,200-year-old castle and set up a radio outfit and put a movable kitchen in the courtyard. Did you ever picture yourself walking into a hall and up a marble staircase with knights in armor lining the sides and with the walls in dark wainscoting covered with shields, maces, lances, and battle-axes, while in front of you a leaded glass window jumped up thirty feet? Shucks, what's the use! Anyway, the song is nearly complete and the Huns are calling for us to go on to Berlin. "Nux vomica," this is far enough.

Marble bathtubs big enough to swim in, art-gallery, library, grottoes, and furniture, tapestries, etc., that fairly paralyze you. This has our other castle (home of Marquis of Lamberty, Governor of Longwy) backed off the map.

INSIDE STORY OF THE LIEBKNECHT-LUXEMBURG MURDERS

"SHOT while attempting to escape arrest," said the official German report of the death of Dr. Karl Liebknecht. "Clubbed to death without provocation by German soldiers at the command of German officers," says an English correspondent in Berlin, writing in the London *Daily Telegraph* of February 1. The correspondent, it appears, is not anxious to spread the truth for any motives that might be called "Radical," but because the circumstances of the death of Liebknecht and of Rosa Luxemburg have "a very grave bearing on the wider question of the true conditions in Germany, and the relative power of the old military régime and the present Government—a condition which may be very different from that presented to the outside world." Both Dr. Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, according to this authority, were pounded to death with rifle-butts, at the command of German officers, in a way that suggests the all-powerful German militarism of the first year of the war in Belgium. The report was given out, it will be recalled, that Rosa Luxemburg was taken from an automobile by a mob and lynched. There was no mob, according to the *Telegraph's* correspondent; there were only typical German soldiers, under the command of typical German officers. Writing from Berlin, he tells the story of his discovery:

> When in my message describing the scene at Liebknecht's grave I tried to give you a hint of some deeper horror which was accountable for the extreme nervous tension among the mourners, and which had a very close connection with the deaths of Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, I had only the thinnest thread, hardly amounting to evidence, on which to found my suspicion that behind the tragedies of these two deaths there was being deliberately bidden a truth which must ultimately come out, and would prove the facts to be of such a horrible character as scarcely to be believable. But a short hour ago I chanced on one who has given me what in all solemnity he assures me is the story of what actually took place. In themselves, as I have said, the facts are dreadful and revolting, but apart from the matter of the fate of the two victims immediately concerned, the whole awful story has a very grave bearing on the wider question of the true condition of Germany and the relative power of the various parties of the old military régime and the present Government—a condition which may be very different from the picture presented to the outside world, if one only knew what may possibly be going on beneath the froth of general elections.
>
> My informant claims to have been an



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> eye-witness of the incidents which he describes. He was staying, he says, at the Eden Hotel, where the horrible affair took place, and he returned there on the night of the tragedy at 10:30 to find an armed sentry guarding the door. This sentry told him that Liebknecht had been arrested and that it was intended to beat him to death. In the immediate neighborhood of the hotel nobody was to be seen. Thus the story circulated in the official report about the "infuriated crowds" was false, and the crowd existed only in the imagination of the military authorities who spread the report. When he entered the hotel he found a group of eight military officers and half a dozen civilians. There was an air of expectancy about them, and in about fifteen minutes Rosa Luxemburg appeared, accompanied by the *Kriminal Wachtmeister* (Chief of the Criminal Police). A few minutes later Liebknecht came down-stairs, after having been questioned by the military. He was guarded by armed soldiers.
>
> Just when Liebknecht was passing the narrator of this affair, an officer of the Guards Cavalry suddenly sprang toward him, shouting, "Is that fellow still alive?" The officer then joined the military escort, which left the hotel with both prisoners. In about fifteen minutes he returned and said that Liebknecht had been beaten to death with the butt-ends of rifles. The blows were struck from behind, and at the second blow Liebknecht collapsed. Again the story circulated about Liebknecht's attempt to escape appears to have been invented by the authorities concerned and to be a downright lie. According to a statement made by one of the sentries, Liebknecht was deliberately murdered by the soldiers, who were encouraged to this deed by their officers.

Regarding the fate of Rosa Luxemburg, the correspondent sends a report even more at variance with the official German announcement. He writes:

> The next step taken was to compel all civilians to leave the hall of the hotel while the military and hotel employees were assembled alone. These employees afterward declared, quite independently of each other, that Rosa Luxemburg had also been beaten down at the entrance to the hotel by soldiers and officers. There was no sign of any enraged crowd. My informant states that the official declaration of the Guards Cavalry Schützen Division was one complete untruth from beginning to end. A major who was present in the hotel could easily have investigated the affair, but caused a false statement to be issued instead of the truth. Later on the manager of the hotel was ordered to assemble all the employees and to read this false report aloud to them. In this way the employees were intimidated by that militarism which is by some supposed to have been thrust forever out of Germany.
>
> The soldiers declared that they had thrown the body of Rosa Luxemburg into the canal. On the day following these terrible events all the officers who knew about them had disappeared from the hotel. The whole affair has now been placed in the hands of an impartial committee, which is working in conjunction with members of the Independent Socialist Committee. My informant is of opinion that while Liebknecht's body was being carried away in a car some revolver-shots—probably blank cartridges—were fired toward the car in order to give some sort of reality to the story of Liebknecht's flight.
>
> The struggle of the military officers for the maintenance of their old position is getting constantly fiercer, and is assuming the shape of a movement for removing the soldiers' councils and upholding the old system of subordination. The old spirit of militarism has, in fact, revived, and in a form which supplies a reason for caution.
>
> The attitude of the officers is intelligible enough. The majority of them are professional soldiers, and since the breakdown of military force have lacked occupation, and, in some cases, even the wherewithal to live. To them the revival of militarism means the possibility of gaining a living again, and since many of the returned soldiers are unable to find employment in trade or industry, they are only too willing to join the army and again become professionals. Recruiting for the army which is to be used against the Poles has provided a welcome opportunity to these men. It is obvious that these soldiers are willing to submit to the reinstitution of the old discipline, and the dissolution of the Berlin *Sicherheits-Wehr* (Safety Force) will drive numbers of others into the newly recruited army, under rules which the revolution was meant to remove.
>
> To-day dissatisfaction at the present state of affairs found vent in a fight at the Lichterfelde station between a company of a volunteer regiment destined for the Eastern Front and a number of former members of that force who had been dismissed for some unknown reason, and tried to induce their erstwhile comrades to lay down their arms. The latter refused, and a fight resulted in which both sides used machine guns. The opposing camps then took up positions in the Güfterstrasse, and at the moment negotiations are being carried on, with what result I can not say.

TONGUE-SLITTING DOESN'T MAKE BIRDS TALK

"Telltale tit,
Your tongue shall be slit;
And all the girls in [Jonesville]
Shall have a little bit."

VARIED by the insertion of the proper place-name, to give local color, even at the risk of spoiling the meter, this bit of folk-verse has been current among the young since the Middle Ages. Allusion is apparently to the medieval practise of slitting the tongues of liars or slanderers. The slitting naturally put a stop to further talk, and it is hence difficult to explain the current belief, which possibly is in some places a practise, that the tongues of crows and magpies should be cut or slit in order to induce conversation. "I am inclined to think," says the editor of *The Guide to Nature* (Sound Beach, Connecticut, February), "that this is one of those common teachings which nobody really believes and seldom practises." He goes on:

> "It is one of the things that some persons like to perpetuate as a story. In many years of experience with pets and with people who have pets, I have never known any one who has done so foolish and cruel a thing."
>
> William Beebe, of the New York Zoological Park, author of "Jungle Peace," says:
>
> "The discussion of slitting crows' tongues is relegated to the medieval limbo of belief of the ill luck of peacock feathers; of dragon-flies sewing up one's ears; of whisky for snake-bite; of man-eating sharks; of rabbit's feet and the number 13; of going under ladders, spilling salt, and breaking mirrors. Life holds too much of vital realities to go back and resurrect these, even to deny them."

E. H. Forbush, State ornithologist of Massachusetts, says:

> "Of course, I have heard from boyhood that the tongues of rooks, crows, magpies, etc., were cut or split when they were taught to talk. However, I never saw this done, or heard of anybody who ever actually knew that it was done. On the other hand, I knew that some birds are taught to talk without it. I remember in particular a common American crow that could utter several words quite clearly.
>
> "I have never seen any discussion of the practise printed anywhere, but possibly it may have been spoken of in some of the works of the earlier French or English naturalists."

Dr. C. W. Richmond, Associate Curator of Birds in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C., writes to the editor:

> "Cutting or slitting the tongue is unnecessary, and this fact has been mentioned a number of times. The only citation I can find at the moment is from W. C. Knight, 'Birds of Wyoming, 1902,' page 104: 'It is a common practise in the West to catch the young birds in early June and place them in a cage, where they become very tame and usually talk as well as a parrot. Many people keeping these birds have believed it necessary to split their tongues before they could learn to talk. This is wholly unnecessary and cruel, and should be prevented by law if not stopt.'"

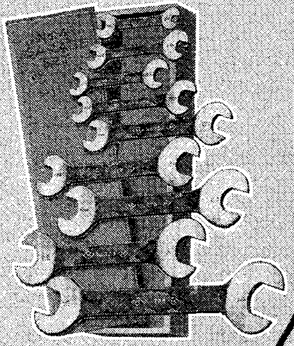
WHITEWASHING THE CROW, WHO IS NOT SO BLACK A BIRD AFTER ALL

SEEMINGLY there is a peace movement on foot, or on wing, with the purpose of establishing more amicable relations between those traditional enemies, the farmer and the crow; for Mr. Henry Ford's paper, *The Dearborn Independent*, publishes an article by Hugh Woodstock, which tends to show that the sable bird of the corn-fields has, from the standpoint of the human race, more virtues than vices. This plea for the crow is based upon the results of an extensive inquiry started by Mr. Norman Criddle, of the Dominion Entomological Department Laboratory, at Treesbank, Manitoba, and begins thus with a few complimentary remarks:

> There is something fascinating about the crow which makes it difficult to consider it from the material economic standpoint, which, unfortunately for the subject, is required these days. To begin with, we can see that the bird possesses unusual abilities among the feathered tribe. Note its many calls, all undoubtedly signifying distinct things. See how it learns to recognize its friends from foes.
>
> Man they distrust, and rightly so, yet note when they are not molested, these same crows become comparatively tame. There is a pair about my home at the present time which has nested close at hand for the last three years and, showing

MOSSBERG

WRENCHES AND TOOLS



IN THIS DAY of industrial development and advancement, there can be no standing still.

Abreast with the progress of the times in machine and motor construction, Mossberg All Steel Wrenches and Tools have maintained their position of unquestioned leadership.

Such leadership could only be gained through an attitude ever alert to the needs of users of this class of equipment, and it can only be held by a strict adherence to principles of manufacture which insure to the user of Mossberg products the utmost in value and in service.

Shown here are a socket wrench set, adjustable wrench, wheel puller for Fords, speed brace, double-end wrenches fitting U. S. and S. A. E. Standard Bolts and Nuts, and solid handle line of socket wrenches.

Look for the diamond M trade mark. All dealers.

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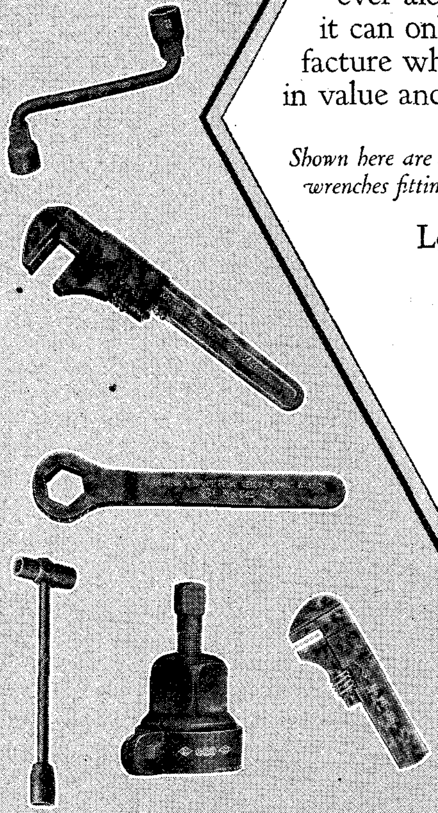
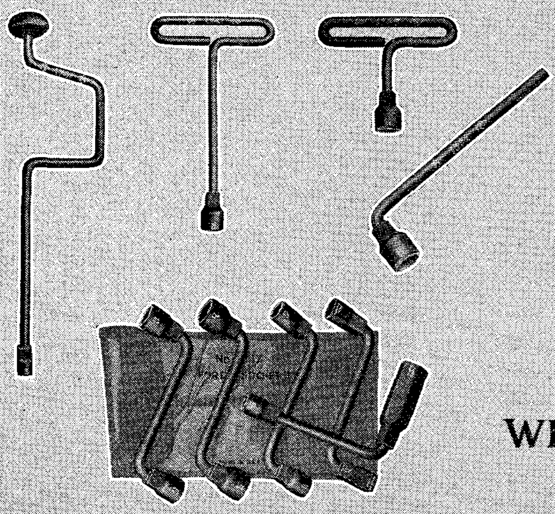




FRANK MOSSBERG CO.
WRENCHSMITHS FOR 20 YEARS
ATTLEBORO, MASS., U. S. A.

no indication of thieving, is permitted to drink at the horse trough or walk among the poultry. There is also wisdom in these birds' general habits which gives them a distinction possest by few other birds. They are as mischievous as a jackdaw when kept in captivity and in nature have an inquisitiveness which causes them to be always on the lookout for what others are doing. Man is one whom they seem never weary of watching, and it is seldom that a man remains long in one place without a crow going to see what he has been doing when he leaves.

Perhaps one of the most interesting traits of crows is their answer to the call of battle; whether this is in substance universal military service I do not pretend to say, but the fact remains that the call of a single pair will soon draw together all the male crows in the neighborhood, as well as a large percentage of the females, which only return to their own nests when the anger they were called upon to combat is past.

In their family life the crows are exemplary in all their proceedings. Both birds share in the building of the nest, and during the actual brooding, when the female seldom leaves the nest, the male undertakes the double duty of feeding and defending her. Thus in due course the young reach maturity and in August gather into large flocks. In this condition they remain for the rest of the season, generally roosting together at night and breaking up into parties during the day, when they sometimes fly long distances in search of food. At the approach of winter many individuals move southward. In the prairies all go, while in the East a certain number remain, living upon various fruits, discarded apples, grain, and such other food as is available.

And here the crow's advocate offers as an explanation of the poor bird's worst of reputations among fully ninety persons in every hundred the fact that—

Its misdeeds are mostly of a prominent nature and easily observed, while its benefits pass unnoticed. Thus a crow carrying off a young bird is apt to attract attention; there will be the cries of the parents, or perhaps the nestlings are known, whereas, the same crow might pick up thousands of noxious insects without any one being the wiser; indeed, its presence would probably lead to its being accused of some fresh atrocity. And so, no matter how a nest is ravaged—be the offender cat, dog, coyote, skunk, squirrel, or hawk—if there is a crow in the neighborhood he is the thief without doubt, and another cry goes up about his iniquities.

In eastern Canada and throughout the corn-belt of the United States, the chief complaint against crows is that they destroy much sprouting corn, for which they soon acquire a taste, thus not only causing severe loss, but necessitating the treatment of the seed with a tar preparation as a deterrent. In western Canada, however, the farmers have not as yet suffered to any appreciable extent from injury of this nature, due doubtless to the comparatively small amount grown. With reference to the destruction of other cereals, this is chiefly confined to grain in the stock when large flocks of crows make a habit of visiting certain fields daily. The injury, however, is not usually as severe as might be expected, owing to the fact that the birds pick up a large proportion of this grain from the ground and use the stocks more as an eminence from which to view the surrounding country for possible enemies. That this may be so is judged from crows similarly perching upon haycocks. Another reason for resting upon both is that grasshoppers collect there.

We have already touched upon the question of crows in relation to wild birds' eggs. Apart from this, however, they are accused of destroying the eggs of poultry, as well as young chickens. There is, of course, some truth in this, tho there is nothing to warrant the belief that this loss is very extensive. Eggs are naturally not taken when the hens are provided with decent nests. The chief loss of young chickens is when they are reared in incubators and so have no hen to take care of them.

Personal experience for over thirty years shows that it is only occasionally that crows learn to visit systematically the poultry-yard to attack poultry. Evidence also points to the habits being acquired through the careless practise of throwing out bad eggs or dead chickens instead of burying them. By this means the crow acquires the taste for them and from taking the dead it soon learns to attack the living. When a crow takes to this habit the only remedy is a gun. But an occasional robber of this kind does not prove that all others are such. Lastly we may add to the activities of the crow the fact that it destroys some useful insects, and also frogs, toads, and snakes, all of which are usually beneficial.

In fact, if the crow is not altogether impeccable, he pays indemnities for his occasional invasion of the grain-fields by satisfying a laudably boundless appetite for other wanderers even worse-hated than himself—

It is common knowledge to every farmer that crows are constantly in attendance behind the plow, cultivator, or harrow, not, as has been claimed, to pick up the seeds, but to feed upon the various larvæ, such as cutworms, wireworms, and white-grubs that are exposed, especially the last two pests named. I have seen white-grubs in heavily infested fields reduced more than 50 per cent. by crows, and as these grubs are almost impossible to destroy in other ways, the value of crows in this respect is of considerable importance. Cut-worms are also located among the growing crops and eaten in large numbers. Indeed, to observe crows constantly returning to the same area in a field is strong evidence that there are cutworms or some other noxious insects present.

A remarkable example of how crows aid farmers sometimes was witnessed near Treesbank, Manitoba, in September, 1915. There was a destructive outbreak of army-worms at this time, which, having eaten all the available vegetation in the close vicinity, were marching away over a roadway in enormous numbers to attack a field of oats. Here it was that the crows found them and soon a very appreciable reduction was noted in their numbers. These crows, estimated at three thousand, had previously been frequenting a locust-infested area, which they speedily forsook for the more palatable army-worms, with which they remained until these larvæ pupated. Even then the pupæ were located beneath the clods of earth and devoured. It is interesting to know that in this instance the crows were at first suspected of some mischief by the farmer chiefly concerned, tho later when their real object was pointed out this farmer could not say too much in favor of the crows.

Apart from their value as destroyers of noxious insects crows also kill mice and young rabbits. Add to these their habit of devouring carrion, and we have reviewed the chief points of the birds' usefulness.

TUNNELING TO FREEDOM FROM A GERMAN PRISON

"THE most astounding thing about Niemeyer, the Bully of Holzminden, was his voice," writes an English officer who was imprisoned in the German prison-camp over which this Prussian martinet ruled. "It was the voice of a savage, deep, powerful, guttural; it exprest the volcanic violence of his character. It proved him to be a true Prussian type—noisy, arrogant, boastful, with all the average Prussian's pertinacity and obstinacy of will, love of power, arbitrariness, and childish delight in spectacular and theatrical display." Lieut. Edgar Garland, of the British Air Force, furnishes characteristic incidents from which a writer in the London *Daily Mail* composes a brief character sketch of Niemeyer, who learned his English while living in America, says this London authority. To quote *The Mail:*

Lieutenant Garland, with other officer-prisoners, arrived at Holzminden Camp late one autumn afternoon. After a twenty-minutes' march to the camp, they were paraded in a courtyard. Niemeyer strutted out, saluted, and said in good English:

"Good afternoon, gentlemen; I guess you are tired. Would you like some chairs to sit down on? It will be very cold here soon; you must write for hats and warm clothing to your relatives in England."

This was his invariable formula with new-comers—the cat playing with the mice.

In less than ten days Garland and his friends knew Niemeyer for what he was—a tyrant and a bully.

He had lived in America for many years; could speak English fluently!—tho he occasionally made laughable mistakes; and boasted that he had traveled through England during the war in disguise, collecting information for his Government.

Three hundred officer-prisoners arrived one afternoon from Scharmstedt, practically every one of whom had made two or more attempts to escape. They were marched into the big square before being searched. Niemeyer examined the face of each man carefully, striving to recognize his old enemies—people to whom he had given long spells of imprisonment in the cells.

He had started bellowing at one officer whom he thought he recognized.

"Oh, shut up, Niemeyer!" said the officer.

"Did you tell me to shut up?" Niemeyer asked, white to the gills with suppress rage.

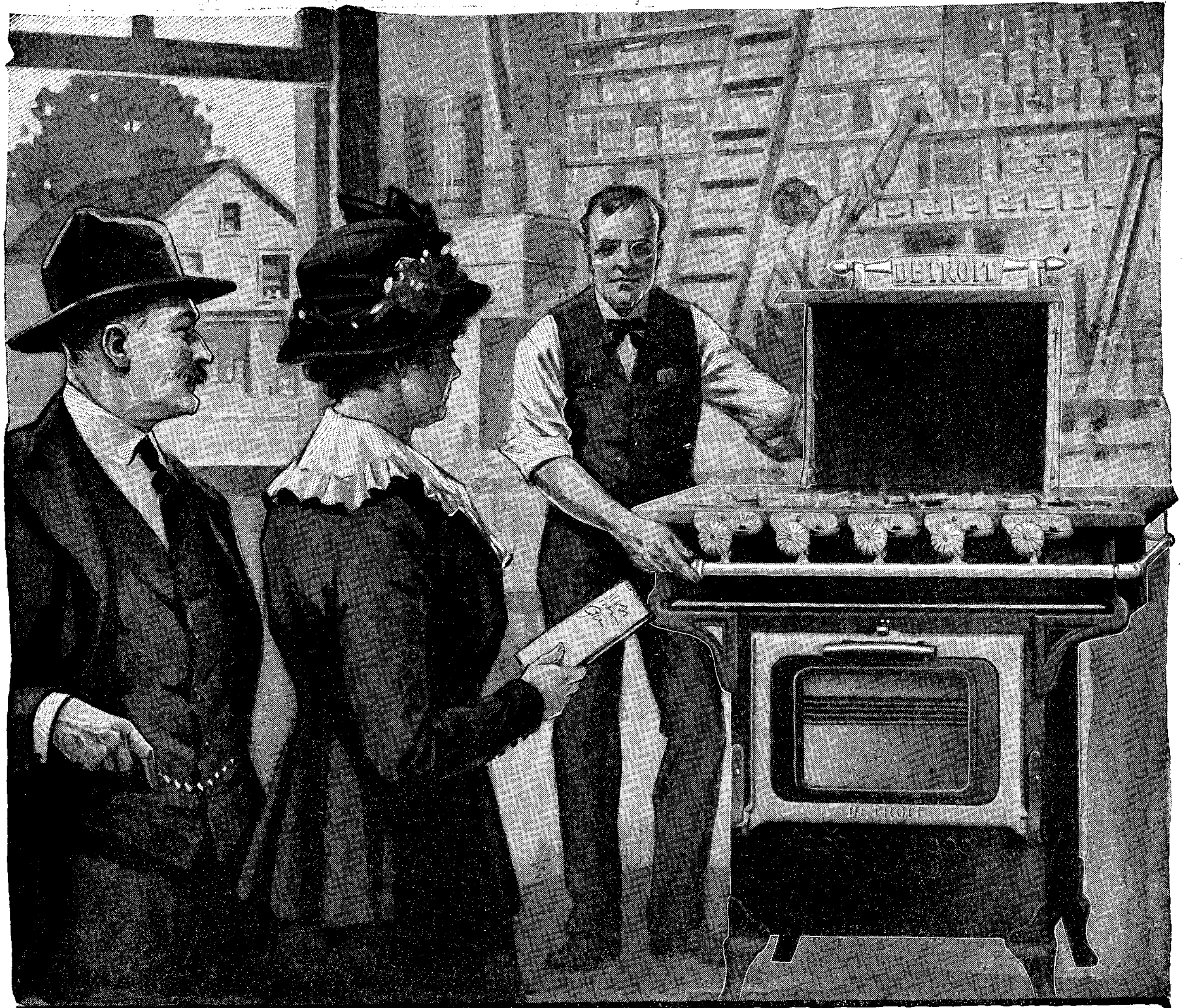
"Yes, I did," replied the officer quietly.

"Then I will have you arrested, immediately, in five minutes," shouted Niemeyer.

Whereat the whole crowd of officers cheered and jeered him.

The guard was turned out, and, with fixt bayonets, formed up behind the group. Niemeyer, fuming with indignation, ordered all prisoners into barracks and locked the doors for the rest of the day. Then he drilled the guard, marching them up and down the square.

Many of the younger officers crowded to the windows shouting "Left, right!" as



Go to See Them—Watch a Demonstration

Detroit Vapor Stoves are not like other oil stoves. They have gas range appearance and the same sturdy construction and simplicity of operation.

There are no wicks, asbestos rings or substitutes for these in Detroit Vapor Stoves. The durable 8½ pound iron burners work on the same principle as an automobile carburetor. They mix the air with the fuel to create a gas. Like gas stoves, just as soon as the match is struck, there's a flame under the kettle.

In every detail of construction and design, in the materials used and in the comfort and convenience, these stoves are comparable to a gas range rather than to an oil stove.

Detroit Vapor Stoves bake thoroughly and rapidly. Double walls and flues carry the heat from two powerful burners twice round the oven. There are no pipes or pressure tank needed. The stove is complete in itself and can be placed for greatest convenience.

DETROIT VAPOR STOVES
"Work Like Gas"

Burn Oil, Gasoline or Distillate

One gallon of fuel gives 19 hours of cooking or baking at a cost much lower than with either gas, coal or wood.

There is a Detroit Vapor Stove dealer in your town. He will be glad to demonstrate the stove to you. Call at his store today and see what this high-grade, guaranteed stove will do, or send for our free stove booklet D-1.

The Detroit Vapor Stove Company
Detroit (73) Michigan

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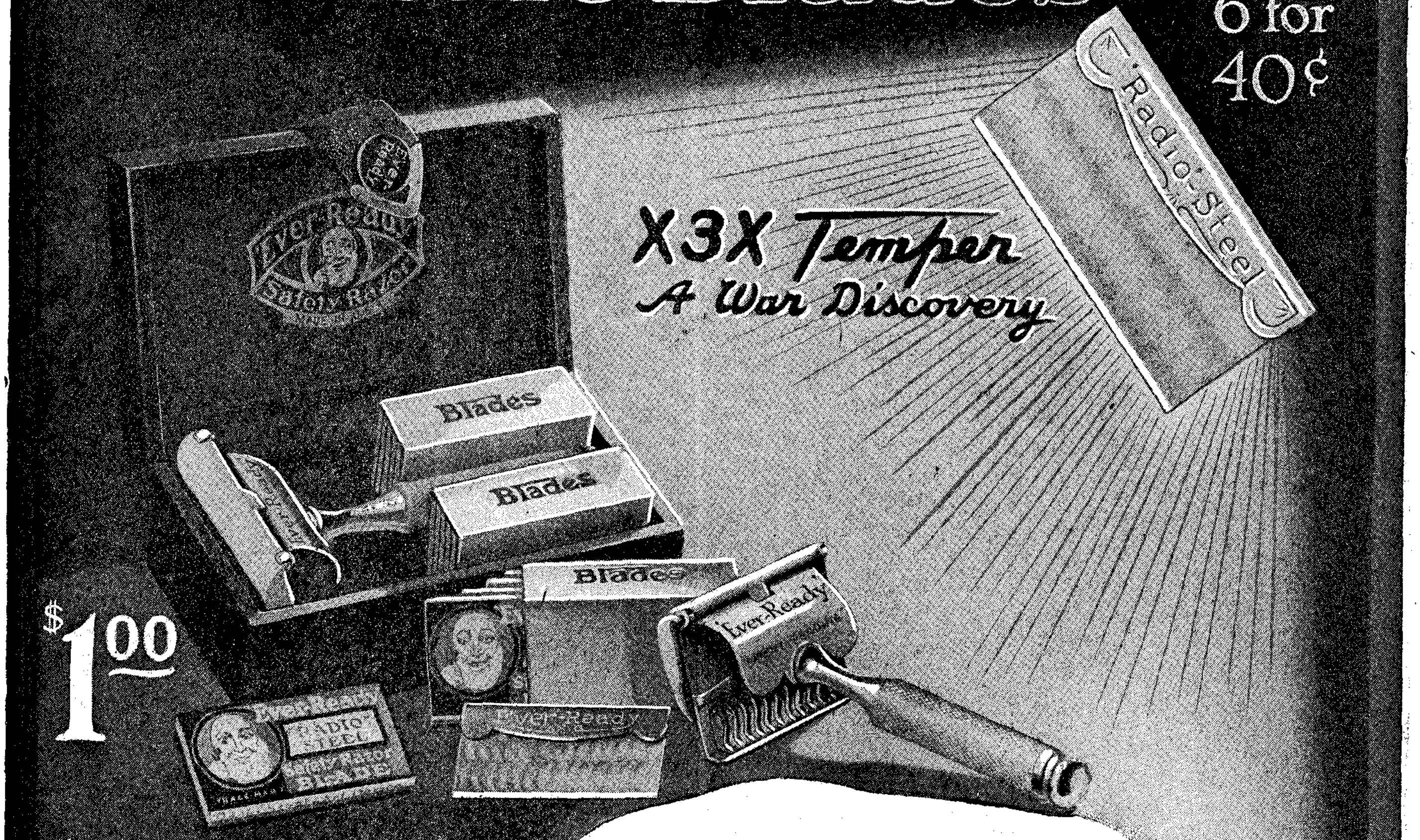
Detroit, Michigan

Please send me your new stove book D-1.

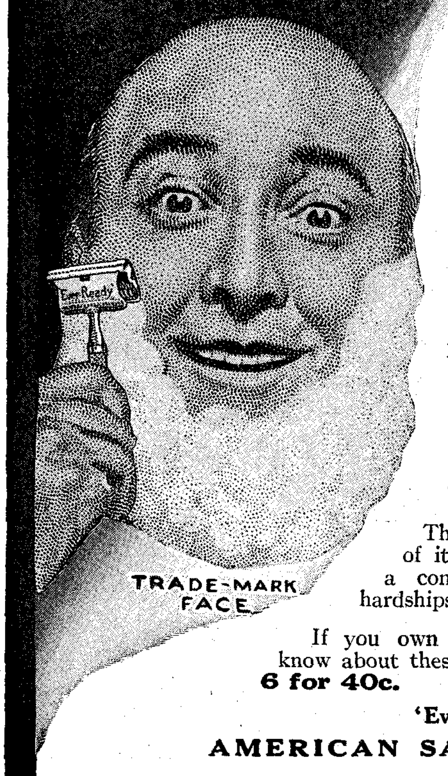
Name ____________________
Address ____________________

'Ever-Ready'
'Radio' Blades

6 for 40¢



'Ever-Ready'
Safety Razor



MEN, mettle and matter were tested in those trenches of France. *So were safety razors.*

Three-day growths and barbed-wire beards had to be conquered with the half-hearted assistance of cold water and tin mirrors.

'Ever-Ready' experts worked for nine months in the laboratories in search of a better process for tempering cutting steel. We wanted a steel that would not alone grind to a finer cutting-edge than any known, but that would *hold* this edge through repeated shaves. Experiment "X3X" proved successful. "X3X" became the identifying name of the new Ever-Ready Radio Blade.

Ever-Ready Radio Blades

Millions of Ever-Ready Safety Razors and millions upon millions of "X3X" Temper Blades went to the fighting boys.

This new blade did all that was asked of it—it made the cool, clean, safe shave a comfortable possibility amid front-line hardships.

If you own an 'Ever-Ready' you'll be happy to know about these new "X3X" Temper Radio Blades—**6 for 40c.**

Ever-Ready Safety Razor

Don't let the fact that you already have a safety razor of some kind defer you from spending one dollar for this real perfect shaving instrument. The 'Ever-Ready' is the best razor regardless of price and because of its great blades has the "lowest upkeep" cost.

The beautiful heavy nickel frame is guaranteed for ten years. The outfit is complete with supply of Radio Blades in a substantial case for **$1.00.**

'Ever-Ready' Razors and Blades sold the world over

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, INC., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Also makers of 'Ever-Ready' Shaving Brushes

the luckless German soldiers—who detested Niemeyer as cordially as the prisoners did—paced up and down with slow, ridiculous, Prussian precision.

Niemeyer yelled out an order for all the windows to be closed, his great voice booming with rage. One subaltern remained at the window a second longer than he ought to have done; Niemeyer flung up his hand, the sentries fired, and a volley of bullets spattered the walls, breaking several windows and narrowly missing officers in the rooms looking on to the courtyard.

Lieutenant Garland made his first attempt to escape from this camp disguised as a German *Landsturm* soldier. The uniform was made for him by his orderly, who, in prewar days, had been a tailor. He was caught, however, in the street outside the camp and haled before Niemeyer.

The bully swaggered in, a huge cigar in his mouth, his Kaiser-mustache bristling, his cheeks flushed with drink and anger.

"I suppose you know," he shouted, "that you will be court-martialed for having a German uniform on—the property of the Imperial Government?"

Then he quieted down somewhat, obviously with a view to finding out exactly how Garland had managed to get hold of his disguise and what method he had employed in getting away from the camp. This latter was termed—in the picturesque parlance of Holzminden—"breaking the jug," a man who succeeded in effecting his escape being called a "jug-breaker."

When Garland refused to divulge anything, Niemeyer took his revenge in orthodox Hun style. Garland's haversack was opened and emptied on to the floor. Niemeyer then deliberately walked over the heap of food, laboriously collected during many weeks, rubbing his boots in the biscuits, crunching the chocolate-cakes to dirty fragments, blending the cocoa with the dust of the floor.

Finally, he ordered a couple of soldiers to hold Garland's trench-coat in front of him the while he slashed at it with a super-jack-knife, tearing it to pieces.

Garland received four months' solitary confinement in the cells for this escapade, which time he spent in maturing further plans of escape.

He eventually got clear a couple of months before the armistice was signed, after having made seven unsuccessful attempts and being transferred to no fewer than a dozen prison-camps in Germany.

Garland was twice at Holzminden. On his arrival the second time Niemeyer failed to recognize him. Then came the famous Holzminden tunnel "stunt."

For nearly ten months the prisoners had been digging a tunnel leading from one of the cellars of the barracks out under the concrete flooring to the farther side of the stone wall which surrounded the camp. The tunnel finally emerged in the center of a small wheat-field.

By dint of immense labor it was completed.

Two days before, Niemeyer, boasting of the camp arrangements, had said:

"Well, gentlemen, if you want to escape you must first give me two days' notice."

They didn't give him notice, but two days later—almost to the hour—twenty-nine officers crawled through the tunnel, and ten of them got clear away to England—a record escape from any camp in Germany during the war.

When the Hun sergeant-major on the morning following the escape reported: "Twenty-nine missing, *Herr Kapitän!*" Niemeyer was within an ace of losing his reason. He stormed and raved, calling out the guard and commanding them to fire on any British officer who dared so much as to look out of the windows.

Then he ordered a parade on the square. Mad with pride, he sent several senior officers to the cells for coming on parade in shoes instead of boots, or for other offenses equally childish.

It was decided next day as a reprisal that all the officer-prisoners should come on parade, from colonels downward, without either hat or tunic. Then Niemeyer showed his true colors, his true Prussian colors—arrogant in victory, servile in defeat.

Fearing a mutiny, he ordered the sentries to charge. The sentries, however, hated Niemeyer more than the prisoners, and the "charge" was a laughable melodramatic fiasco. The only officer to suffer was Cudmore—an Australian airman—who, hampered by the fact that he had a wooden leg, could not get into the barracks in time. He was arrested and remained three weeks "in the jug."

Niemeyer, hated by soldiers and civilians alike, became the laughing-stock of Holzminden.

The "tunnel" was dug up on orders from Berlin. The episode knocked Niemeyer's prestige on the head. He was never quite the same afterward. He often tried to bluster and bully. But he had been found out. Even in Germany they laughed at him—the man who pretended to be a gentleman, yet showed such a stupid ignorance in dealing with gentlemen.

MODERN NEW YORK RESTAURANT ADOPTS A "COST-PLUS" BASIS

THE "cost-plus" system has got into the catering business. A restaurateur in New York is analyzing the cost of everything in his shop, including "overhead" and service, and is charging his customers accordingly, adding his profit, of course, to everything. Every one who enters has to pay his share of such expenses as rent, labor, heat, light, and repairs; but after he has done that, he finds the food absurdly cheap. It does not pay to go to this restaurant for a cup of tea or a sandwich, for the initial charge makes such an order come very high; but the proprietor points out that he is running a restaurant, not a lunch-counter. At a lunch-counter the "overhead" would be small, and the entrance charge low enough to go with "short orders." Under the present system, he says, restaurant-keepers rob the customer who eats a full meal, in order to give charity to him who orders just a bite or two. Alfred W. McCann, who describes this revolutionary eating-house in the New York *Globe*, tells us that this restaurateur has figured it out that it costs him exactly 32 cents for every man, woman, or child who takes a seat at one of his tables. True.

This fixt cost of operation, including rent, labor, fuel, light, repairs, etc., varies in different eating-houses, and the more pretentious the establishment the higher the fixt cost for service.

The injustice heretofore rampant in the restaurant world can be traced to this fact: A man, for instance, who eats a plate of wheat cakes, a baked apple, and a cup of coffee, for which he pays 25 cents, imposes

The Men Who Smoked Through the Argonne

Our fighting men did a splendid and telling piece of work in driving the Huns out of the Argonne Forest. Our men did it smoking.

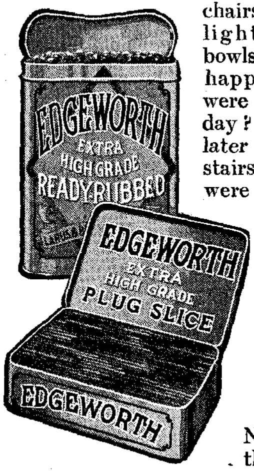
One of them wrote home that the War would have proved far worse than General Sherman's crisp and deathless definition of it, if it hadn't been for the smokes.

Smoking was allowed in the army hospitals. Many a man for whom there was no anesthetic went under the knife grimly smoking.

Tobacco and America were both discovered in 1492. Something over four hundred years later, when people were ruling out everything looking in the least like a vice, the whole world sat up and recognized the virtues of tobacco.

Men who smoked, particularly old pipe-smokers, knew of these virtues long ago. They had learned by experience how smoking eased up the nerves.

After a troubled day, they dropped into easy chairs, filled their pipes, lighted the brimming bowls, and as they puffed happily, where, where were the cares of that day? When some time later they strolled upstairs, last to bed, they were ready with a good night's sleep for the troubles of the next day. Things looked better because a good smoke had made them feel better themselves.



That's what a man needs in life always. No matter how well things are breaking, he craves something to make things look better.

And a pipeful of just the right tobacco does that better than anything else.

Of course, it must be a tobacco that wholly suits him, and the tobacco that suits one man fails to suit another.

Many men drift along using a tobacco not quite what they want until they can find one more satisfactory.

Do you belong in this last class? If so, we would be mighty glad to learn what you think of Edgeworth Tobacco.

It may not suit you any better than the tobacco you are using, but on the other hand it may prove to be just the tobacco you have been hoping to run across.

If it proves to be that, you will be mighty glad you read this advertisement, for the rest is easy.

Merely send us on a postcard your name and address, together with those of the dealer usually supplying your smoking needs, and we will mail you at once a generous sample of Edgeworth Tobacco in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is pressed into cakes, then cut by keen knives into thin moist slices. Rub a slice between the hands and it makes an average pipe-load.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed comes prepared to pour straight into your pipe. It packs nicely, and burns freely, evenly, to the very bottom, getting better and better.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes, suited to the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice come in small pocket-size packages, in attractive tin humidors and glass jars, and also in economical in-between quantities for customers wanting more than a small package, but not quite the humidor size.

For the free samples upon which we ask your judgment, address Larus & Brother Co., 5 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

upon the restaurant not only an actual loss of 32 cents, but also the cost of the food, which would perhaps make the total loss 40 cents.

The restaurant proprietors make no pretense of being philanthropists. They know that when they pocket such loss on the small check they are obliged to impose a compensating tax somewhere else. The only other place where they can find an opportunity to even up the score is at the table where somebody wants roast beef, ham and eggs, chicken, or some other staple of the kind. Hence the losses involved in the small checks have to be passed over to the larger checks, and the man who eats a square meal is obliged not only to pay for the luxury of his meal, but he is also compelled to absorb the cost of serving a stranger at the next table with a light lunch.

The revolutionary proprietor is quoted as saying:

> Under this absurd system the small check becomes a subject for charity and the large check an excuse for theft. The mere fact that such a system has been in vogue for years does not justify its perpetuation.
>
> My system is merely designed to take the headaches out of the restaurant business and to put it on such a plane of honesty that every man who is obliged to eat in a restaurant may know that he is being charged for what he himself eats and not for what others eat. If he wants to voluntarily contribute to charity there are many organizations ready to receive his contribution.
>
> Neither my restaurant nor any other restaurant pretends to be a charitable institution. Yet, under the old system, we were obliged to dispense a hypocritical form of charity to half our patrons, and then steal from the other half in order to come out even.
>
> So many old habits are going by the board that this one, which has less right to survive than any other evil system, is also bound to go. Hence, we have devised a means of taxing our patrons so as to avoid discrimination against any of them in our charges for service.
>
> By computing the restaurant check from a fixt charge, which includes service, administration, old accounts, depreciation, and profit, and then adding the actual cost, and only the actual cost, of the food served, we can intelligently estimate the value of both, and fix an honest charge for them.
>
> Our patrons, under the new system, select such foods as they please, knowing that they are paying exactly what that food costs, according to its current market value, plus the cost of doing business and a fixt profit of 4 cents on every check. Thus we escape the necessity of having to overcharge on one item of food to make up for the loss on another.
>
> Furthermore, when the market price of any food declines, the reduction is immediately reflected in our prices. For instance, we serve no canned spinach in our restaurant. To-day we are paying $2.25 for a fifteen-pound basket of fresh spinach. A portion of this spinach, as our books now show, costs us actually 8 cents, and we serve it for 8 cents. In the summer time, when we are able to buy a thirty-pound barrel of fresh spinach for 75 cents, we will be able to serve a dish of spinach for 2 cents or less.
>
> At their present cost we serve two eggs—boiled, fried, scrambled, poached, or as an omelet—for 12 cents. When the cost of fresh eggs is cut in half we will serve two poached eggs for 6 cents, and so on all through.
>
> In computing the cost of the food served at our tables we simply take the actual cost of food materials, plus the losses in trimming, preparation, and distribution, but do not include it in the cost of cooking, of labor, or any other expense incidental to the preparation and serving of a meal. All that goes into the 32-cent item.

A writer in *Printer's Ink*, also quoted by Mr. McCann, notes that this system is "an attempt to get around an evil that affects every business dealing in small wares." He goes on to say:

> A druggist told me the other day that he loses 3 cents every time he sells only a nickel's worth of stuff to a patron. Ordinarily it wouldn't take twice as much salesman's time to make a dollar sale. Practically the same restaurant machinery is set in motion to serve the 25-cent patron that is required for the fellow whose check runs four or five times as large. The whole plan has the merit of novelty. If it succeeds it may point the way to other systems for segregating costs that may be tried out in various lines.

WHAT HAPPENS IN THE PATH OF A MERCILESS ARMY OF ANTS

As that active naturalist and aviator, Mr. William Beebe, has recently sailed on another visit to his beloved jungles in Guiana, we may expect new pictures of tropical life like those that delighted the readers of his latest book, "Jungle Peace" (Henry Holt & Co.). In this book Mr. Beebe tells of that strange bird, the hoatzin, a relic of pre-Glacial days, that in its pin-feather stage climbs the trees of the moist region that it inhabits, and, when hard prest, escapes by taking a straight dive into the waters below. Hardly of less interest is the following description of a marching army of ants:

> I was dozing quietly in my hammock, glad to escape for an instant the insistent screaming of a cicada which seemed to have gone mad in the jungle heat, when a low, rustling caught my ear—a sound of moving leaves without wind; the voice of a breeze in the midst of breathless heat. There was in it something sinister and foreboding. I leaned over the edge of my hammock, and saw coming toward me, in a broad, irregular front, a great army of ants, battalion after battalion of them flowing like a sea of living motes over twigs and leaves and stems.
>
> I knew the danger and I half sat up, prepared to roll out and walk to one side. Then I gaged my supporting strands; tested them until they vibrated and hummed, and lay back, watching to see what would come about. I knew that no creature in the world could stay in the path of this horde and live. To kill an insect or a great bird would require only a few instants, and the death of a jaguar or a tapir would mean only a few more. Against this attack, claws, teeth, poison fangs would be idle weapons.
>
> In the van fled a cloud of terrified insects—those gifted with flight to wing their way far off, while the humbler ones went running headlong, their legs, four, six, or a hundred, making the swiftest pace vouchsafed them. There were foolish folk who climbed up low ferns, achieving the swaying, topmost fronds only to be trailed by the savage ants and brought down to instant death.
>
> Even the winged ones were not immune, for if they hesitated a second, an ant would seize upon them, and, altho carried into the air, would not loosen his grip, but cling to them, obstruct their flight, and perhaps bring them to earth in the heart of the jungle, where, cut off from their kind, the single combat would be waged to the death. From where I watched, I saw massacres innumerable; terrible battles in which some creature—a giant beside an ant—fought for his life, crushing to death scores of the enemy before giving up.
>
> They were a merciless army and their number was countless, with host upon host following close on each other's heels. A horde of warriors found a bird in my game bag, and left of it hardly a feather. I wondered whether they would discover me, and they did, tho I think it was more by accident than by intention. Nevertheless, a half dozen ants appeared on the foot strands, nervously twiddling their antennæ in my direction. Their appraisal was brief; with no more than a second's delay they started toward me. I waited until they were well on their way, then vigorously twanged the cords under them harpwise, sending all the scouts into midair and headlong down among their fellows. So far as I knew, this was a revolutionary maneuver in military tactics, comparable only to the explosion of a set mine.
>
> But even so, when the last of this brigade had gone on their menacing, pitiless way, and the danger had passed to a new province, I could not help thinking of the certain inexorable fate of a man who, unable to move from his hammock or to make any defense, should be exposed to their attack.

LITTLE DOINGS IN WAR-TIME FRANCE, TOLD BY DR. PAUL VAN DYKE

A picturesque phenomenon of bird-life in war, already noted by other observers, is described with exceptional vividness and charm by Dr. Paul Van Dyke, director of the American University Union, Paris, in the March number of *Scribner's Magazine*. The scene is at the front, in advance of the foremost guns. "One of the staff officers with me said to the other, 'It is just as well not to stay too close to these guns,' and we moved ahead and to the right, some three hundred yards each way." Then, continues Dr. Van Dyke:

> Just where the other slope of the hill began to lead down from the top of the long flat ridge there was a convenient hole about four feet deep, evidently dug for an observer's post. We got into it and waited. The two men on either side of me attentively consulted their wrist-watches and bade me watch the opposite hills across the Vesle, where the German guns were. I heard the distant whirring of motors and turned to see three airplanes moving toward us on the right. "Are those Germans?" I asked. "Perhaps," said my comrades as they crouched into the hole until their steel helmets were level with the top. Just at this moment a bird rose into the air from the grass close beside us, and as it climbed straight upward I recognized that it was a skylark. "The show is beginning," said the major, and the lark began to sing

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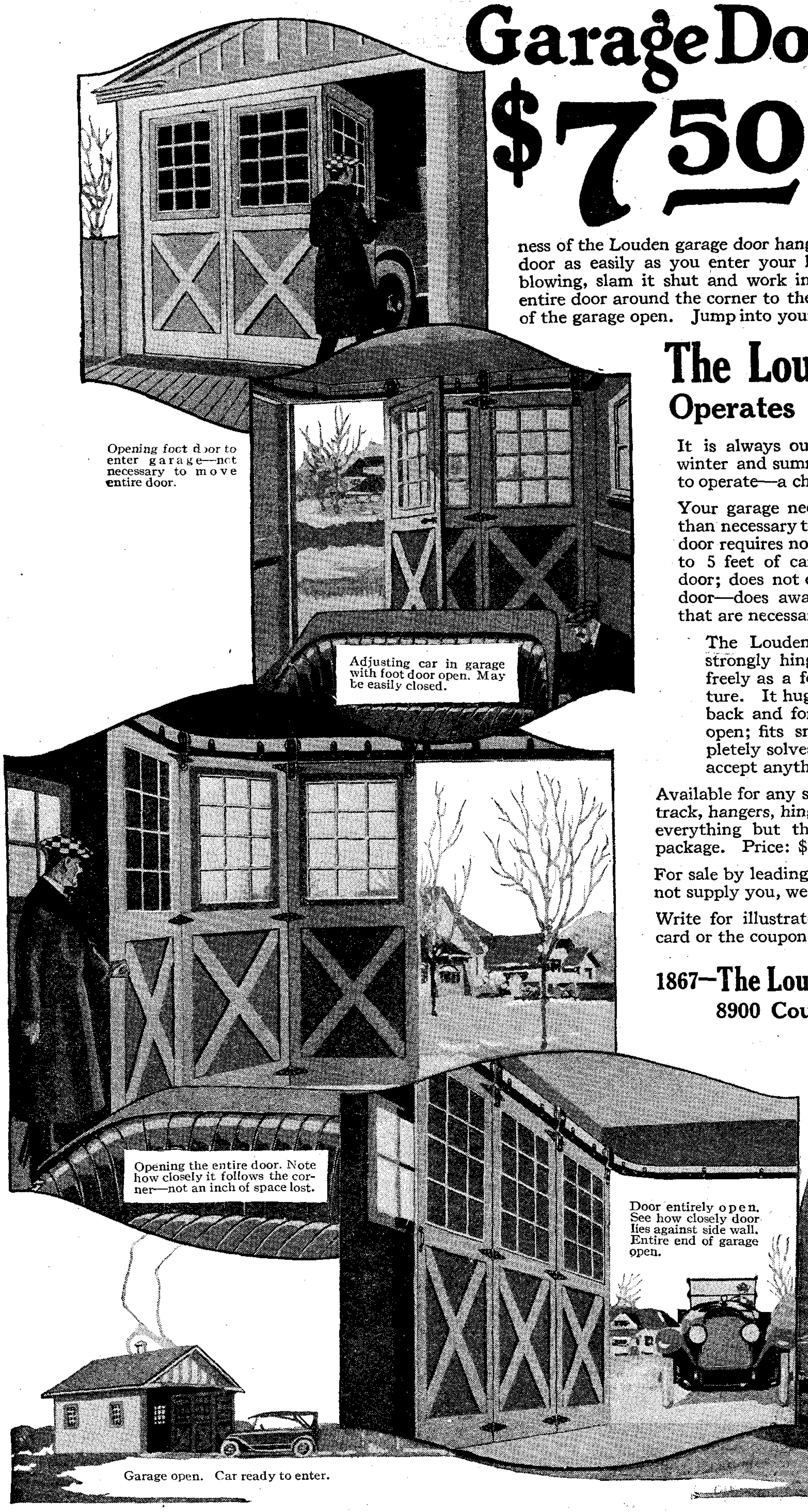
You are in a hurry to take your car out in the morning. There may be a tire to pump up or some adjustment to make. Then is when you will appreciate the extreme handiness of the Louden garage door hanger. You enter your garage by the foot door as easily as you enter your home. Leave it open, or if a cold wind is blowing, slam it shut and work in the warm. When ready to go slide the entire door around the corner to the side wall, leaving the whole front end of the garage open. Jump into your car and out you go.



Opening foot door to enter garage—not necessary to move entire door.

Adjusting car in garage with foot door open. May be easily closed.

Opening the entire door. Note how closely it follows the corner—not an inch of space lost.

Door entirely open. See how closely door lies against side wall. Entire end of garage open.

Garage open. Car ready to enter.

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Operates Entirely on the Inside

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The Louden door is built in three sections, strongly hinged together, one section swinging freely as a foot door—an exclusive Louden feature. It hugs the corner closely when moving back and forth; lies flat against the wall when open; fits snug and tight when closed—completely solves your garage door problems. Don't accept anything else.

Available for any size door up to 12 feet. The outfit includes track, hangers, hinges, handles, guide rollers, screws, nails—everything but the lumber, with full directions in every package. Price: $7.50; West of Rocky Mountains, $8.25.

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> almost above our heads. The next instant the battery of 75's on our left opened, and a shell from a heavier battery half a mile behind us went screaming over us, but the brave little songster kept on singing, and while from all around us the great chorus of our guns grew and swelled, I could hear his clear, tinkling notes ringing through the enormous din as the vibrant voice of the soprano carries through the orchestra and the great chorus. Nor did he sink down into silence until the crash of guns seemed almost to rock the very sky.

Another personal experience repeated by Dr. Van Dyke concerns a time when he knew he was closer to the front line than he had any official right to be, and was also a bit puzzled as to the way out. Suddenly, he continues,

> There rose over the top of the hill a khaki cap. I ran around the shoulder and saw an American officer riding slowly along a wood road. A waving of the arms and a shout and he halted. When I got up to him I asked: "Which way do I go for ——?"
>
> "Back along this road," he said, eying me the while intently and curiously. My coat was off so that he could not see what I was, and my appearance there certainly demanded explanation. "I am Dr. Paul Van Dyke, of Princeton University, and"—the captain was springing from the saddle on the side away from me, and I had visions of a revolver coming around the horse's head, with an order to show my papers. Instead, it was an outstretched hand. "Well, this is luck. Ever since you came over the hill I have been wondering where I had seen your face before. I used to be in your class eight years ago. It's a long way to Princeton. How in thunder did you get here, alone, close to the lines, and just behind my battery?"

This story, which ought to appeal to all good sportsmen trained to respect the game laws, is told of a captain who was an ardent fisherman and whose talk, even in war-time, ran to the cool brooks of Vermont and New Hampshire—

> He was standing by the roadside after the Argonne drive, watching some detachments of prisoners go by. First came a stalwart little bunch of powerfully built Bavarians, and after them crawled feebly a file of worn-out old men of the *Landwehr* and slender, white-faced lads of the last class called to the colors. The captain watched a moment in silence, then his lip curled in scorn, and as he swung on his heel to walk away: "Oh, hell," he said, "they ought to throw them back under six inches."

No collection of war-time reminiscences is complete without at least one anecdote of a negro soldier, and Dr. Van Dyke contributes this as coming from a Red-Cross nurse from the lower Mississippi, "with an accent as soft and smooth as the current of the great river on whose banks she was born"—

> "Well, boy" (this to a six-foot colored infantryman), "what you doing here so far from home?"
>
> A sudden gleam of ivory which seemed to run all the way around his head.
>
> "Well, ma'am, you see, this fool nigger always did have more curiosity than good sense."

SILVER STRIPES BEHIND THE GOLD BROKE THE GERMAN LINE

THE lucky boys with the gold chevrons may "give them the laugh"—these officers and men who go about with only the colorless silver stripes on their arms; but there is a good deal to be said for them, especially over in Hoboken, where silver-stripers abound. "Bunk heroes"—"too proud to fight"—"rocking-chair soldiers," and other remarks are applied to them, says a writer in the New York *Evening World*, taking up the cudgels in their behalf; but, just the same, they did their bit in winning the war right there in Hoboken by sending over two million fighters to bend and break the Hindenburg line, to drive through the Argonne, and otherwise produce a solid American impression on the Hun. "For these are the men of Uncle Sam's Embarkation Service," says the writer, "unsung, uncheered, undecorated." He continues with words that ought to leave them no longer "uncheered," and mentions rumors that they are not long to remain undecorated:

> When the men of the A. E. F. were winning undying glory at the Marne, Château-Thierry, St. Mihiel, and the Argonne, these silver-chevroned soldiers were interned on the Hoboken shores.
>
> Instead of kicking holes in the Hindenburg line, they were home manipulating troop-trains, ships, and men, often working twenty-four hours a day in order to keep unbroken the khaki stream that flowed eastward to the coast of France.
>
> The war-record of the Embarkation Service is something one seldom hears about. The names of its members seldom got into the papers, they never killed Germans, no brilliant war-medals dangled from their obscure bosoms—and they wore silver chevrons.
>
> Now what romance can one possibly attach to a silver chevron?
>
> Answer: None whatever.
>
> However, the achievements of this invisible and unsung army are slowly winning recognition and approval in Washington.
>
> The first sign of this came a few days ago when Secretary of War Baker announced that Maj.-Gen. David C. Shanks, commanding officer of the port of embarkation, had been awarded the Distinguished Service Medal.
>
> The official citation has reached the port of embarkation—or debarkation, as it is now called—in Hoboken. It reads as follows:
>
> "Maj.-Gen. D. C. Shanks, U.S.A., is awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for especially meritorious and conspicuous service in the administration of the Port of Embarkation, Hoboken, N. J., in connection with the shipment of troops overseas."
>
> *The Evening World* has learned from a reliable source that other decorations will soon be filtering through from Washington in the general direction of Hoboken. A wireless rumor to this effect has reached the Embarkation Service, but no one can be found who will admit that he knows where it came from.
>
> The men of the Embarkation Service, from Major-General Shanks and Brig.-Gen. George H. McManus down to the soldiers who guard the gates to the piers, are slow to admit that they have played a great part in the war, but they cheerfully admit that they got no nearer the fighting front than the gangway of a transport.
>
> "The work here had to be done by somebody, I suppose," said Capt. King W. Snell, aid to General McManus, who is troop movement officer. "Otherwise the 1,795,411 officers, men, and nurses shipped to France by the Embarkation Service might be still waiting for transportation. But who wants to be interned in Hoboken when the main show is three or four thousand miles away? It was like standing outside the big tent and punching tickets to a three-ringed circus. We worked like dogs and never got a chance to see the main performance."
>
> This attitude would probably be found to be that of the 2,400 officers and 24,000 enlisted men engaged in the Embarkation Service.
>
> They are all glad to have been able to do their bit, but most of them look at their silver chevrons and feel that they've been cheated out of something.
>
> During the entire period of embarkation, from May, 1917, to November, 1918, the average number of American soldiers placed daily on French soil was 3,500.
>
> In a single day—the last day of August, 1918—46,214 dough-boys were shipped out of the port of New York. This is claimed as a world's record for a single day's shipment of troops.
>
> The figures for the previous month, July, are held by the Embarkation Service to constitute another world's record in troop transportation. In this month 268,117 officers and men were put aboard vessels and sent overseas by the Embarkation Service.
>
> This was the highest number reached during the period of the war. The number of men shipped to France had steadily increased from May, 1917, when the figures for the month were only 1,543.
>
> It required 936 sailings to transport a sufficient number of troops to France to win the war. These sailings were carried out by 307 vessels, 108 of them being naval, 182 commercial, and 17 Allied transports.
>
> At the port of embarkation in Hoboken it is declared that the work of fitting these vessels out as transports was done entirely by the Army instead of by the Navy, as has been generally believed.
>
> The Embarkation Service points with pride to the work done by the Army in building up a transport fleet.
>
> Major-General Shanks has served as commanding officer of the port of embarkation practically through the war. The officers who have served with him and with Brigadier-General McManus are men who have grown up with the Embarkation Service, the personnel having changed very little since the declaration of war.
>
> Brigadier-General McManus and Col. John Robertson are heads of the Troop Movement Office of the port of embarkation, under them being sixteen line officers, several of whom are West Point graduates.
>
> The same efficiency that marked the shipments of the A. E. F. overseas is characterizing its return. Three hundred thousand dough-boys have already been landed from "over there."
>
> The smoothness and rapidity with which the debarkation officers work were demonstrated a few days ago when the naval transport *Leviathan* docked in Hoboken with 9,300 troops and equipment.
>
> In less than three hours after this

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B—Ordinary steel needle after playing one record. Note worn point.

C—New Sonora Semi-Permanent Silvered Needle.

D—Sonora Needle after playing one record. Practically no wear.

E—Sonora Needle after playing over 50 records. Needle is worn down but is still in perfect playing condition.

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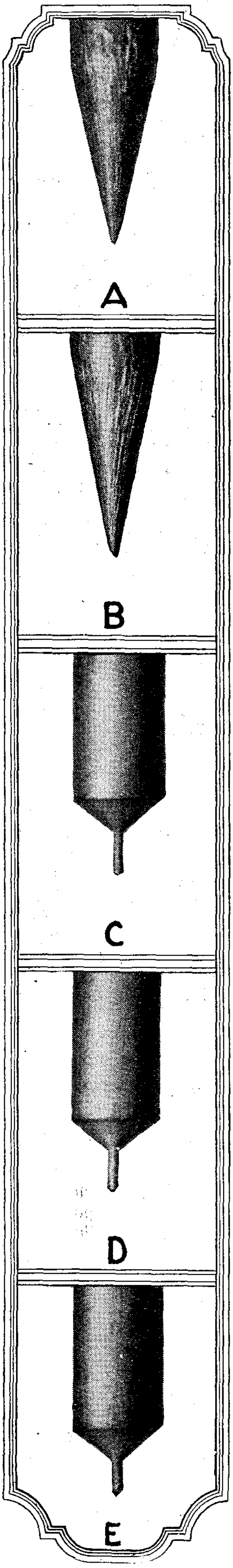

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giant liner tied up there wasn't a doughboy or a scrap of equipment in sight. The entire outfit had been entrained and was on its way to camp.

GENERAL BUNDY'S "DEFENSIVE OFFENSIVE" AT CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

"TO hold your line, attack the line of the enemy"—on that principle, writes Gen. Omar Bundy, the battle of Château-Thierry, possibly the turning point of the war, was won by American troops fresh from training-camps. General Bundy, who was in command of the Second Division when it covered the Château-Thierry sector, has written a full and authoritative account of the Division's work in those great days when the Germans were on their way to Paris by way of Meaux. After the broken French regiments had filtered through the American lines and the first rush of the German war-machine had been stopt, his account relates, there was a danger-spot in Belleau Wood; an attack launched from it might cut the road to Paris, the main American line of supply. It was a question of defense—in fact, with all the Allied forces defense was the problem forced upon them by the German High Command, and yet, as he writes in *Everybody's Magazine:*

> It was not our intention to fight a purely defensive battle. From the very day of our arrival in France, General Pershing had taken every occasion to inculcate in his Army the spirit of the offensive. His teachings were now bearing fruit. Every American officer and soldier knew that the best way to hold our own line was to attack that of the enemy.

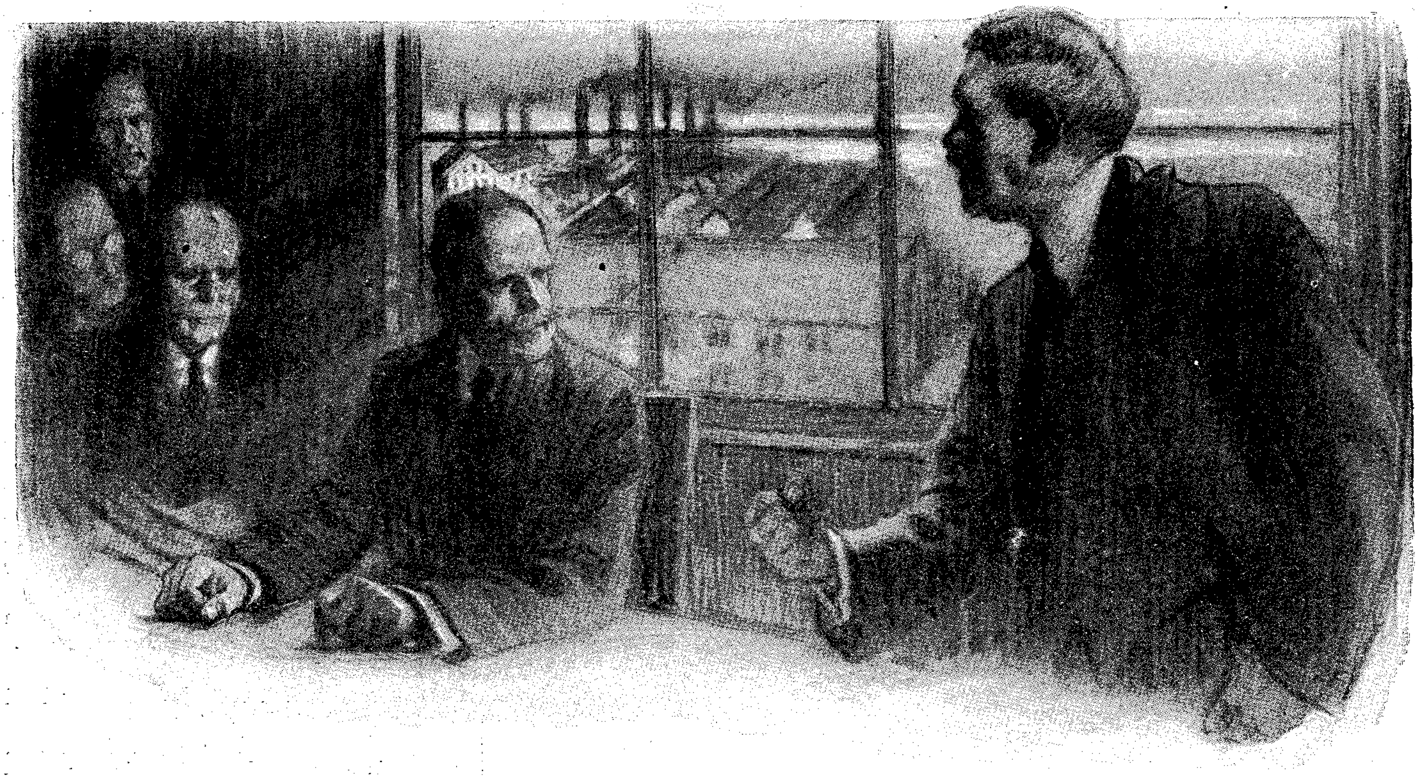
Therefore the marines were sent forward into Belleau Wood, and also into Bouresches, thus starting a "defensive offensive" that completely accomplished the ends which the American Command had in view. In this authoritative account by the high commanding officer, some disputes as to just what parts were played by different units of marines and infantry are cleared up. There is mention, for instance, of an infantry unit that attacked by mistake and thus, even tho ordered back to the previous line and so deprived of official glory, nevertheless, may claim, unofficially, the honor of participating in the great advance. As General Bundy puts it in his carefully correct account:

> In the attack on Bouresches, a battalion of the 23d Infantry, finding that the marines on their left were advancing, also eagerly entered the fight. It was not the intention that they should advance at that time, but this fact does not appear to have been understood by the battalion commander, and it was, no doubt, a disappointment to him, as well as to his battalion, when he received orders to retire to his old position. The results of the day's fighting were a number of prisoners and some machine guns and trench-mortars. Our own loss in killed and wounded had been heavy.

The General continues with what may be considered almost an official report of the deeds performed in those great days, and the units that performed them:

> On June 11, after a longer artillery preparation than in the first instance, but still not entirely effective against the well-sheltered German machine-gun nests, the marines renewed their attack in the Belleau Wood. They made a further advance and took more prisoners, but all of the wood was not yet ours. The Germans were making a determined resistance. They were putting in fresh troops and were subjecting our lines to a terrific artillery bombardment of high-explosive and gas-shells. Altho the wood was not yet cleared, the lines were further advanced and the marines had taken three hundred prisoners. A third attack resulted in more prisoners and more machine guns.
>
> In the meantime, the 9th Infantry, on the right of our line, had advanced its position to the northern edge of the Bois de la Marette and was digging in. In fact, the entire 3d Brigade, assisted by a battalion of the 2d Engineers, had been working every night in strengthening its lines, which were continuously under enemy machine-gun and artillery-fire. The defensive part that this brigade was playing was very difficult. They were having heavy losses through shell-fire and gas bombardments, to which they themselves could not reply. Their duty now was to hold their lines. Their present action was confined to a rifle and machine-gun duel with the enemy, and to patrol encounters between the lines. The time for their advance was to come later.
>
> The artillery brigade was doing heroic work. The battery commanders and junior officers were amply proving the value of the teaching they had received under highly trained field-officers of long experience in the regular Army. Colonel McCloskey's regiment of 75's worked continuously with the 4th Brigade in prompt and perfect harmony. It was the same with Colonel Davis's regiment and the 3d Brigade. The heavier 155's, under Colonel Bowley, were used quickly whenever good targets were found. Artillery ammunition was now more plentiful, and we were able to obtain a supply of gas-shells with which to retaliate for the gas attacks of the Germans. Thus the artillery played a controlling part in the battle. Captured prisoners gave accounts of the destructive and disheartening effect of our terrific artillery-fire. It was with them as with us: shells reached the supports and reserves, and the routes of supply. On the modern battle-field no place is safe.
>
> That part of the marine brigade that was still fighting in the Belleau Wood had become so exhausted and reduced in numbers that relief was necessary. It could not be furnished from the battalions in the brigade and division reserve because these battalions had just come out of the front line and were not in condition to immediately return.
>
> The 7th Infantry, a part of the 3d Division, was behind our lines as Army reserve. Application was made to General Degoutte, who had been promoted to the command of the 6th French Army, for the use of this regiment for six days. Through the courtesy of General Dickman, the commander of the 3d Division, his request was granted and the 7th Infantry took the place of two battalions of marines in the Belleau Wood, with one battalion south of Torcy. The marine battalions, reduced in numbers by the severe fighting, were withdrawn to billets in towns on the Marne, where they had five days' rest and received replacements. The line of the 23d Infantry was extended to include Bouresches, thus relieving the Marine garrison in that besieged village.
>
> The presence of the 7th Infantry was of great value. The battalion south of Torcy advanced its position to within a short distance of the village, thus straightening a reentrant that existed in our lines at that point. The other two battalions fought gallantly, but unsuccessfully, to gain the northern edge of the Belleau Wood. They encountered the same opposition that had held the marines, and when they were relieved at the end of six days, the northern part of the wood was still in possession of the Germans.
>
> The marine battalions, rested and increased in numbers by the replacements, again entered the Belleau Wood. Led by that marine wheel-horse, Col. W. C. Neville, whom General Harbord had at the beginning placed in direct command of the attacking troops, they went into the battle with renewed vigor and determination. This time they were favored with a terrific artillery preparation that searched with heavy shells every part of the wood still remaining in the enemy's hands, as well as the approaches from the north. Complete success crowned their efforts. The last days of June found the wood completely in our hands, and the enemy's lines were far across the open ground to the north, toward the railroad.
>
> The material results of this long and finally victorious contest for the possession of the Belleau Wood were over eight hundred prisoners and a large number of machine guns and trench-mortars. The prisoners were from three different regiments of the best German troops, to each of which had successively been assigned the task of withstanding the American onslaught. The moral effect of the marine success was very great, and extended far from that Marne battle-field to the firesides of the people of the great Republic that was sending its sons to France to fight for liberty.

Another immediate effect of this victory was to leave the American Command free to turn its attention to the 3d Brigade, which had been "dug in" before the French village of Vaux, enduring constant artillery- and machine-gun fire for almost a month. It was decided to capture Vaux, together with the woods to the northwest of it, and Hill 204, which was "the key to that part of the line and to Château-Thierry." The first move was to find out nearly everything about the architecture of Vaux, the surrounding terrane, and the disposition of the German defenses. Colonel Conger, Division Intelligence Officer, found some refugees who had photographs of the houses and streets; he found a stonemason who knew accurately the location of houses with stone cellars. The following confidential report shows that he found out a number of other things. This bulletin, which, by permission of the Army Intelligence Service, is among the first of its kind to be published in this country, may serve as a testimonial of the work done by one of the most important,



"Let us put our own House in Order"

SOME seven or eight years ago, a number of manufacturers met for their annual convention at a city in the middle west.

After the usual routine business had been disposed of, the meeting drifted into a discussion of labor problems. A number of speeches were made, most of them emphasizing the word "fight"; all of them proposing to let somebody else do the fighting—either through associations, committees or special legislation. The last speaker to get to his feet was especially bitter, although it was well known that he had been anything but fair in his treatment of his own men.

Suddenly, a big, wholesome specimen of a man jumped up. "This is all damn rot," he said. "It gets us nowhere. I happen to know that three or four of you fellows who have done the most talking don't know the first thing about conditions in your own plants—or else you are side-stepping. You can have all the meetings and committees you want—I'm through. I'm going home to 'put my own house in order'—to make dead sure that my superintendents and foremen are as square with my men as I want them to be. If every man here will take the trouble to find out what a square deal to his own men means, and then see that they get it, we won't have to listen to many more speeches like we have heard here today."

* * *

WE went home from this meeting, deeply impressed. We looked ourselves squarely in the face—and found shortcomings.

Through an earnest and increasingly successful application of this simple suggestion, in our relations with our own people, we have come to have an utter faith in it. It has paid us—and by us we mean our men at the forge and the hammer; the men who work at their desks and the men and women who own our stock. It has paid in quality and quantity of product. It has paid in added profits. It has paid in daily growing content.

To all those whose interests lie in Industry, we can say with confidence born of experience, that the principle of the square deal with your own people, *based upon a thorough knowledge of all conditions affecting them,* works—and works well.

If there was a brush big enough, and a hand big enough to wield it, we would like to paint across the face of the heavens, *"Is Our Own House in Order?"*

This is the third of a series of articles in this publication. On April 12 will appear "Management—Equally Responsible to Capital and to Labor."

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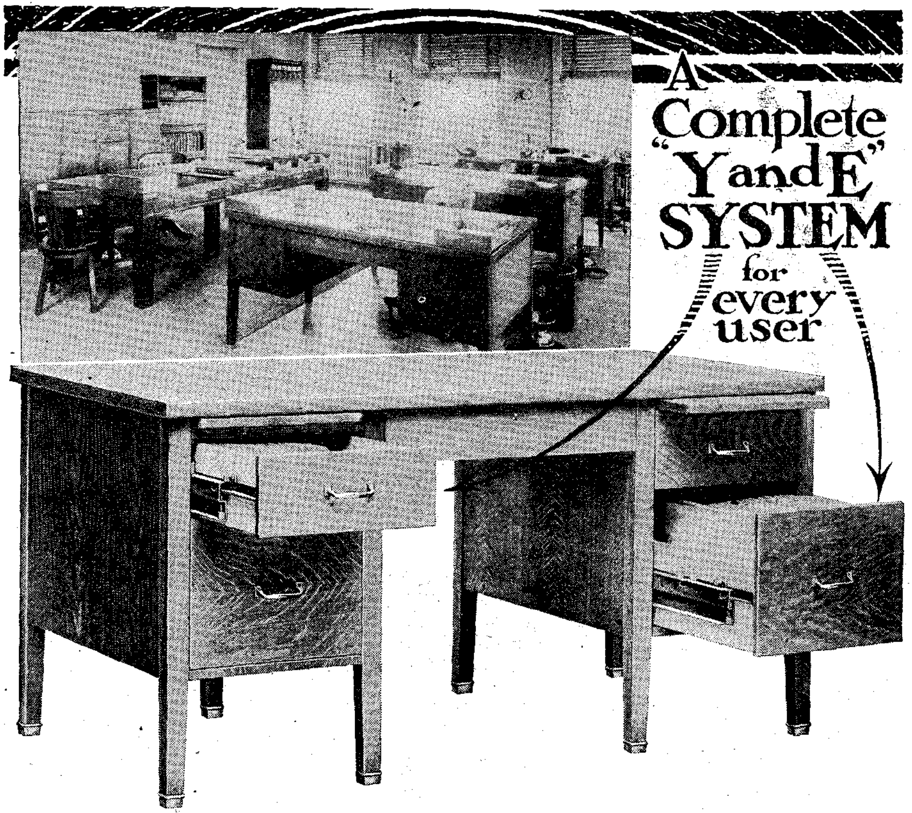

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1st. This brings the records that each man uses close to hand, in compact form.

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and least advertised, branches of the Army. Here it is in full:

CONFIDENTIAL
Second Division, A. E. F. (Regular).
Second Section, G. S.
INFORMATION BULLETIN — VAUX
(June 29, 1918)

1. GENERAL INFORMATION:

The houses are all built of hard, flinty stone, with an average wall thickness of 45 cm. The height of the garden wall is about 1.9 meters and an average thickness of 40 cm. The majority of the garden walls are built of uncut stone and the greater part of the houses have gardens. There is no church and no school in the town. The average width of the streets is four meters; and the height of houses, 13 to 14 meters. There are 82 houses in the town and prior to the evacuation there were 250 inhabitants. The majority of them were well-to-do and their establishments were kept accordingly.

The railroad that encircles the town on the north and east is of 1-meter gage.

2. ENEMY TROOPS:

The area which includes VAUX is held by the 1st Battalion of the 402d Regiment (201st Division). The 402d Regiment, which is considered the best in the division, forms the right wing of the division. It has one battalion in the line, one in support (probably in BOIS DES BRULITS), and one battalion in rest billets to the rear.

The 2d Company occupies the village of VAUX on either side of the VAUX-MONNEAUX ROAD. This company had lost six men killed up to June 24; 160 men of the 1st Battalion had been evacuated due to illness. The general health of the unit appears to be poor. The present strength of the company consists of two lieutenants, one *Offizier Stellvertreter*, one *Vize-Feldwebel*, and 137 men, of which 90 are combat troops. There is one assault group of eight men. There are five light machine guns and three *Granatenwerfer* (grenade - throwers) with the company. Lieutenant Adamson commands the company, and Lieutenant Mittag has the second platoon.

3. DEFENSIVE ORGANIZATION AND DISPOSITIONS:

Both of the southern roads into VAUX are said to be furnished with tank traps and strong barricades.

There is a trench-mortar unit in the eastern part of town, consisting of one officer, thirty men, and four trench-mortars.

The Intelligence Officer of the Bn is located in the town, together with a telephone detachment.

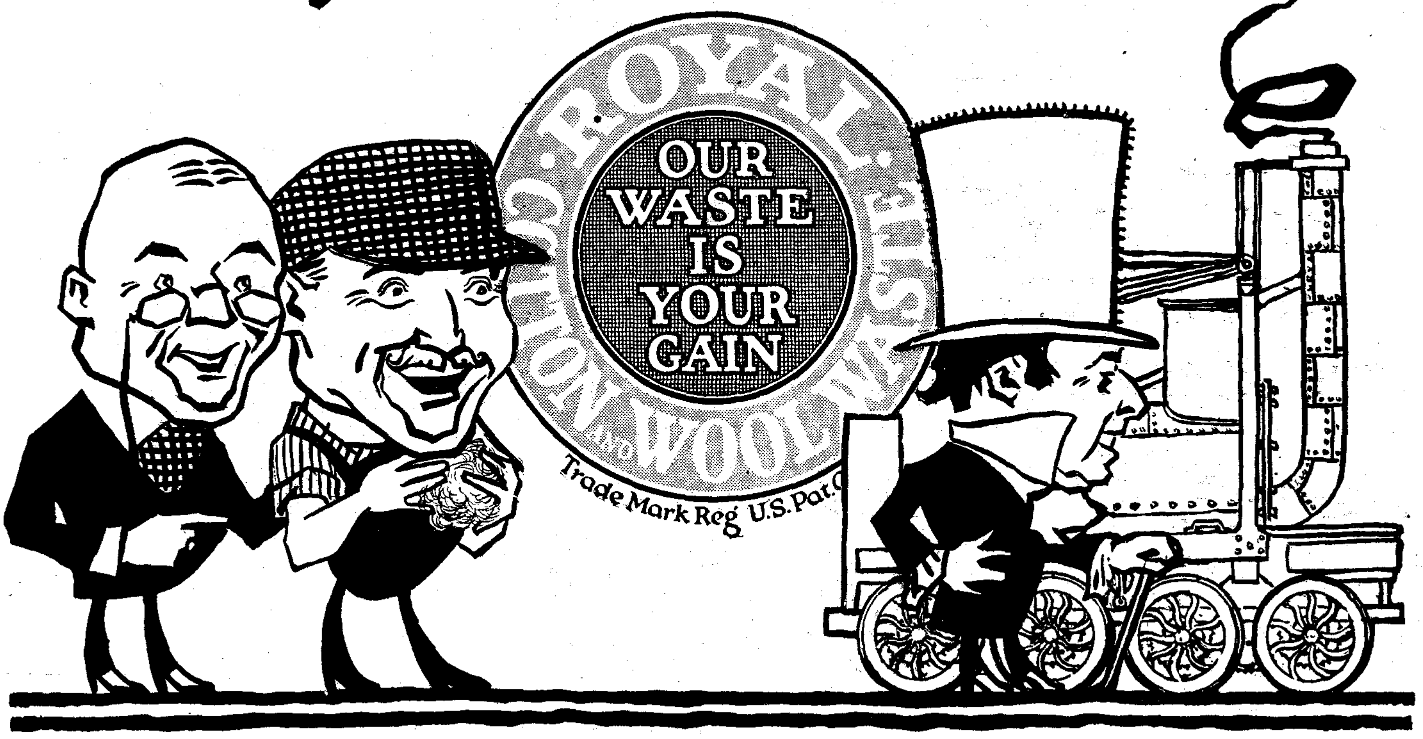
The command post is located in the central part of the town. About two blocks from this point is a cellar in which are located two sergeants and fifteen men.

All indications point to the fact that the battalion that holds VAUX has its main position in the BOIS DES ROCHETS, with certain elements in the town itself and the BOIS LA ROCHE. In all probability there is but one company located in the town and at the railroad station under normal conditions.

4. MACHINE GUNS AND 37 MM. GUNS:

Nine machine guns have been located in the town proper. Two of these command the two southern roads into the town; three are in the vicinity of the railroad station; one commands the road north from VAUX to the BOIS DES ROCHETS; two are located in houses at the eastern and western ends of the town commanding

In the days of the First Steam Engine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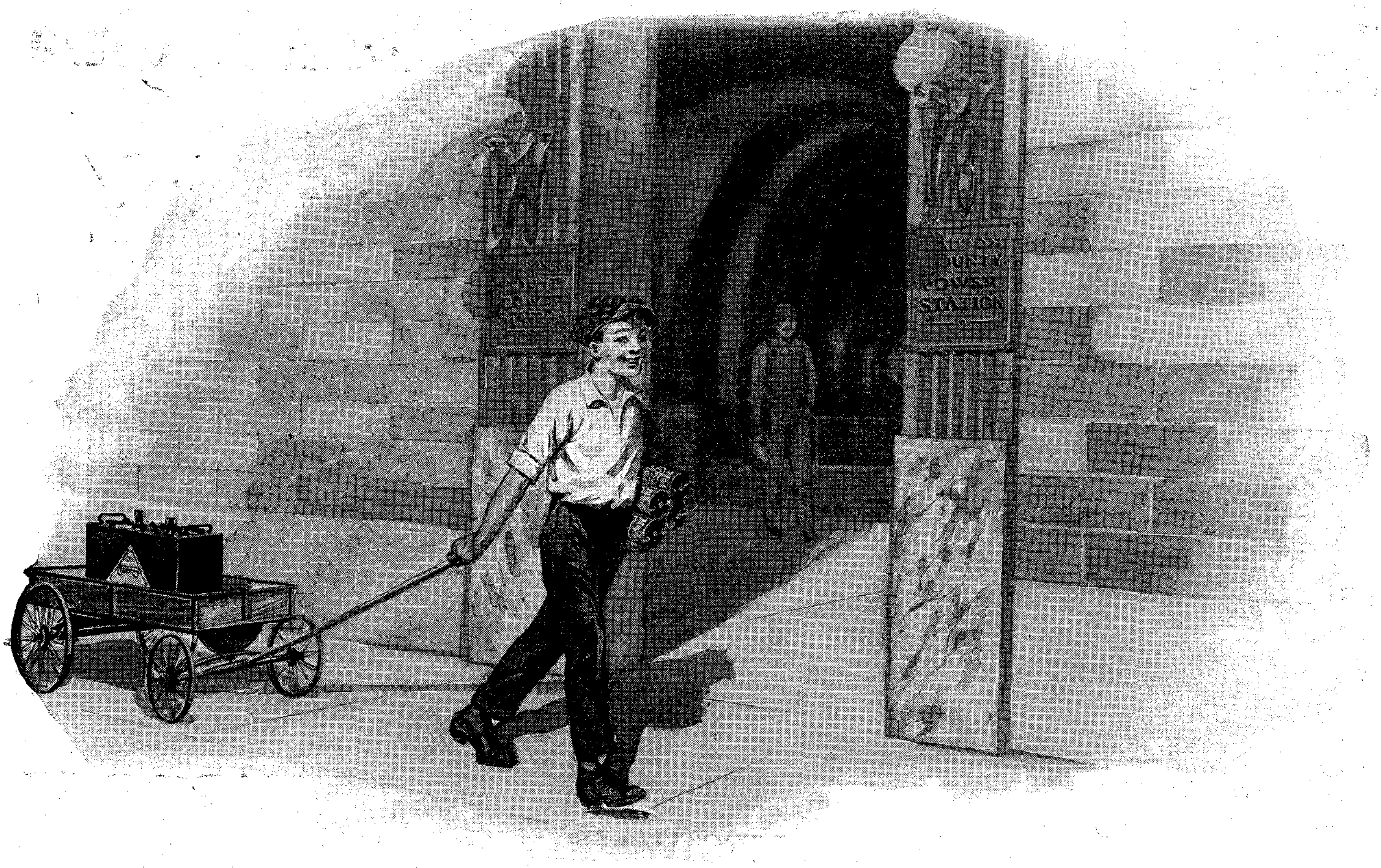

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THE world is so used to having the Columbia Dry Battery always at its beck and call, the little red fellow's work is accepted as a matter of course.

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THE Columbia Storage Battery is backed up with a *definite guarantee* that makes certain for the purchaser the actual performance to which his purchase entitles him.

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B-19

Columbia
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the Paris Road, and the ninth is at the southwestern extremity of the town. At least three machine guns are in the small patch of woods along the Paris Road just west of the town, and there is one northwest of this wood on the north side of the Paris Road. The Bois la Roche is known to be permanently occupied and to have several machine guns, and at least one 437 mm. gun.

Two machine guns known to be on the western slope of Hill 204 may also be available to fire on Vaux.

5. WIRE:

Along the southern edge of the town is a single line of wire, which along the eastern edge is strengthened to four lines of entanglements. Three lines of wire at varying intervals protect the wood just west of the town and south of the Paris Road.

6. TRENCHES:

Parts of trenches at the southeastern edge of the town are visible in airplane photographs. There are elements of trenches on the northwestern slope of Hill 204. Along the Paris Road east of Vaux are a certain number of organized machine-gun and rifle pits. West of the town there are organized pits along the road. There are undoubtedly completed trenches in the small patch of woods south of the Paris Road west of Vaux, in the Bois la Roche and Bois des Rochets.

7. MISCELLANEOUS:

In the Bois des Rochets it is believed that there are about five batteries of 77's. Flashes have been seen from these woods constantly, and careful observation of the angle of fall and of sound-ranging reports leads to the conclusion that there are at least a number of guns in the wood together with heavy trench-mortars and 37 mm. guns.

The Bois de Borne Agron is constantly occupied and company kitchens are believed to be in the woods. There is at least one platoon located here, and in all probability more than that. Elements of trenches and camouflaged emplacements protect the open field on Hill 201 between the Bois de Bouresches and Bois de Borne Agron.

The troops selected for the offensive, writes General Bundy, together with their objectives, were as follows:

Second Battalion of the 9th Infantry, under Major Bouton, and the 3d Battalion of 23d Infantry, under Major Elliott. Attached to the former were the machine-gun company of the 9th Infantry, and Company A, 2d Engineers, Company D, 5th Machine Gun Battalion, and Company C, 2d Engineers, accompanied the battalion of the 23d Infantry. General Lewis was charged with the general conduct of the attack. During the night of June 30 these units marched to designated positions behind the 9th Infantry, through whose lines they were to advance on the following day. Vaux was the objective of the battalion of the 9th Infantry; the woods to the northwest, that of the battalion of the 23d Infantry. The artillery preparation for this attack was arranged with great care by Colonel Bowley, who had succeeded General Chamberlaine in command of the artillery brigade.

For several hours a terrific fire was directed on Vaux. Lieutenant-Colonel Bradley, of the artillery, had established himself in an observation-post from which he could see the effect of this fire, and from there he directed his batteries on the houses under which were the cellars, filled with the

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Germans seeking shelter. Gas-shells in large numbers were fired into the woods north of Vaux to prevent the Germans from sending reenforcements through them. The woods to the northwest of the village, which formed the rest of our objective, were included in the destructive fire of the high-explosive shells. About noon of July 1, when this fire of preparation had ceased, the infantry advanced, following closely the protecting artillery barrage.

The whole affair was beautifully conducted. Each subordinate commander knew definitely the part that he was to play in the game. There was no hitch. The location and probable strength of the enemy, the number of his machine guns and trench-mortars and where they were to be found, the amount of barbed wire and other obstacles to be encountered—all these things were known in advance and were met with singular precision. Within a short time after they went over the top our men were closing with the enemy.

Long before evening, word was received from Major Bouton that Vaux, with several hundred prisoners, had been taken and that he had advanced to the railroad east of the town. The 23d Infantry had been equally successful and had attained its objective. When night came, the Germans counter-attacked against the 23d Infantry, but completely failed, and the attacking party was either killed or taken prisoners. Our own loss in this advance was small, most of the casualties having occurred from enemy artillery-fire during the preceding night and morning, while the assembled troops were waiting to attack. We took five hundred prisoners, with numbers of machine guns and other material.

The difficult task of taking Hill 204, assigned to the 39th French Division, had not resulted so fortunately. They were met with a destructive machine-gun fire from the woods in front of them, and after a gallant attempt to take the crest of the hill, had withdrawn to their old lines. The Germans on the hill still looked down on their recently lost Vaux, and were free to harass the new American garrison with machine-gun and rifle fire. In this difficult situation the battalion of the 9th Infantry, the machine-gunners, and the engineers held on. They at once set to work to fortify their new line, and to prepare for the defense of the town. To the west, along the railroad, the 23d Infantry was doing the same thing.

The advance of the 3d Brigade concluded the active work of the Second Division for the time being. Its front line was now two kilometers farther from Paris than when it had entered the fight. After forty days of open warfare, during which it had seen three German divisions retire in defeat, it was relieved on July 10 by the 26th Division, under Maj.-Gen. Clarence R. Edwards, when it withdrew to the second line. A week later it took part, with our 1st Division and the 48th French Division (Moroccan) in General Mangin's attack south of Soissons, which was followed by the German withdrawal from the Marne.

General Bundy concludes with a very modest estimate of his own story of the battles around Château-Thierry, and with a word of appreciation for the men under his command:

This narrative has been written mainly from memory, without notes. It is only a part of what one man saw and knew. Much of human interest, the many acts of bravery, the heroic conduct of the wounded, the tests of physical and mental endurance, are omitted because to write of them would go far beyond the scope of my narrative. They are left for the newspaper correspondents and professional writers. I have tried to show the work of one American division at a critical stage of the war. Whatever of success that may be claimed for it is due to the excellent team work of the whole splendid organization. Where all did so well, none should be praised above another.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT TO THE FOLKS AT HOME

"WHILE we were marching into Germany" is the general theme of Private William M. Emrich, who had a good time at it, and tells about it in the best and most cheerful Americanese. Lecturers are already dealing with the same subject, but few of them, it seems clear, had a chance to get just the point of view on the American invasion that fell to Private Emrich, of Battery F, 344th F. A. Luxemburg, for instance, a place that most of us barely knew was on the map, is intimately introduced in Private Emrich's travelog. Here he secured meals fitly to be described as "some eats," saw a "native wedding" that was "one of the funniest sights" in his "young life," and escorted to church several young ladies of Luxemburg who were worthy of the compliment implied in being called "some kids." Even tho Private Emrich is now ready to come back to "dear old New York," as he writes to his sister, he has not wasted his chance to see the world. His letter is dated Thalfang, Germany, January 11, and begins with his unit's departure from Stenay, France:

We left there on December 12 to go into Germany. We were hiking across country and the first day's hike brought us to Marville, France, where I received your Christmas package, and take it from me it sure did come in good, and I must say it didn't last long. I was about the last one in the battery to send off the Christmas slip and the first to get the box; you did fast work.

The next stop brought us to Longuyon, and then to the border town of Longlaville, where "hell first broke loose." We passed through a frontier fort, and it sure was knocked to pieces. We laid over a day in Longlaville and a dozen or so of us walked about France, Luxemburg, and Belgium in one evening. So you can see the part of France I was in.

On the border of Luxemburg and France there are two houses, one on the French side and the other on the Luxemburg side; the house on the French side was smashed, but the one on the Luxemburg side was intact.

Our next stop brought us to Strassen, in Luxemburg, and when we left there we went through the city of Luxemburg, which, I must say, is quite some town. Will tell you more about it later. I must tell you there's one great little country over here in Europe, and Luxemburg is its name.

The people sure did treat us fine. When I hit Strassen, three other boys and myself got a meal like this: in a clean room,

Beautiful birch ©T.H.N. for Beautiful Woodwork

Looks? Quality? Or Both?

Buying things by the looks is a bad but widespread habit. When it comes to so important a matter as the wood from which to make the trim, doors and furniture of your new house (or remodeling of the old house) it certainly pays to learn about *more than looks.*

People who investigate thoroughly (we make investigation easy) pretty often and always wisely insist on "Beautiful **birch,**" because **birch** is not only of surpassing beauty but is also very hard, strong and wear resisting, easily stained for *any* finish *you* desire and perfect for enameling.

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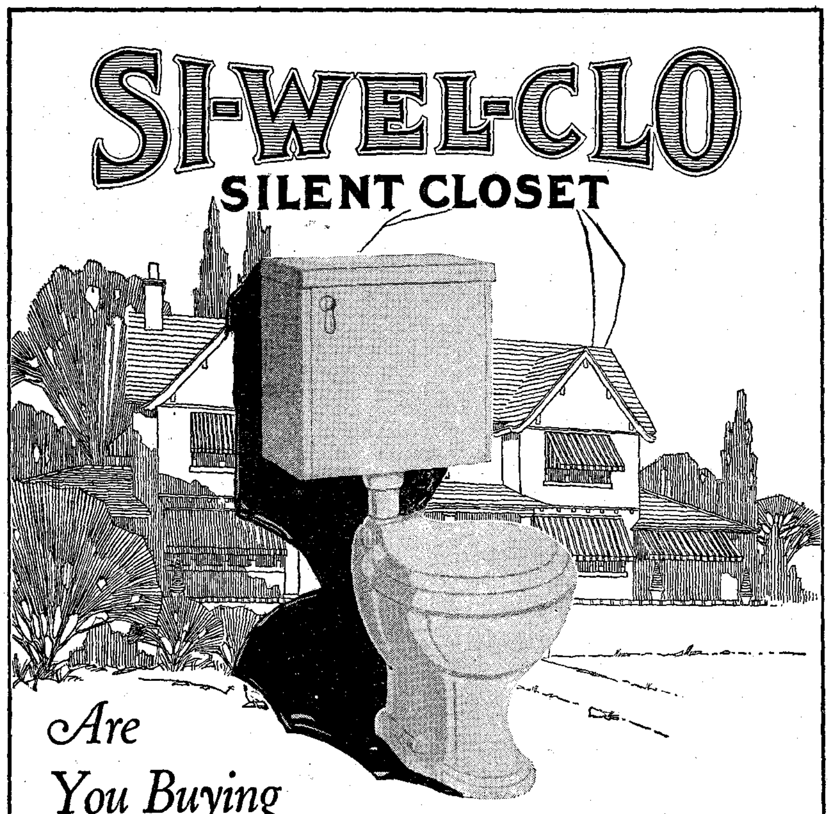

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Many people buy plumbing on the installment plan and never know it. The life of inferior plumbing material is actually determined before the plumber's truck brings it to your house. Such fixtures will last just so long, and then shame of their appearance and realization of their sanitary uselessness force you to replace them. Then comes the second payment—the same price for the fixture, the same bill for plumber's services. You come to realize how much better off you would have been to have originally insisted upon

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If you intend to build or renovate your bathroom write for our instructive book, "Bathrooms of Character."

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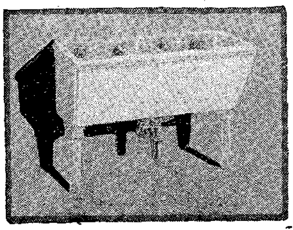
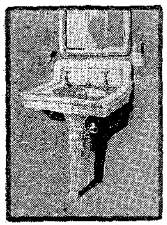
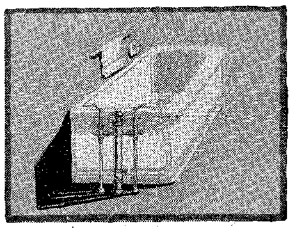






waited on by a pretty girl, a snow-white table-cloth, and china dishes. I won't bother naming the things we had, but they were sure good compared to the "corn willy and hardtack" at the battery.

Our next stop was at Dalheim, and that's where I struck luck. We laid over a day, and when the battery did leave I was detailed with 120 or so other men, to wait for some horses which were following up the division. While I was in this town I got in with a good family, and was sleeping in a feather bed and eating home-cooked meals; some meals, too.

Well, when the horses did come we took charge and they were taken away in two bunches. I was to go with the second bunch. We had our blanket-rolls and couldn't take them with the horses, they had to be taken on a motor-truck. And on December 22, I and four others were left in Dalheim with the rolls and some oats. Our orders were to wait for a truck. The first truck ran into a hole on the side of the road, and, of course, that didn't ever reach us, and in the meantime—oh, boy!

You can't imagine how good these people in Luxemburg were; the country is sure one great place, second only to the States.

I was in luck. I was in with a good family, slept on a good feather bed, and had three big meals a day. There were only eleven children in the family, and two of these were married. They ran as follows: Albert (who is some kid, very clever; would like to have him home with me), Edward, Pierre, Joseph, Eugene (my pal), Josephine, Helen, besides the father, his *Frau*, and his sister.

Now this family treated me swell, and you get the *pater* to write them a letter in German and you write one in French, thanking them. Send them something or other in some way. Candy is scarce over here, and so is tobacco. Their address is . . . . .

I can't begin to tell you how these people treated me. I was really one of the family; and eat! gosh, I couldn't tell them I had enough, and they always kept piling my plate up with good eats. I ate so much that it made me feel bad. One night I stayed away from supper on purpose and came in about nine o'clock, but they brought out my supper and made me eat it, and I saw I had lost.

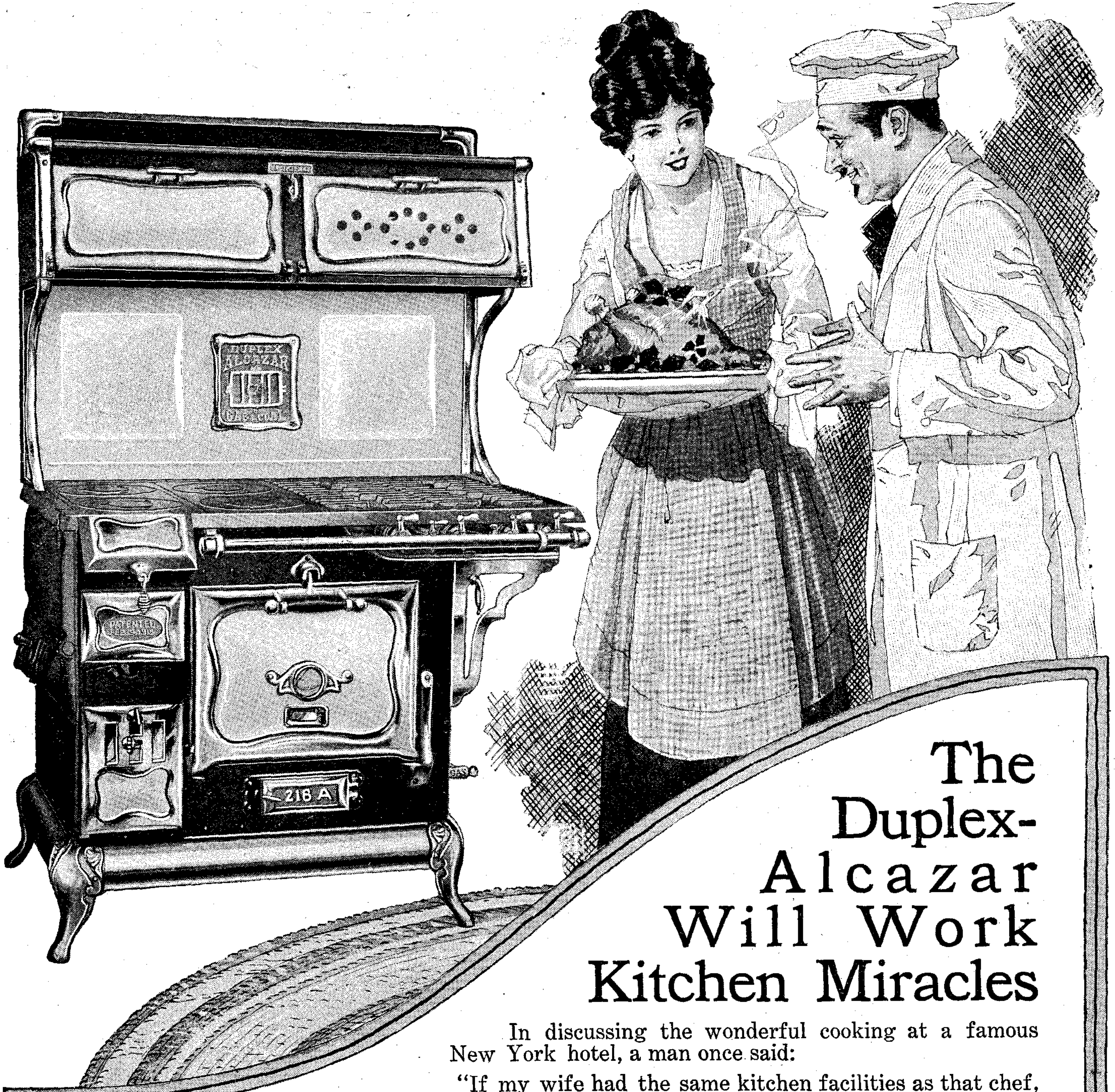
In these countries the farmers don't live on the farms. They live in little villages, and Dalheim is a village of that style. And you can imagine what they are, always gossiping; and when we got there, we were the topic of their conversation. We couldn't do anything without being watched.

Our first two nights passed without event, but on Christmas eve I met two of the most beautiful girls in town, Marie and Elsie M——. Some kids, and to make a long story short, I made a hit with Marie and Marie made a hit with me. You must know that this burg is just full of girls, and they gave us parties almost every night.

The only thing the people have to do there is to go to church, and, say, I never knew how popular I could be with the girls, but before the evening was over, I must have promised about ten girls that I'd take them to church in the morning.

Well, anyway, Christmas morning I got up about 5:30 to go to church at six bells, and I took Annie, the girl who lives where I do, to the show—I mean church.

I had a far better Christmas than I ever expected. I thought when I came over that I would spend it in the trenches, or in some rest-billet just behind the line, but I spent it in peace, with a family, at a table covered with a white table-cloth, chicken soup, etc., etc., etc. Oh! kid, it was some



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In discussing the wonderful cooking at a famous New York hotel, a man once said:

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The Duplex-Alcazar is two ranges in one. It burns gas or coal or wood, singly or together. The change from fuel to fuel is instantaneous.

If your coal or wood fire is too slow for the kind of cooking you're doing, turn on the gas too and get just the degree of heat you need. The perfect control of cooking temperatures is a kitchen miracle that results in time saving and more delicious dishes than were possible the old way.

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In the hot summer, with the Duplex-Alcazar, you can burn gas and keep the kitchen cool. In the winter, cook with coal or wood and keep warm. This three-fuel stove makes your kitchen a miracle of comfort the whole year 'round.

And the way your fuel bills go down with this range is a miracle in itself.

The Duplex-Alcazar is made in enough types and styles to satisfy everyone's taste and requirements. And it occupies no more space than the kind you now have.

There are lots of imitations on the market now but the Duplex-Alcazar was the first on the market and still holds its quality lead. Sold by the best dealers everywhere.

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WHEN the now famous Brunswick was announced, most people believed that the utmost had already been attained in the phonographic art.

Hence they expected, and rightly so, that The Brunswick would have to bring out overwhelming betterments in order to win a place among the leaders.

And this great expectation was realized. The Brunswick created a memorable sensation. It commanded instant respect and admiration.

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Of the major instruments, The Brunswick was the first to play *all* records with faithful regard for different requirements. This feature alone created thousands of admirers. For it meant that a Brunswick owner could buy and play *any* record, whatever make.

Since different makes offer different artists, and no one make offers them all, music lovers saw in The Brunswick the opportunity to select their own library of records, without restriction.

The other outstanding Brunswick betterment was in tone production. By a more scientific amplification of tone waves, The Brunswick overcame many old time crudities and brought out lovely tones hitherto lost.

Today The Brunswick Method of Reproduction is a recognized triumph. It means perfected reproduction to all who know it. And the news is spreading fast.

Two Famous Ideas

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction includes the Ultona, an all-record player. This master invention can be obtained on no other phonograph. The Ultona presents to each make of record, the proper needle and diaphragm. All at a turn of the hand. It is a unique reproducer, not an attachment nor makeshift.

The Brunswick Method also includes The Brunswick Amplifier, an all-wood sound chamber built with scientific regard for acoustic laws. No metal is used because it muffles sound vibrations.

Before you decide *which* phonograph for your home, hear The Brunswick. Compare its tone. Note the Ultona.

A Brunswick Dealer will gladly assist you in making a tone test.

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Christmas dinner, and the old man's brother was there for Christmas. He had spent fifteen years in Chicago and could speak good English, which made things good.

We fellows were having a good time, but a dark cloud came. A guy by the name of C—— came along, and was always worrying about getting back to the outfit.

But, finally, the boys and I made a trip to the city of Luxemburg, and take it from me it's some town—nearest to the States I've seen. The city is way down in a valley, and there are three bridges going through it, and one of them goes from one hill to another, and if you stand on this bridge the city looks awfully small, in fact, it looks like one of those little electric cities you see in a circus. Oh! it's indescribable; it's wonderful. I could stand there for a couple of hours taking that scene in. The people treated us good, and we got a guide and saw the city.

We also saw the Luxemburg Army, or, rather, most of it. It has a standing army of 250 men, and we saw 240 of them marching in front of the Duchess's palace. Marshal Foch was in town and we got a glance at him. While we were in town we got up a scheme to get rid of our dark cloud, and it worked like a charm. He left the next day—New year's. The people where I stayed owned most everything. I used to go out horseback-riding or bicycle-riding most every day.

On New-year's day all of us went to church, and these people, of course, have different customs from us. For instance, when they collect the money they don't pass the plate; the congregation march up single file around the altar and pass out back to their pews. We tried to follow the custom, but made an awful bull at the altar.

Oh, yes! I must tell you about one of the funniest sights I ever saw in my young life. They had a wedding in town while I was there. I woke up about nine o'clock and found the boys of the family making large fire-crackers, and I thought they were going to blast some rocks or stumps. About ten o'clock I saw the Luxemburg colors, and about ten men in uniform come up the street and stop at a house. Well, a little while later they came out followed by the bride and her father, then the bridegroom and her mother, then the rest of the family in double file, the whole town lined up along the streets, and the bridal party marched along the streets to the church, and then I found out why they had the powder—the poor fishes shot off firecrackers to celebrate the wedding. In the evening, they serenaded the bride and bridegroom until they took the town to the café and treated them. In these weddings the town comes first and the bridal couple second. And, gosh, they were sure dolled up, high hats, Prince Alberts, etc.

Well, January 5 was the fateful day. The truck came, and we started off, but we were sure sorry to leave. We rode until dark and we put up for the night in Nassen, Germany. I forgot to say, the truck got on fire, but we put it out easy.

And, say, the scenery was sure beautiful along the Moselle River and on up to Brim, where we made the next stop. Our truck busted and we had to put up for the night. Now this is no kidding, but these Germans sure treat us good. Now, the woman where we stayed lost one son, another a prisoner, and another in a hospital wounded, but still, she treated us good—gave us our meals and beds.

Next day new trucks came, and we got back to the battery and I got all the mail you sent and packages. I'm on detached service again and am going to answer all the mail I got in one letter.

You people must have had some time on November 11; quite different from the time we had, but all felt about the same. I sure would have liked to have been along Broadway that day.

You say, now that it's all over, I had nothing to do but write. When you wrote that, we had just started on our big hike into Germany—rain every day. It wasn't a joke. I was lucky to have been detailed in Luxemburg; but it's all over, as we are doing guard duty now.

The scenery in Luxemburg and the Rhineland is wonderful. I can't praise it up too much. Those fellows who were in England are lucky. I sure wish I could get home now. I received all the money-orders and an American dollar-bill which looked good to all of us, as we haven't seen much of any greenbacks for a long time.

Oh, I haven't forgotten the States. Don't worry about that. When I was little, I always had an ambition to cross the Atlantic, and now here I am as ambitious as ever. Well, I guess I'll be home in a couple of months or so. Some of the boys think it will be sooner, but I don't, altho I hope so. I'm finishing this letter on January 15, the first letter I've written in a month, and the longest one in my life.

Brest may, or may not, be a "pest-hole" in the way of mud, insanitary conditions, and all such physical discomforts, but it is certainly a psychological pest-hole, declares the editor of the Princeton (Indiana), *Clarion-News*, and he offers extracts from an observing Princeton soldier's letters to prove it. "Brest may be both sanitary and a pest-hole, explains the editor, on the basis of these extracts. "It is a nostalgic pest-hole. The dictionary defines 'nostalgia' as 'a species of melancholy resulting from one's absence from one's home or country.' Brest, in fact, is a state of mind fully as much as a state of mud." Soldiers come to Brest, the embarkation-point, with their minds eager for home; delays occur; officious officers issue and countermand orders; the result is that the place is "thronged with half-crazy boys whose one thought is to get home."

One of the letters upon which these striking deductions are based is quoted by *The Clarion-News* as follows:

BREST, FRANCE, January 29.

Just a line to say that my hopes of an early home-coming have gone glimmering. Second corps seems now to have been torn to fragments and scattered to the four winds. All truck-drivers and helpers have been formed into a separate unit and right now are assigned here for permanent duty. One consolation about the Army, tho—orders change consistently every minute of the day. Still have hopes I may get home soon.

Reached Brest from Dun at five o'clock last Thursday morning after sixty-eight hours on the road in one of the U. S. A. box cars. The days since then have been the most trying of all my army life. I am well, tho.

The second letter, written a few days later, even more plainly brings out the torture of suspense endured by the waiting soldiers. The writer of the letter, says the editor of *The Clarion-News* in

DO you remember when Tom Sawyer went swimming and had everything hidden so carefully so that Aunt Polly couldn't find out?

Aunt Polly had sewed up his shirt that morning.

But Tom had carefully re-sewed it, so he thought he was safe. But alack and alas, he used black thread instead of white.

Once more you will laugh with Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn—but you will want to cry as you laugh. For behind the joy of youth is the reality of life—the philosophy you did not see when you were a boy.

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The Great American

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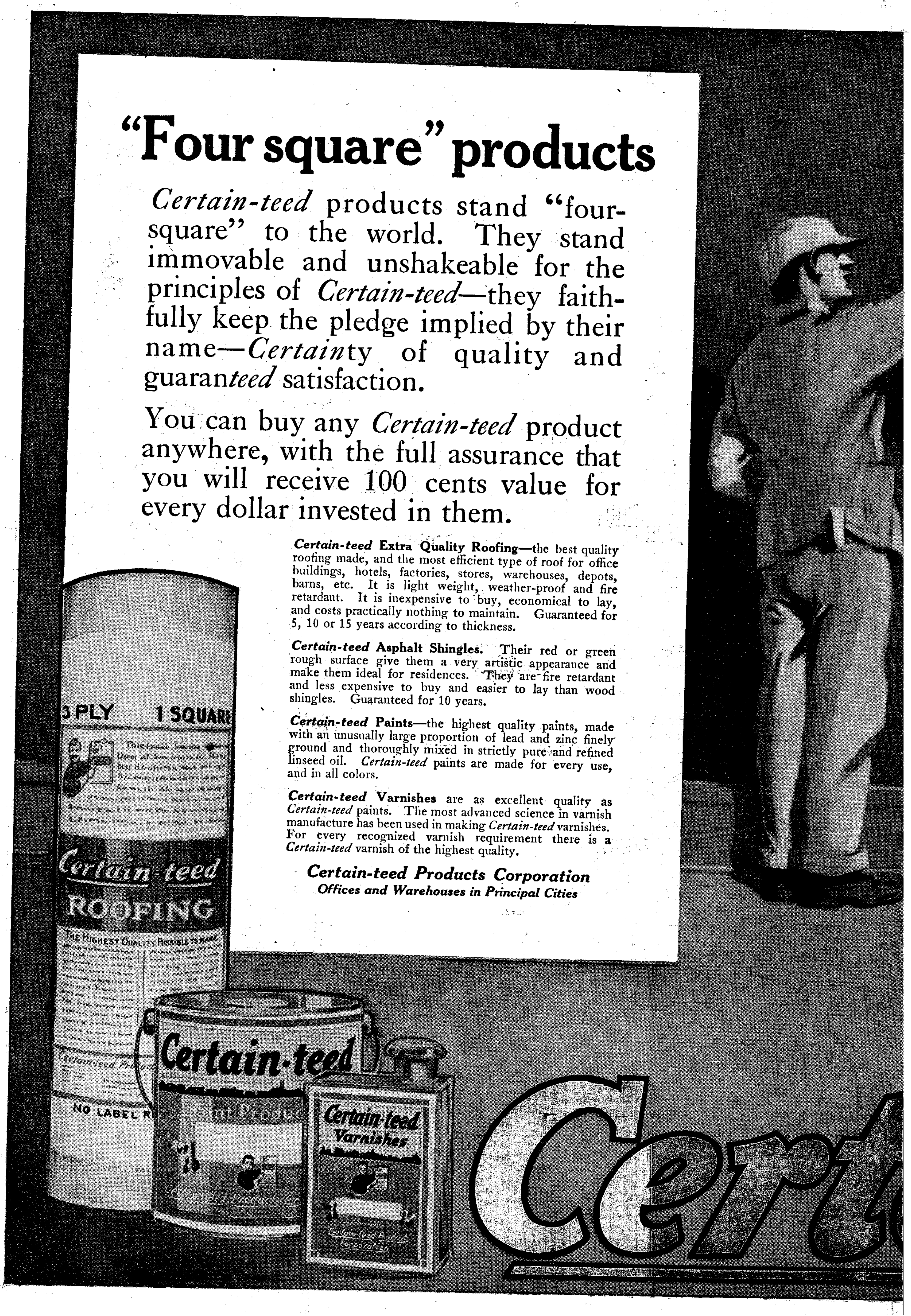
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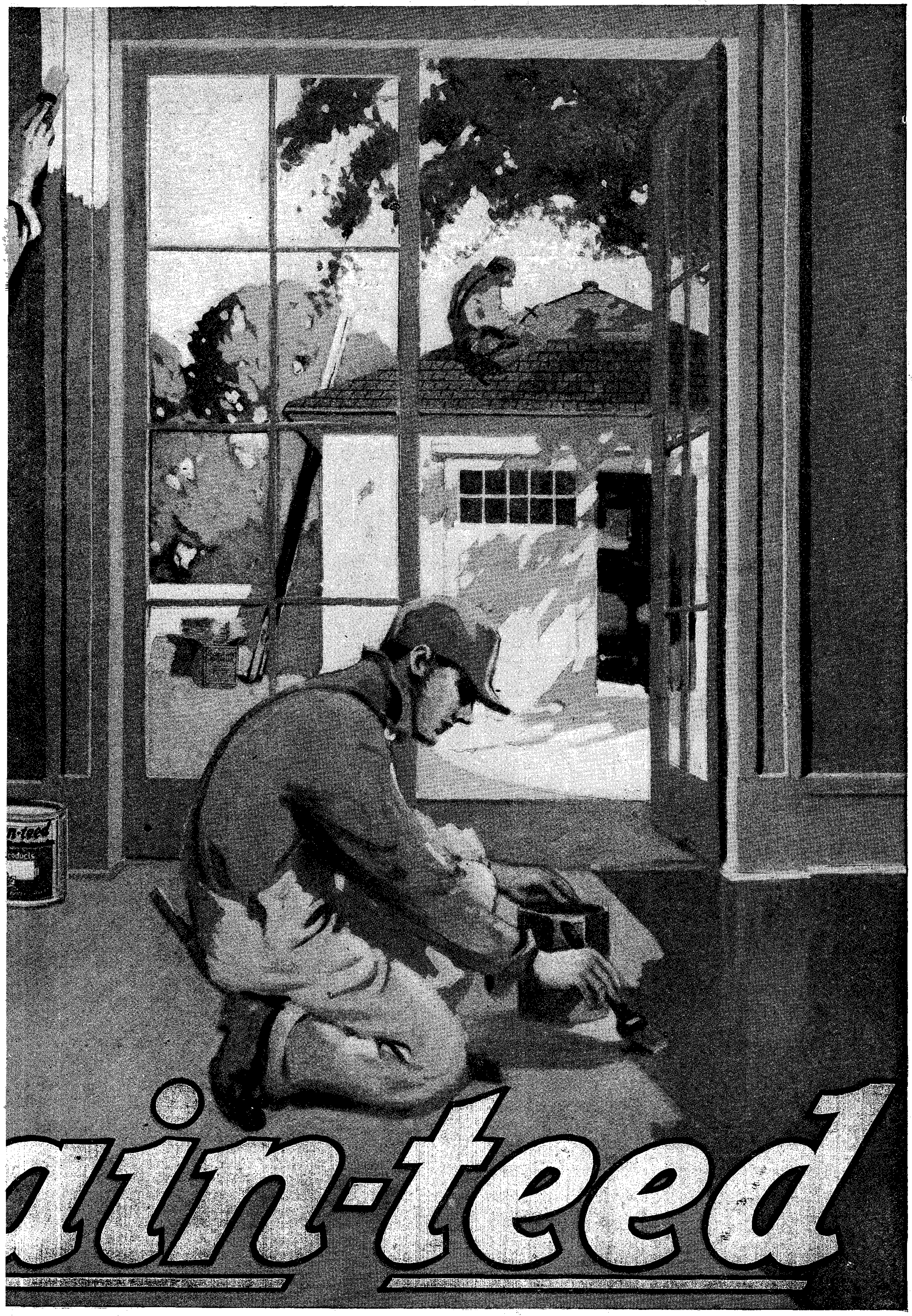
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presenting it, is "unusually even-tempered and unexcitable." His views of Brest may be regarded as typical of those of the ordinary soldier, with the possible exception that he is able to understand and express his feelings better than the average soldier. This letter reads in part:

Brest, January 31.

. . . Know of little new concerning chances of getting home, but haven't yet by any means lost hope of an early arrival. The worst part of the whole matter is the terrible suspense we have naturally undergone while awaiting more definite word as to what our "fate" actually is to be. Even yet there is nothing definite as to what is to be done with us, tho ten thousand rumors, pro and con, permeate the atmosphere daily. Things wouldn't be quite so bad and the suspense so great if it were not for these wild, unfounded rumors constantly floating around. However, I'm glad to say they seem to have slacked up a little the past two days.

The popular (or unpopular) notion now is that the second corps artillery park is to be thrown into the discard and all of us formed into casual companies. Why such a course should be taken is another of the unsolvable mysteries of the Army. Neither do I know anything concerning the status of casual outfits since hostilities have ceased. The only thing I know of is to hope for the best, and I still believe no such bad luck will overtake me as to hold me here more than thirty days longer. I never knew just how much I wanted to get home until I reached Brest.

Have received quite a lot of good mail since leaving Chattancourt, January 18, and it brought a whole lot of good cheer to me in this land more deadly with the germ of nostalgia than even the dead hills of the Verdun country. Believe mail up to January 9 has reached me, tho my mind has been in such a turmoil I hardly know what has happened.

Private N. K. Harris, of the 35th Military Police, has absorbed a lot of "local color" while policing and otherwise disporting himself over large sections of France; also he has supplied much local color, it appears, to the sections of France where he has disported. His letters, devoted largely to the lighter side of life at the front, have attracted much attention in his "home town" of Sullivan, Indiana, where he attended Indiana University, and was deputy prosecuting attorney at the time of his enlistment. Here are some extracts from a recent letter:

Forgot to tell you that while Red Thompson and me was swappin' stories of our experiences in "sunny" France, durin' which, of course, I magnified my own ups and downs and ins and outs, emphasizin' how I'd done a jolt in the jug to impress Red with what a hard-boiled, leather-necked, tough bird I was, Red told me that he recently came near to landin' in the brig.

Was drivin' the truck to the regiment dump to draw our rations. We was bein' handed the usual bunch of rice and prunes and goldfish, and beans and corn willy and tomatoes and hardtack.

We saw some sacks of flour and some boxes of condensed milk and some chocolate and cigars, and decided our outfit could use some of that dope as well as headquarters and supply company, which get all the good stuff from jam to jelly and from hotcakes to candy.

So we slipt a few boxes into the truck and hid it under the rest of the stuff.

But the supply sergeant missed the flour and cigars and called the captain and they caught us. We hollered, "*Kamerad*," and the captain said he would report us to our captain.

We supposed we would get a court martial and do a hitch in the hoosegow.

But when the captain called us up, this is what he said: "Any time you boys can promote some stuff like flour, candy, and cigars and divide up with the train, go to it, if you can get away with it."

Red also told me that he had read what I had to say about cooties, and that I must think I was the bird that discovered the Gray Backs.

"Why, you're a piker when it comes to cooties. I had six different varieties. First, the common or garden variety, that uses the Australian crawl stroke.

"Second, the submarine cootie, that burrows like a mole.

"Third, the kangaroo, or jumping cootie.

"Fourth, the bluejay, or flying cootie.

"Fifth, the old settler, or stationary cootie.

"And sixth, and last, the wildcat or fighting cootie that likes to stage a battle royal with a couple dozen other battlers on your back."

Regarding his experiences in the Argonne, Red said that he started out one morning up above Cheppy to get some souvenirs, but that just as he got up where the helmets, belts, guns, etc., were layin' around, Fritz opened up with some barrack bags.

"Right there I put off souvenir collectin' until the weather moderated."

A big slugfest is about to be staged in here between Red Delemater, the Michigan wildcat, and Kid McLarry, the Kansas Cyclone, and as I've seen 'em in action before, it's goin' to be unhealthy for correspondence schools, checker tournaments, etc.

A division headquarters auto-driver told me this afternoon that the 35th is goin' to make a move in about two weeks, and will either start for home or for the Rhine.

Which is like sayin' that it will be a nice day if it don't rain.

The driver also said that the 60th Artillery Brigade is movin' down from near Verdun to some place near here.

I know what that means. A "beautiful, scenic hike of 50 or 60 k's, sick horses, corn willy, wet blankets, and good fellowship like a Bolshevik picnic."

But if they get anywhere within reach, here's where I get to see the Donkies, Paddy Flynn, N. Hill, Kid Hatten, Swede Flade, Red Gilbreath, *et al.* for the first time since the armistice.

And won't that be a pathetic and heart-rending reunion?

What memories will come floating down the breeze!

What furtive questions will be asked!

For instance:

Does Big John Yaden still specialize on slum?

Have you got your cooties mustered out, Paddy.

When did you go on sick report last, Castor Oil?

Sorry the war's over, Florence?

Been to Bar-le-Duc lately, Red?

How they been runnin', Hite? When are we goin' to get off the Union Depot car at Seventh and Wabash?

How's your rheumatism, Dad Hatten?

And I wouldn't be surprized if they don't want to know how it feels for an Owl (A. W. O. L.), or Jail Bird, to be chasin' prisoners.

And I suppose they'll want to know if the M. P.'s got a citation for the Battle of Paris.

But they can rub it in like harness oil, just so I get to see 'em.

St. Quentin and the Hindenburg line, as they were some two months after the end of the war, are described in a letter from Miss Alexine Mitchell, of Alameda, California. Miss Mitchell, during her two years at the front, has served as a *camion*-driver, and, later, as a nurse in a French hospital. Her trip to the front was taken for the purpose of delivering hospital supplies. She writes from Paris:

We went through Compiègne, Noyon, Chauny, Tergnier, and it was as if by progression of devastation we were finally to go out of the world entirely. Whole orchards cut down, branches in the mud, trunks still resting on the stumps; in the environs of Tergnier, eight hundred bridges blown up (one detail of the work of reconstruction), towns either blown right off the face of the earth, or with gaunt walls standing.

The two civilians exclaimed again and again over towns they had known, searching, often vainly, for some landmark by which to recognize them. Sometimes trenches lined the tracks (which, of course, suspended business until but lately), and the banks on each side would be a series of dugouts, whole villages underground. Munition lying everywhere. I saw my first English grave near Tergnier. Here also at the station were four of the oldest living women you can imagine, and the dirtiest, refugees going back into that desolation, they only know why. One clutched at least eight umbrellas, tied in a bundle; otherwise they seemed to have no possessions but the rags on their backs and heads.

We ran into forests of barbed wire, meaning the approach of St. Quentin and the Hindenburg line, thus fortified for a distance of three *kilomètres*. We pulled into something that had once been a station; the Frenchies handed us out our million packages; two nurses met us; two *poilus* loaded our supplies on to a hand-truck, and we started up the main street of St. Quentin, once a rich city of sixty thousand inhabitants.

I have no words to make you realize the terrifying completeness of destruction in that town! Not one single house but what was literally shelled to pieces. Well, what can you expect? You remember how *Boche*, French, and English artillery swept it again and again. We went through many houses. Finally, the sight of these interiors, many once rich, now heaps of rain-soaked plaster, brick, and broken crockery, made me almost physically ill.

You found no furniture or furnishings of any kind. The *Boches*, during their four years of occupation, sent everything into Germany that they didn't completely destroy. The beautiful cathedral is a complete wreck. The pillars that stand are marked with letters and square holes cut deep into them. These were to receive mines that would blow up every stone of the edifice, but the *Boche* did not have time to place them.

The hospital at which we were to put up was in what remained of the Palais de Justice, a great, formidable government

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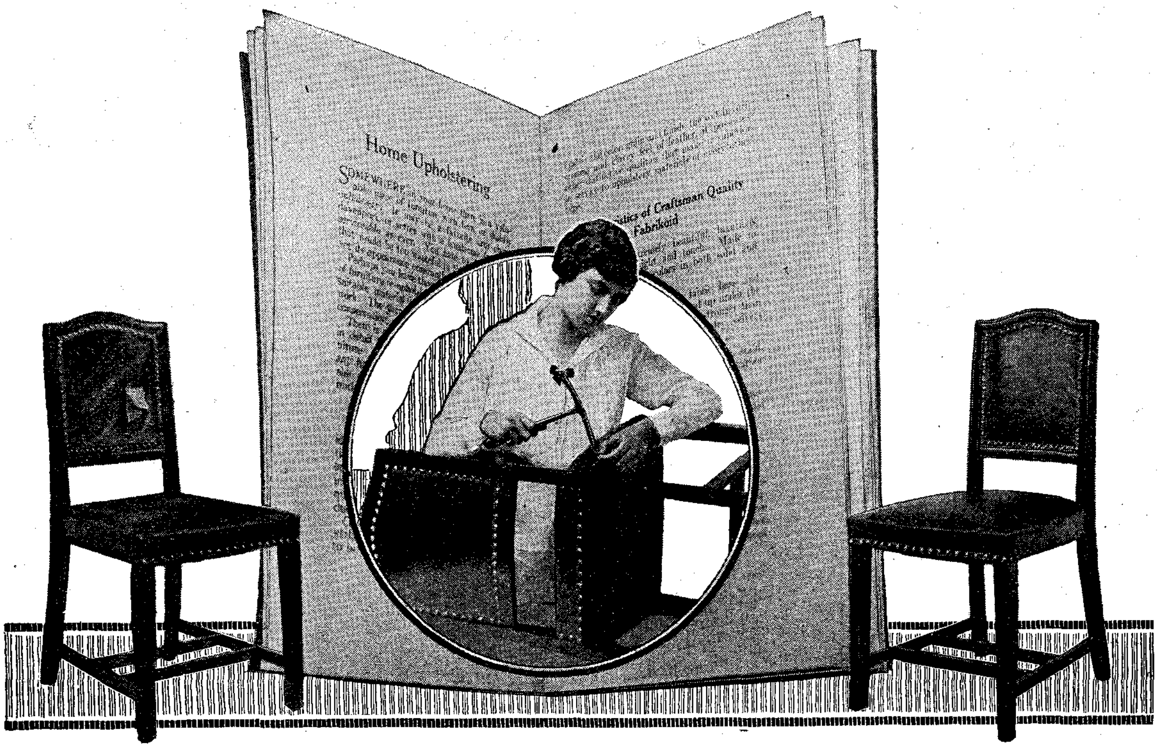

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Un-retouched photograph of Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tire which has delivered 8,000 miles and is still running on a 1½-ton truck owned by James A. Lackey, Baltimore, Md.

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GOODYEAR

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Money-Makers

"I KNOW that Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires have helped me to make more money because they have speeded-up deliveries and reduced the cost of making them."—James A. Lackey, Baltimore, Maryland.

IN the following paragraphs are given reasons why Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires have been adopted by Mr. James A. Lackey, engaged in contract hauling in Baltimore for fourteen years.

Until a year ago he had used solid tires on all his trucks. Then he decided to find out if pneumatics would not reduce materially the time his trucks required to haul capacity loads of fruits and vegetables from railroad stations and steamship wharfs to commission merchants and markets.

Accordingly, he placed Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires on one truck and, after testing it in comparison with solid-tired units for several months, definitely determined that the Goodyears had increased the *earning power* of this truck.

"The Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires enable us to haul more loads in less time and at lower cost per load," is the way he explains the fact that he now is re-equipping his three other trucks with the Goodyear Pneumatics as fast as the solid tires wear out.

"The 1½-ton truck which has been all-pneumatic-shod since March, 1918, is operating under the same general conditions that it formerly encountered when traveling on solids. And yet, it is covering much more ground and delivering more miles to the gallon of gasoline and to the quart of oil.

"On top of these marked improvements in the operating efficiency and economy of this truck, I note that the cushioning effect of the Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires is a tremendous help toward keeping this truck in excellent mechanical condition.

"In fact, since applying these tires we have spent only a very trifling sum for attention to it.

"I want to add that I find the Goodyear Pneumatics extremely durable. They have very tough treads that wear down slowly although compelled to run over bad pavements and areas littered with various sharp objects."

This record, like others of its kind, does not discount the solid tire's ability in service for which it is fitted. But it does emphasize the correctness of the pioneer Goodyear Pneumatic Cord Truck Tires as equipment in hauling work where either traction, cushioning or radius of action are prime factors.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

CORD TIRES

building. There were about fifty *blessés* and a dozen or so civilians. A more desolate installation I never hope to set foot in. Freezing, filthy, leaking, nurses that seemed to do nothing but fight, doctors indifferent, and to cap it all, *Boches* everywhere. Five hundred of them were lodged underground opposite the hospital.

That night Mlle. Tramond said, "Who is it who marches up and down, up and down?" The answer was, "The sentinel watching the *Boches*." They crawled out very early in the cold morning, making a great racket, took orders delivered in hateful German accents, and clattered off in their sabots to work, many of them in the hospital. Indeed, next morning there was a *Boche* making our fire before we were up; and a little later I was giving one orders in no mistakable accents to clean my shoes.

Then Mlle. Tramond, Marion, and I walked through the town, taking the road to Cambrai, which led us to the Hindenburg line! Munition lay about everywhere on both sides of the road, and when we cut across fields to the trenches we had to watch our steps. The ground was a maze of wires, leading to telephones underground, to outposts, or to staff headquarters. How the French and the English ever dislodged the enemy from that line is beyond my feeble understanding. The whole country as far as the eye could see is a network of trenches, dugouts, lookouts, as you could imagine an army of moles living. And the artillery that defended these trenches—well, we were to see that installation later in the day.

We went into everything we dared, fearing a little unexploded mines, and not going too deep because we had no light with us. There wasn't a human soul, save for an occasional *camion* passing on the road, as far as the eye could see, over land so lately swept by three armies. In the gray distance was the shattered town, the sky behind showing white through the gaunt walls of the cathedral. Utter desolation! And we knew it was the same thing for miles and miles on each side of us.

We picked up some empty 75's and some *Boche fusées éclairantes* (star bombs), went home to what they called food; and went as far as Rémancourt in the afternoon in an ambulance going that way for *blessés*. Mlle. Tramond (who was busy following up the troops previous to the armistice, their ambulance being the first behind the lines) knew the country pretty well. They had been installed in the château of Rémancourt for two weeks, during which time they buried one hundred *poilus*.

We went to the little cemetery with its new wooden crosses (she had buried the last only ten days before), searching for the grave of a little sergeant whose family wanted some remembrance from it. We took ivy-leaves from the stone wall at its foot. She stopt before one and said, "How he did suffer! He wanted so to live!" and at the next: "He was brought in dying. There was nothing more to do for him." And before another, "He had nine citations." She says she does not know how many dying soldiers she has held in her arms since the beginning; at one station they received nothing but the dying. She is a General's daughter, and every inch a soldier herself.

We stopt at her erstwhile château to ask the whereabouts of her cat, who had campaigned also; indeed, he lost the half of his tail at the enemy's hands. He was not to be found. It was no weather for cats—we were up to our knees in mud.

We made across the fields for a *Boche* artillery post, occupied by them less than three months ago. It is in a clump of trees, and the ground immediately about it was some of the most stubbornly fought over in the country around about there.

As we approached the post, we came upon square holes hastily dug in the ground capable of holding one, or at most two, men, at intervals of perhaps twenty feet apart. There were several lines of these converging about the clump of trees, which was on slightly elevated ground. Beside, or in the holes, lay all sorts of *Boche* apparel: belts, caps, overcoats, bayonets, helmets, etc. These were the men of the advanced line forced in October to retreat. They dug themselves into every inch of ground they could, always falling back on the artillery-post in the trees. One hole was only half dug, with the shovel still sticking in it as the *Boche* left it, either killed or forced farther back. Beside one lay a French Chasseur Alpin *béret* alongside a *Boche* helmet.

I wish father could have seen the artillery-post! I wished it the whole time I was there. I knew I couldn't appreciate it correctly. First we saw their lookout posts in the two tallest trees. The platforms were shot aslant, and the ladders leading to them to pieces, so they just hung in the trees. The entire hill (you have read of hill number so-and-so many times in the *communiqués*—well, surely this was one of them) was tunneled with the most formidable masonry work. There were three emplacements for large pieces, hidden by camouflage (the pieces no longer there, of course). These were connected underground as well as above by tracks on which to bring up the ammunition. There were dwellings above ground and below, with beds, chairs, and cooking utensils just left.

BLIND PHYSICIAN WHO BROKE A HIGHWAYMAN'S RIBS

"IT has been left to a blind man," remarks the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, "to do what the police of this city confessedly have been unable to do—apprehend a real highwayman in the very act of a hold-up." By way of good measure, the blind man broke two ribs for his assailant, set and bandaged them, gave the young bandit some good advice, and set him free. Dr. William A. Nealon, of Philadelphia, who played both the conquering hero and the good Samaritan in this fracas, may not consciously have set out to prove the capabilities of a blind man, but nevertheless he furnishes strong support for the theories which Sir Arthur Pearson, of England, has brought to public attention recently, and which the number of young men blinded in the war makes an especially live topic just now. To quote the newspaper account:

The physician, who was stricken blind by optic paralysis in the same year that he was graduated as a physician from the University of Pennsylvania, in 1902, had been visiting in West Philadelphia.

He returned to his home in a street-car, and, as was his custom, got off to smoke a cigar and make his way along the Pennsylvania Hospital wall, and thence to his home.

"I had walked down Ninth to Pine Street," the physician said last night, "before I lighted a cigar. I had just struck the match when some one grabbed my hand. I was wearing an expensive ring.

"Maybe I did lose my temper, because about five years ago I was held up and robbed on that exact spot.

"I swung round suddenly and the fellow lost his grip. I raised the heavy stick that I carry and let him have it across the head. He went down with a groan, and then I guess it was the injustice of it all that sort of swept me away.

"I lit into him with both feet, and, as it turned out later, broke two of his ribs. But what could I do? I couldn't see who he was or what he was like or what he was doing. I was afraid to run, for fear he would shoot me or I would batter in my own head by colliding with a tree or a post or with the wall.

"The fellow was yelling for help when I heard some one approaching, and then my closest friend, Edward T. Dillon, arrived on the scene.

"He asked me what was the matter, and I told him. The young man pleaded for mercy and requested not to be taken into the hospital. I hadn't been hurt and I hadn't been robbed, and so I told Mr. Dillon that we would carry him to my office, less than a block away, and I would treat him.

"Maybe I ought to have turned him over to the hospital or the police, but there was something pitiful in his groveling pleading, and then, too, I guess, there was some kind of bitter satisfaction in repairing a cur who would hold up a blind man.

"Anyway, we carried, or almost carried him to my office, and I made an examination. I found that I had fractured two of his ribs—and they were pretty bad fractures, too.

"I bandaged him up and did everything I could to ease his pain, and then I asked him some questions.

"I asked him how old he was, and he said nineteen. I asked him if he had a job, and he said he had not at that time. I asked him if he had parents in this city, and he answered 'Yes.'

"'Well,' I said to him, 'I can't see you, and I won't ask you your name. You're a pretty poor specimen, and I guess you know it. But let me advise you this: You'll be laid up for about three or four weeks. When you get out, try to get a decent, honest job. But if you don't do that—if you get back into this hold-up game—have red blood enough to attack a man who can see you, anyway.'

"There might have been a little compliment to me in the way he said if he ever got into the highwayman game again, he surely would avoid a blind man.

"Anyway, I had done all I could, and I told Mr. Dillon to take him out and head him toward home. I hadn't asked where that home was, and I don't want to know. I feel mighty sorry for his parents, or any other relatives he may have.

"But what happened immediately thereafter I learned from my friend Dillon. The young man hobbled painfully to the door, and then he turned to Mr. Dillon to ask: 'Is that doctor really blind?' Mr. Dillon informed him I was.

"I guess the fellow was pretty hard hit himself by that time, for he reached in his pocket, drew out a $5 bill, handed it to Mr. Dillon to give to me. I don't know where that five dollars came from, but I know where it went. It went to a practical charity."

And then the doughty doctor, who is forty-four years old to-day, who has gone on refusing to be handicapped by the terrific affliction which overcame him just as he glimpsed the future for which he had striven and worked, showed a disposition to talk no more.

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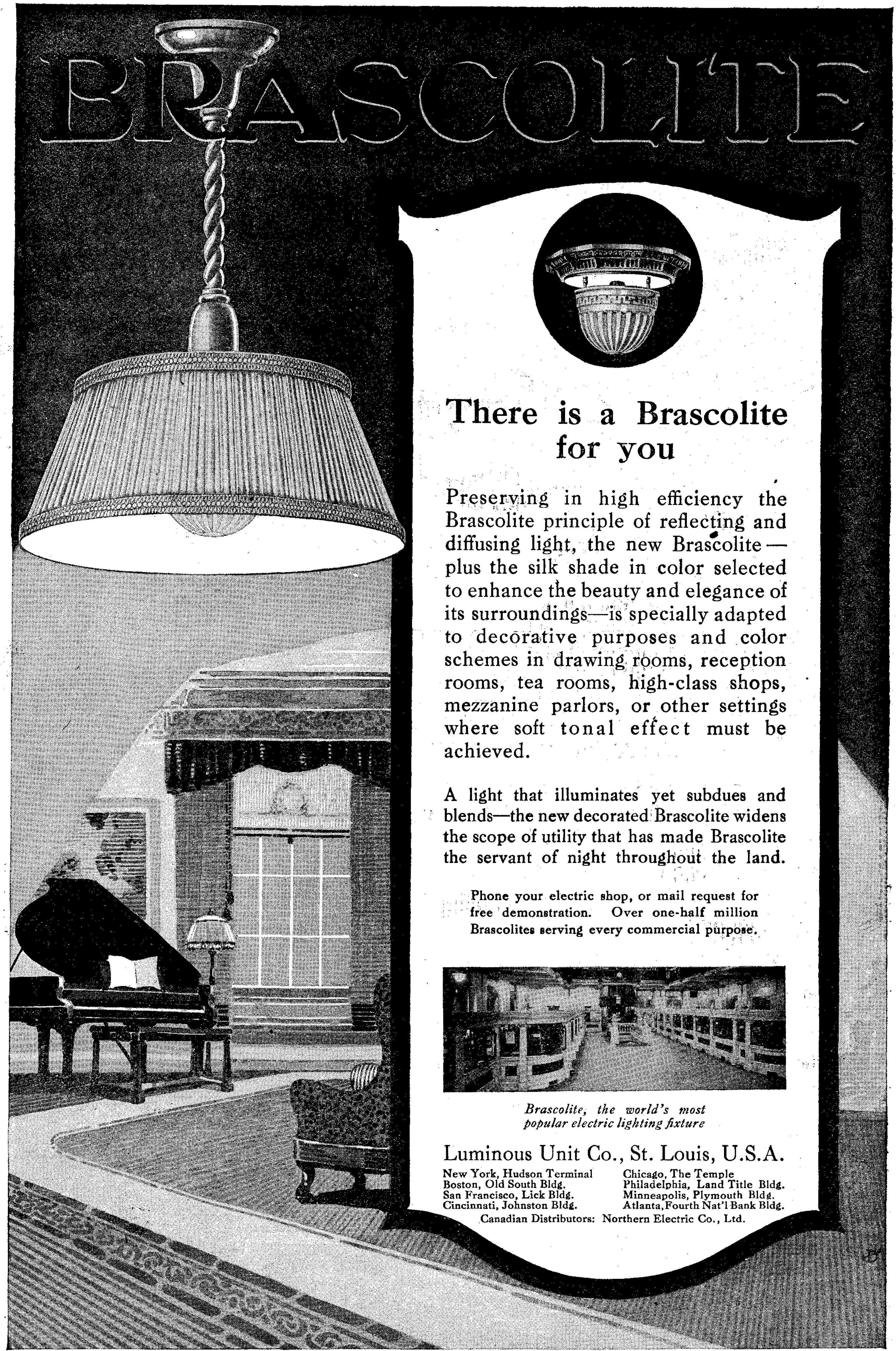

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WHEN SOME LEADING "BOCHE" CITIZENS LEFT ALSACE—BY REQUEST

"GOOD-BY! *Bon voyage!* May we never see you again!" called the Alsatians of Colmar, with the greatest heartiness, and the Alsatian small fry struck up a ditty that might be freely translated:

"Must I go, must I go
From this pretty city?"

By way of good measure, there was an ironical parody on "*Deutschland über Alles*," and cries of "*Ach, die schönen Vogesen!*" in imitation of the favorite expression of the German tourists who visit the Alsatian Vosges Mountains. In the midst of this great cheerfulness, music, and wit, forty of the most prominent and important German citizens of Colmar, Alsace, carrying the small amount of baggage that each was permitted to take away, departed for the Rhine and Germany. It was a great day for Alsace, almost as great as the day when the province celebrated its return to France. However, much has been written about the celebration of Alsace's return, and nothing about the return of the Germans to Germany, says an Alsatian journalist, who sends a lively description of the festivities from Colmar to *Le Matin*, of Paris. As translated, the Alsatian journalist's story runs:

I have no intention of describing to you the beautiful festivities of the past few days in which the happiness of the Alsatians at being French again and their fervent love of France have manifested themselves in such a touching manner. I wish to tell you of another celebration to which no reporters, no photographers, and no moving-picture men were invited. And this was an especially fine and grand festival for my compatriots, for they were able at last to shout into the very faces of the *Boche* all their hatred, all their scorn, and all their anger. This festival was occasioned by the departure of forty *Boche* families expelled from Colmar. These forty German families—some of the best—had been invited to appear on Sunday at eleven in the morning in front of the statue of Bartholdi. No invitations had been issued, and no posters had announced this public celebration of joy, but in spite of that, at ten o'clock in the morning all the neighboring streets were completely filled with a joyful and noisy crowd.

The first of the *Boches* arrive. As they are obliged to pass between a double line of Alsatians, their coming is announced from afar by loud hooting. The police are compelled to clear a way for them and their baggage. And such baggage! Every *Boche* had the right to carry away 50 kilos, but, as a good Alsatian at my side explained to me, this was 49 kilos and 500 grams more than they had brought with them in their handkerchiefs when they came to live among us. Here is a large family carrying an enormous trunk. They are greeted with extra loud jeers. A high-school teacher, to complete his 50 kilos, could find nothing better to carry off than a pair of skis. His bag, stuffed full, his green felt hat, his silhouette crossed by these two enormous skis provoked an immense amount of fun. He is escorted by amateur photographers and his former pupils run up to tell him that the Rhine is not yet frozen over.

Then come the family of the Mayor of Carrière, the man who for four years terrorized, exploited, and robbed my fellow citizens. As his wife passes, endless hissing breaks out, along with cries of hate and many curses. Here is the imperial prosecutor himself followed by some well-known informers, and as they pass their victims rush out from the crowd, shaking their fists, and, if it were not for the police, their inquisitors would pass a bad quarter of an hour. Popular hatred bursts forth upon their appearance with a violence which is tragic and implacable.

Now they are all together upon the square. There is my old school-teacher who used to box my ears so often and so hard, and whose drunken face has so often served me as a model. Look at those two daughters of a *Boche* lawyer. During the war they used to follow the Alsatian women in the streets so that they could report them if they spoke French. They are all there, our former lords and mistresses, and all have done their best to spy upon the Alsatians and make martyrs of them. Even now they would have hesitated at no meanness so much did they wish to stay in this country which has become all the more dear to them since it is being supplied with food by France. For the *Boches* of Alsace have drawn no profit from the lessons in pride and in dignity which we have been giving them for the past forty-seven years. The police examine their baggage—oh, so gently! All the "kids" of the town are sitting on the wall and having a royal good time. Above me in a tree there clings a whole bunch of little boys. There is a leader of the group who starts up a fitting song for each *Boche*. They run through the whole repertory, boasts, couplets, and sharp sayings that have been current in Alsace in the last four years. Their "hit" is the well-known German song,

"*Muss i' denn, muss i' denn,
Muss i' denn scheiden?*"

which can be translated,

"Must I go, must I go,
From this pretty city?"

and then the crowd takes up the refrain. Then there are cries of "They are returning to the virgin forest," or "They are going to browse upon the heaths of Brandenburg," or "They are going to lick the jam-jars of Berlin." From time to time the drollest of the group repeated ironically, imitating their accent, the favorite expression of the German tourists: "*Ach! die schönen Vogesen!*" (Oh! the beautiful Vosges!). Then, with perfect harmony, they would sing in chorus a mirthful parody of "*Deutschland über Alles*" or the well-known "Hymn of the Marmalade," with indescribable wit. But the motor-trucks came up and the embarkation began. In climbing into the trucks the ladies showed their ankles and I will spare you all the appreciative remarks which they called forth.

When every last *Boche* had disappeared with his baggage under the green canvas, a good policeman sat down on the running-board, and the truck started off. And then there was a scene never to be forgotten. Over the heads of the crowd thousands of hands waved handkerchiefs and hand-bags bearing the tricolor of France, they shouted at the top of their lungs, "Good-by! *Bon voyage!* May we never see you again!" and suddenly from this throng there went up the "Marseillaise" sung as it is being sung only in Alsace at this time. It started, no one knew where, it roared like a cyclone, and it broke about the trucks like an angry wave. The boys above me were now clinging to their tree only with one foot or one hand; they stretched out as far as they could to shout the song of revenge in the face of the *Boches*. The same scene was repeated at the departure of each truck. Finally the last truck arrived, it began to move away, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the children slid down from their trees and their wall. They took after the truck, and the whole crowd followed, running with all its might in order to shout its hatred and its disgust in the face of the *Boches* just a little longer. The trucks had taken the road to the Rhine. In an hour *Boches* and baggage would be deposited in the middle of the bridge. I'll bet that among the *Boches* that I saw leave Colmar there isn't one who will ever say another word about a plebiscite.

MICHIGAN'S "GREAT BOOZE RUSH" AND ITS SUPPRESSION BY STATE AND FEDERAL ACTION

WHILE the country in general was preparing for a decorous celebration of the birthday of the Father of his Country, Detroit, Monroe, and other Michigan cities, not too far from the Ohio border, were feverishly making ready for a wilder jubilation through what has passed into history as "the Great Booze Rush." For several days of license, thousands of men and women packed interurban and railway-cars, express-wagons, motor-cars, and everything on wheels, for the purpose of carrying liquor in suitcases and valises from soon-to-be-dry Ohio into supposedly dry Michigan. The sixty-odd miles of road between Detroit and Toledo—the Dixie Highway, nicknamed "Avenue de Booze"—were jammed with thousands of automobiles laden with liquor, many with none too sober drivers, until the State and Federal courts came to the rescue of the legally helpless authorities.

Michigan believed itself to be constitutionally dry under the Damon Law. Under the search-and-seizure provision of this enactment, the authorities last August had entered the summer home of August Marxhausen on Calf Island, and had confiscated six thousand bottles of beer found on the premises. The owner of the beer appealed to the supreme court of the State, which sustained his contention that the Damon Law was unconstitutional and void. The State, therefore, found itself under the so-called Wiley Act, which, while prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquor, contains no provisions against the importation of liquor into the State, nor against its possession as the personal property of an individual. Ohio, across the southern border, recently voted for prohibition; but the new law does not become effective for three months, and liquor is still to be bought there. Hence the rush from Detroit to Toledo and back.

The tidal flow of liquor began as soon as the court's decision was announced and was at its height from February 19 to 23. The Detroit papers were filled with lively descriptions of this temporary feature of interstate commerce. A bold head-line in the Detroit *Journal* of February 19 reads—

> DECISION STARTS FLOOD OF BOOZE TOWARD DETROIT
>
> AUTOS, TROLLEYS, AND TRUCKS PILED HIGH WITH LIQUOR ROLL BRAZENLY ON; 200,000 QUARTS COME IN.

Powerless under the law, or at least doubtful of their powers, the State authorities at first did little or nothing. Said *The Journal:*

> The only interference with smuggling on interurban cars was made by conductors when passengers, too eager in their celebration, became boisterous and were ejected from the cars.
>
> There was absolutely no doubt as to the contents of the various machines which flocked along the Dixie Highway. "Loaded to the gills," they were piled high with case on case of liquor.
>
> Touring cars made no attempt to conceal the "burdens" in the tonneaus.
>
> Cases were piled high and a robe simply thrown over the load, giving it the appearance of a hidden glacier with many grotesque angles as it ambled along the highway toward Detroit and — parched throats.
>
> One incident illustrating the contempt in which the rum-runners now hold the State police stands out.
>
> State food and drug inspectors who have been working in this vicinity are also here, but have made no attempts to make any arrests.
>
> One lone automobile - driver, whose nose was red, not from the cold, and whose car sagged heavily on its rear axles, stopt in the heart of Monroe at seven o'clock Tuesday night. He opened the front door of the low racer and stept out to the street. Before him stood two members of the Michigan State constabulary, and, seeing them, the lone driver smiled a smile that covered every wrinkle in his face.
>
> Then he waved from sheer excess of joy, laughed until his fat form shook as tho with the ague, mounted to the steering-wheel again, and drove jauntily away.
>
> It needed no search—now prohibited by the ruling of the Supreme Court making the search and seizure act invalid—to tell the observing watcher that the greater part of the contents of that car was booze.
>
> As the lone driver wended his way down the highway of rum, now untroubled by the curious State troopers, an ever-increasing stream of automobiles began to follow the pioneer's lead. At 1 A.M. the main street of Monroe resembled a beehive in honey season.

Prices of liquor doubled in Toledo; yet, we are told, there was fear in the breasts of certain residents of that city that the stock would be so depleted as to be insufficient for the three remaining months of Ohio's wetness. The rush continued. Says a dispatch from Monroe, near the Ohio border, to the Detroit *Free Press* of February 20.

> As far as the eye could reach, headlight was beating upon headlight at one o'clock this morning as the unbroken train of liquor-loaded automobiles began to push on to Detroit, following a tie-up of traffic for hours when five cars shoved off into the ditch about a quarter of a mile apart along the Dixie Highway, a few miles south of Monroe.
>
> To accentuate the dilemma and give a dash of bitters, cafétorially speaking, to the party, a huge freight-truck rushed to the rescue, straddled the road, and stuck there amid a pandemonium of sirens and anathema.
>
> At one o'clock the clamorous caravan picked up its lost trail. The night was a kaleidoscope of fifty-mile-an-hour hurrying machines, with drivers shouting for a clear road. The truck waddled back into Monroe.

The impudent attitude of the whisky-runners toward the temporarily helpless police continued to be a special aggravation, as the same paper relates:

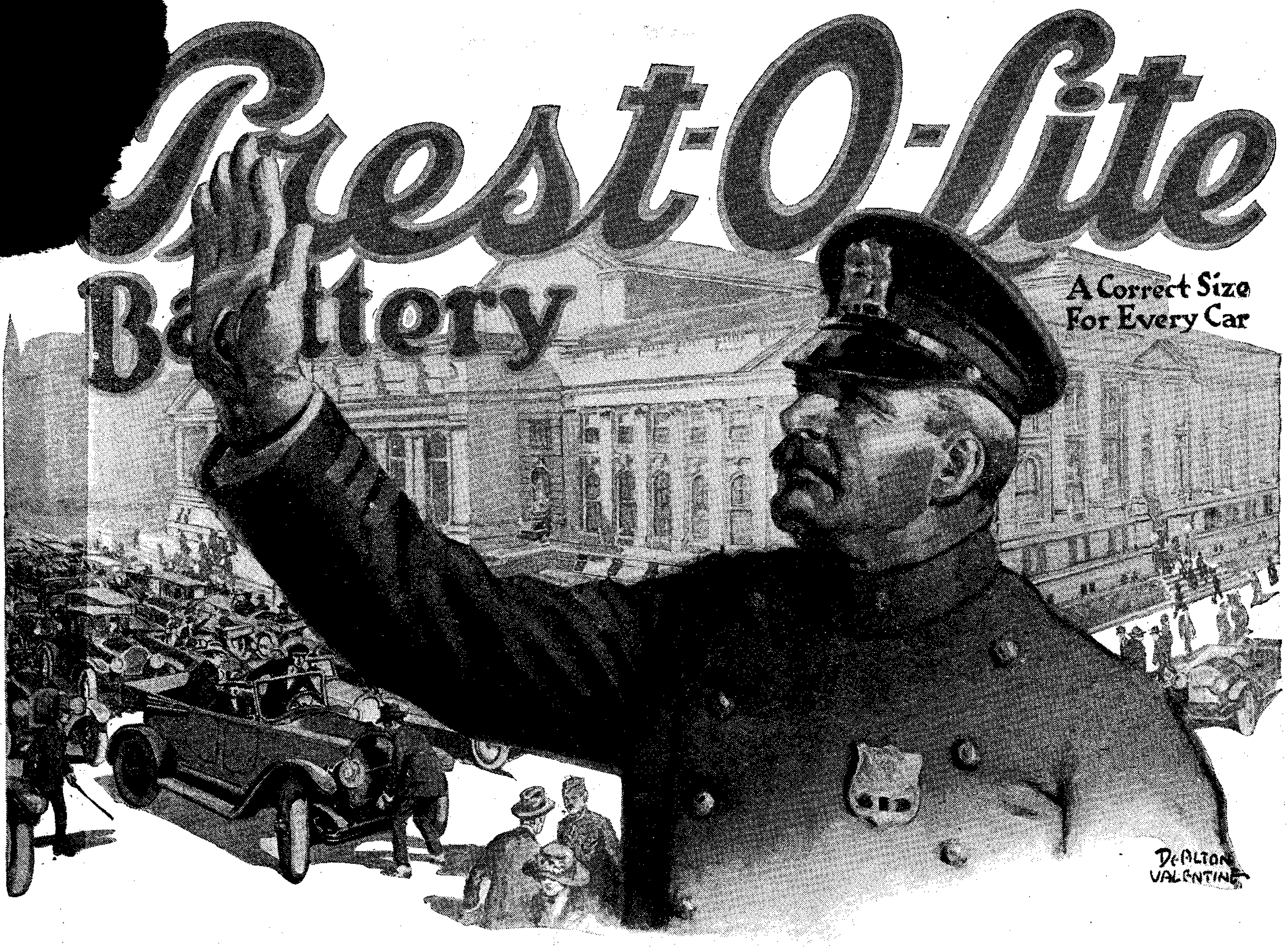
> One cheerful soul remarked to the world at large: "Anything you hear from Lansing is gospel. I've got $427.50 in my kick in Detroit, and to-morrow I'll take it to Toledo and I'll make myself rich, and not a cop can say a word to me, either."
>
> The apparent flooding of the Detroit whisky market seems not to worry the runners one jot or tittle.
>
> "W'at," they chorus, "they'll drink it up fast enough, never fear, and when they do, just watch the price that the wise guy who hangs on to what he brings in now will get when the graft gets tough again."
>
> It is apparent in the casual conversation of the professional runners, in the merriment of the casuals, who simply bring in a few quarts because that seems the thing to do, and in the grim "wait" of the State police, that all realize the situation is too good to last, and that when once the bars drop again, the days of the past will seem like paradise to the few hardy ones who will dare to brave the dangers of the next cordon.
>
> Captain Childs, commanding the State police, who have been guarding the Monroe gateway of the great Michigan desert, said that he could do nothing but sit on his hands and wait.
>
> State police officers afforded much amusement to the several hundred Monroe spectators watching the passage of liquor-cars through the town Wednesday night. The appearance of the olive-green uniform was the signal for shouts of "Booze" and "Where do you go from here?" and other more or less facetious cracks.
>
> More than two hundred men, women, and children gathered at the main corners, and, as each heavily laden car rounded the turn that most of them made to avoid passing in direct view of State police headquarters, cheered and sent shouts of laughter after each swaying liquor-van.
>
> Trucks loaded with cases of liquor, bolder than most of the rum-runners, drew up to the curbing on the brightly lighted main street, while the drivers stopt off to get food. One driver stept inside a drug-store, bought some cigars, and, grinning, said to the proprietor who waited on him: "See that car. I've got over one hundred gallons of good brandy in there." And, lighting his cigar, turned and walked out.

Many who had no motor-cars, adopted simpler means of transportation. The Detroit *News* says editorially that the city has placed on its calendar "The Day of Suitcases"; for,

> Never was there seen such an array of suitcases, assembled publicly at one time and on a common mission; they swarm to the highways, and so well advertised is their mission that the very possession in the public street of a suitcase, or any kind of hand-baggage, is, *ipso facto*, guilty evidence. Obviously, at this time, any busy suitcase is either going or coming.
>
> Thus, in the twinkling of an eye, has the suitcase forsaken a respectable career of duty-doing service and become the companion of lawlessness and the liquor traffic.
>
> Truly, it can be said, every suitcase has its day: black suitcases, brown suitcases, yellow grips and grips of no recognizable color at all; old, wicked-looking grips, with a shady past written all over them, young, fresh-faced, innocent grips, of whom it can obviously be said never a drop of liquor before had passed their clasps; decrepit portmanteaus entitled to be on the pension-list; frisky bags with bright, black letters on them; fat bags; little, immature baglets; long bags, short bags, bags tied with straps, and bags tied with string; bags with slits in them, bags that gaped at the ends; cardboard suitcases, whose paper seams will be sorely tried; genteel, polished suitcases who should know better; shabby, disreputable suitcases, who are past all moral influences.
>
> Every one of them, the old *roués* and the youthful innocents, bound on a wild orgy, from which not one of them but hopes and expects to come back "full."
>
> Never again will Detroit be able to glance at a passing grip without a second thought; in the space of hours the suitcase has leapt to permanent fame—or is it notoriety?—and what was the proud badge of the traveler has become the furtive symbol of an unquenchable thirst.

Obviously the flagrant defiance of the will of the people of the State, and of all decency and order, could not last. On the application of the attorney-general, based on the Wiley Law, Judge Root, of the Circuit Court in Monroe, granted an injunction prohibiting the importation of intoxicating liquor into Michigan through any channels, and the State constabulary were posted at the Ohio border to arrest any persons who they could prove were about to bring in liquor. At the same time the Federal authorities prepared to take action under the Reed Law, by which those who try to bring liquor into a State that has declared for prohibition lay themselves open to prosecution in the United States courts. More that 350 officers were soon patrolling the roads in the vicinity of Monroe, and the Ohio inspectors, on the other side of the line, cooperated. John Doe warrants, issued by the State of Ohio, empowered Michigan officials to stop and search any person suspected of carrying intoxicants and to confiscate the contraband. Over 2,000 quarts of whisky were speedily taken from cars running openly on "Rummer's Runway," together with about fifty prisoners. The Federal officials in Ohio made thirty arrests and seized four barrels, 309 cases, 150 bottles, and many other receptacles full of whisky, in prevention of illegal export to Michigan.

Meanwhile, it was estimated, 15,800 people traveled in one day over the steam- and trolley-lines between Toledo and Detroit, many of them carrying whisky. The disorder on the Dixie Highway continued for a while. Several cars were ditched in the rush, and there were stories



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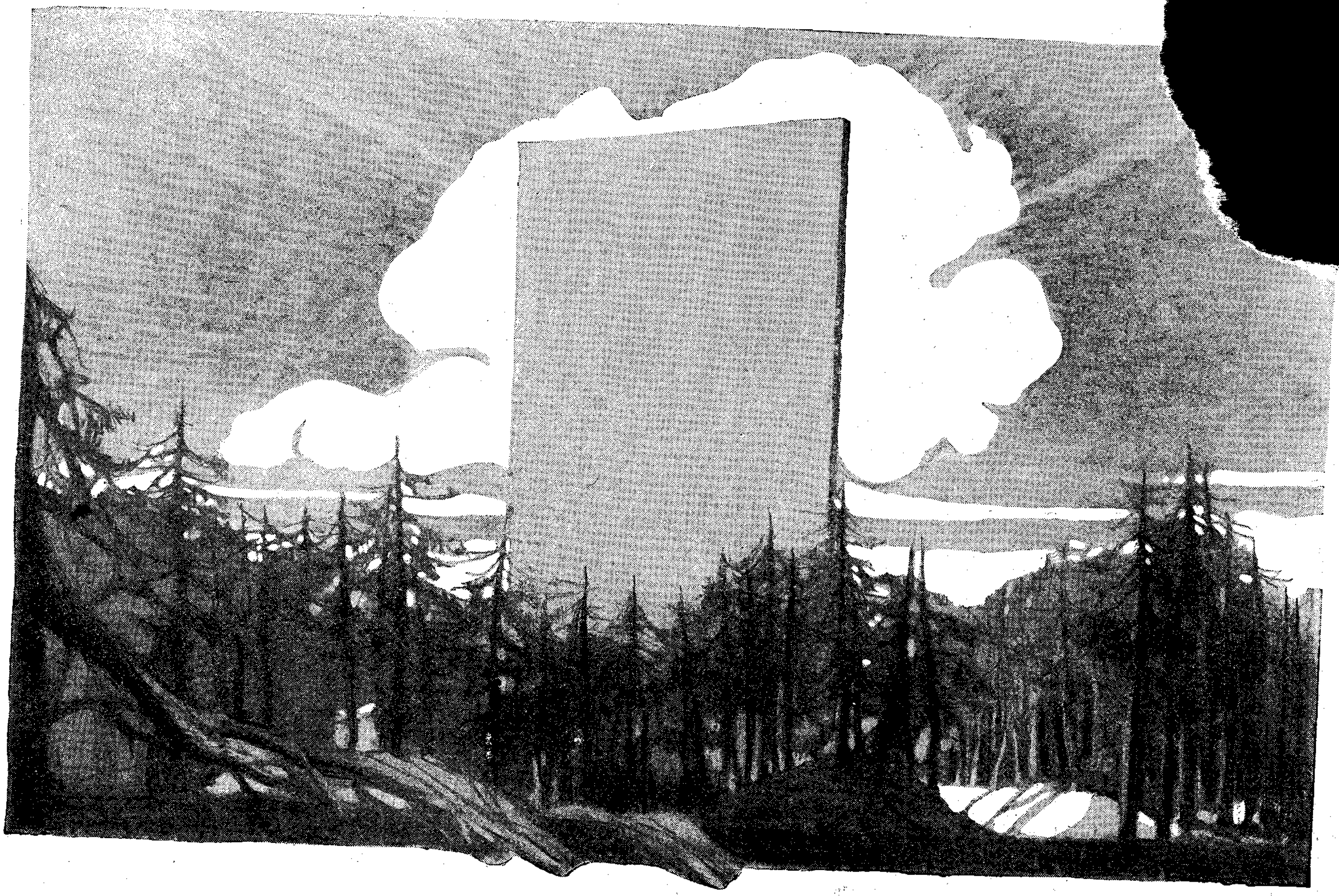

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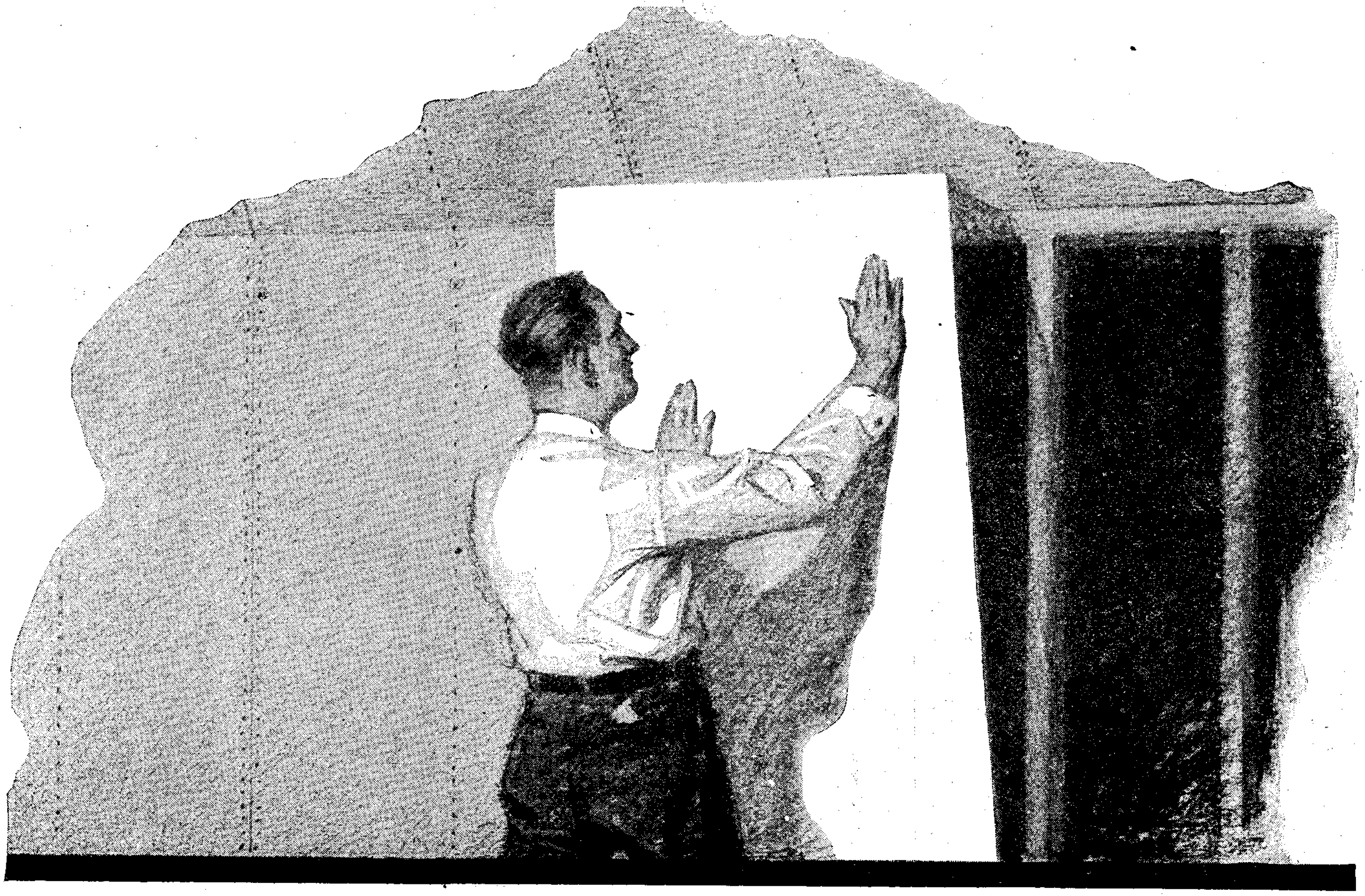

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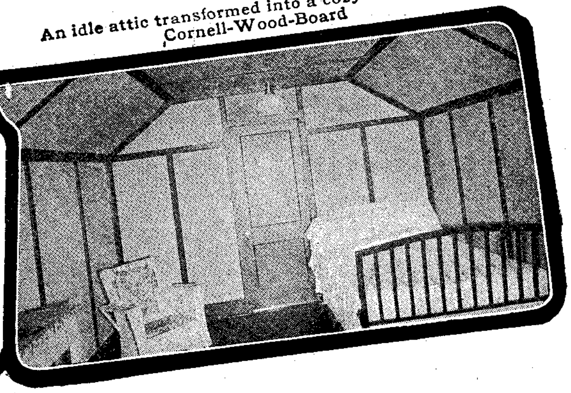


of armored cars manned by gunmen for the transportation of liquor in defiance of authority. There were also more amusing evasions. A telegram from Monroe reports that—

> One Ford containing a man and woman was stopt and searched. No whisky was found. Still there was the odor.
>
> The woman was carrying a baby, just the tip of its nose showing.
>
> "Let me see the baby," a sergeant asked.
>
> "He's very sick," she answered.
>
> Followed an argument, but the sergeant insisted.
>
> The "baby" proved to be a large doll-head and a rubber bottle filled with whisky.

However, the papers on February 22 reported that travel on the desecrated highway was assuming a normal aspect. The orgy was subsiding, and its obituaries began to appear in editorial columns. Thus the Adrian (Mich.) *Telegram* of February 23 says:

> Michigan's wet spell didn't last long, and the forecast now is drier than ever. The overflow of liquor from Toledo came to a sudden halt when State and Federal authorities simultaneously got busy, and they got busy in an effective manner.
>
> The Federal authorities promise to administer a strong dose of punishment to every man they can "get" under the Reed Law, and lawbreakers never relish the idea of facing a Federal court. Federal juries have an unpleasant habit of convicting and Federal judges are not mealy-mouthed when it comes to imposing sentences.
>
> At the same time Attorney-General Groesbeck has found a way to do business without waiting for the legislature to put teeth into the old State law. He has given the Wiley Law a temporary set of teeth by invoking the injunction. Anybody violating the injunction becomes guilty of contempt of court, and the judge can clap him into jail *instanter*, without bail, trial, or other frills.
>
> The authorities, State and Federal, are to be commended for their prompt action; for it was probably as prompt as could be expected. The Federal authorities probably had to get an O. K. from Washington, and the State authorities had to have a little time to think out their plan. It is unfortunate, however, that the knockout of the Damon Law could not have been anticipated, so the authorities could have been ready to jam the lid down again the instant it was tilted. Thus we should have been saved a disgraceful orgy of lawlessness.
>
> But at worst it was only the last wiggle of the dying snake's tail. If any wet sentiment was reviving in the State, as the liquor forces assert, it is much more than offset by the wave of disgust that spread all over Michigan this week. This last carnival of booze-running drove the last nail in John Barleycorn's coffin, and it can not be pried open by any "light wine and beer" device.
>
> The Democratic convention yesterday made this last fact plain when it voted ten to one against the wine and beer proposal. The Republican convention already had commended the ratification of the Federal dry amendment, so there can be no doubt where the voters of Michigan stand. The best thing the liquor power can do is to die as calmly and peacefully as possible. The more it struggles, the more painful the process will be.

The situation was thus summed up by Gov. Albert E. Sleeper, of Michigan, when interviewed by a reporter for the New York *Globe* while the Governor was in New York for the purpose of attending a dinner of the Michigan Society:

> Recently the Federal courts had to step in in Michigan to put a stop to importation by thousands of individuals of liquor across the border from Ohio, when the Michigan Supreme Court handed down a ruling which prevented State officers from making arrests. But the action of the State court did not indicate any weakening on the part of Michigan in her *faith in prohibition.*
>
> The ruling of the State Supreme Court was merely on a technicality in law. We have a law providing no person shall be searched and seized without a warrant for arrest. The court, therefore, was called on by liquor interests to order the release of some fifty persons arrested for running liquor across the border. It could do nothing but comply. However, the Federal courts then stept in to stop the new wave of border runners. And the State legislature now in session will enact a law in the next few days guarding against that break in our defenses.

WITH THE KHAKI BOYS AND KHAKI GIRLS ALONG THE RIVIERA

THE Riviera, "that little Eden on the shores of the Mediterranean," which has been one of the world's most famous playgrounds for centuries, has become a "leave-area" not only for the khaki boys of the American Expeditionary Forces, says a writer in Mr. Ford's weekly, *The Dearborn Independent*, but for khaki girls too. "You may see them sitting around in bunches, and paired off in couples, khaki couples, under the palm-trees and in the rose-gardens," writes this observer. American khaki, it seems, is much in evidence all the way from Nice to Monte Carlo—"Monte Carlo, the fairy spot of earth, with its horned serpents of the Casino, with its two lofty towers rising above the palm-trees and hyacinth-beds of the formal gardens." The account contains much of the human nature, wit, and humor of these excursionists, together with a description of their touring habits:

> As a rule they make their headquarters at Nice, and the big, lovely, and first-of-all excursion is to take the tram, otherwise street-car, as they soon learn to call it; as quickly, too, as they pick up French words. And they ride for an hour and a half along this mountain shelf of a roadway, which swings in and out of the indented coast-line with the opaline and amethyst-tinted mountains rising a thousand feet sheer from the water's edge, the turquoise blue of the Mediterranean stretching away to Africa to the south. They are simply wild with delight at the beauty of the prospect. They are like children on a holiday.
>
> Monaco, for four long years, has been like a little oasis of peace in a war-torn world. Technically it is a neutral country of an area of about a mile and a half in width and four miles in length. In reality it is an ally. It is an ally in the sense of giving the soldiers on leave a chance to see the most beautiful spot in the world. It is that, and through all this destruction of war it has remained as beautiful as an untarnished picture. "There is nothing like it," say the boys. They are right, and for them the fangs of the horned serpent of the Casino have been rendered as innocuous as a sterilized teaspoon, so they are only rested and delighted by the most beautiful combination of natural and artificial beauty in all the world. There is fascination in teasing the savage beast, but the serpent fangs of Monte Carlo are hardly allowed to show themselves to the dough-boys and dough-girls from across the seas.
>
> Not since the war started have I been so interested and amused as the other afternoon spent in the great entrance hall of the Casino of Monte Carlo, or, to give it its official name, "Le Cercle des Étrangers," under its great dome of colored glass supported by onyx and marble columns. "It's almost as fine as an American hotel," I heard one of our boys say to another. I sat on one of the gilded, velvet-upholstered lounges watching the American boys come and go through its gilded halls.
>
> The khaki girls and boys walk through these alluring doors, where the whole world and its wife have passed at one time or another; they may go to its wonderful theater and listen to the best plays and music in Europe, but at the inner group of three big mahogany double doors on the left, leading to the famous, and infamous, Salles de Jeu, vulgarly known as the gambling-halls, where stand the roulette wheels and the *trente et quarante* tables, stand the dragons in the shape of gold-buttoned and laced attendants, and past them no soldier boy can file.
>
> On two columns before these doors are posted this sign—both in French and English. Signs used to be in French, English, and German, but it will be a long time before the Teuton tongue will again be popular here as it was before the war:
>
> "Visitors are requested to note that admission to the gambling-rooms is granted only to those who do not belong to either the Army or the Navy."
>
> Before the war even, no Monegasque, or resident of the principality, was allowed to enter, save on one day in the year. Monte Carlo is well organized, and controlled. But Monte Carlo, being all things to all men, tempers the wind to the lamb, which it is not permitted to shear. Even in the old antewar days the big mahogany doors swung open only long enough to allow the holder of a ticket *d'entrée* to pass through, when they swung silently closed again. Now one side has been fastened back, so that while standing in the entrance hall one may catch a glimpse of the gilded vice going on within. And as the Army and Navy visitors pass through they are allowed to peer in on the "great fascination."
>
> As I sat there that afternoon on the velvet lounge, having a most amusing time watching the American dough-boys, and dough-girls too, take a peep within these magic doors, it gave me food for thought. Don't be alarmed, good people at home. I can assure you it is but a very restricted peep that they get, and still another glass door beyond effectually bars them from the gilded *salles* of the green tables.
>
> But to see the boys peering and peeping and standing on tiptoe and rubbing

Empire Red Tubes Last as Long as the Average Car Itself

Sometimes there is such a thing as "the best"

Many men set "the best" as their goal. They seek out worthy materials for their work. They gather skilled craftsmen and hold before them high ideals. By sincerity and painstaking they climb near—often very near—to "the best."

He who attains the final "best," however, is he who, having all that the others have—integrity, skill, courage—has over and above these, a hidden advantage all his own. A formula, a method, a device, a knack maybe, which fate has given him and denied to the rest.

So the old master of painting had a secret of mixing his colors that has made his canvases endure through centuries, while those of his contemporaries are faded and forgotten.

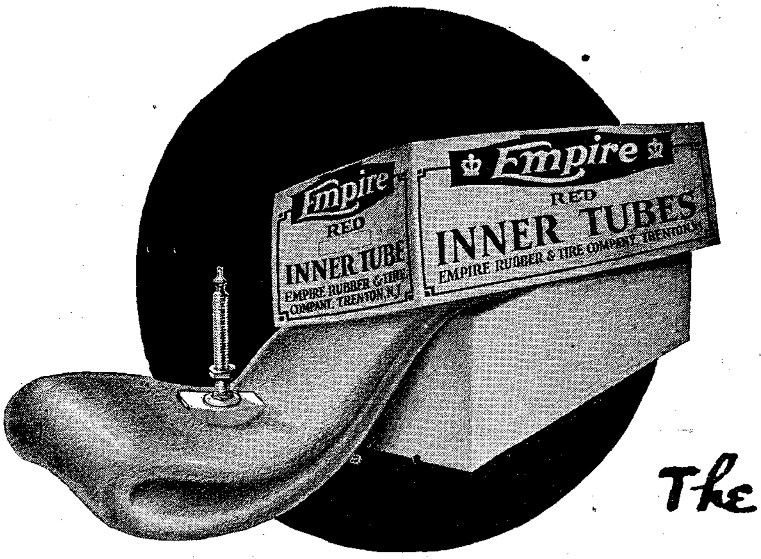
So, too, Modern Industry has its examples.

Many manufacturers have earnestly tried to make the best inner tubes. All have had access to the same rubber markets, the same equipment, the same workmanship. And good tubes are being made in many factories.

But one maker has had the good fortune to possess that knack, which the seeker after "the best" must have if he is to attain his ideal.

Rubber is in itself a short lived material. For years it has baffled the skill of scientists. The problem of the tube maker has always been to lend to the completed product longer life than the crude material possesses. It is just this which was accomplished by the process which was put in use at the Empire factories in Trenton, N. J., twelve years ago. For twelve years the now famous Empire Red Tubes have been made by this exclusive process.

Today, therefore, the service of an inner tube is no longer measured in terms of mileage, but in terms of years, for the Empire process has produced tubes which resist not merely friction and strain but the deterioration of time itself—tubes which last as long as the average car itself.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30x3½	4.45
32x3½	4.75
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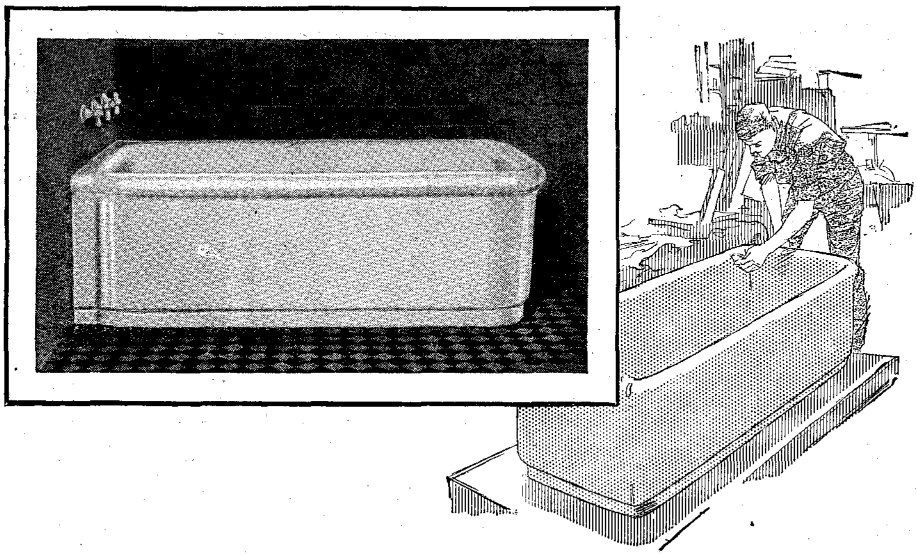
Empire Red Tubes



WHEN Omar sang of "The potter thumping his wet clay," this ancient craft was being applied either to ornate works of art or crude vessels for domestic use. But advancing civilization demanded more than this from Pottery. More healthful homes and more sanitary conditions in every building where people gathered became real needs. And pottery plumbing fixtures have met these needs in every way.

Porcelain and Vitreous China Ware have certain qualities which are found in no other material, natural or artificial. And these very qualities, in perfect form and balance, are what make Monument All-Clay Bathroom Appointments so eminently desirable in homes where the value of modern bathrooms is understood and appreciated.

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Your architect and your plumber know what all-clay fixtures are. Insist on having *Monument-Quality* all-clay fixtures, and you'll have a bathroom that will remain as good as new for generations. Remember the name, Monument.

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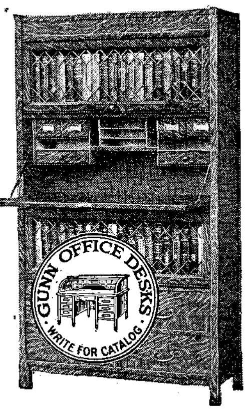

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shoulders reminds me exactly of the old days of the circus when little tousled-headed youths used to peep surreptitiously under the canvas to see the menagerie and the acts of the ring, or of the Saturday afternoons when they used to glue their eyes to a knot-hole in the fence surrounding the ball game at home.

Well, I can assure you that the guardian of the peep-hole of Monte Carlo's Casino is a most faithful performer of his duty in keeping those to whom it is forbidden away from the radius of the influence of the green-light district of Monte Carlo. In fact, I rather fear he will get a bad case of shell-shock in the carrying out of the consign of "out of bounds," for the boys love to play antics on him. They attach themselves to a party going through and try to slip in in their wake, whereupon the distracted attendant gently and imploringly pulls them back. They draw an imaginary chalk-line before the doors, and this amuses the Cerberus when they make as if they were going to jump over it and his head, which makes him turn pale with fear. But on most of these occasions I noticed that his face beamed with an *entente cordiale* smile, for his pockets are bulging with tips.

In the gambling-hall itself most of the glitter and glamour have passed, for a war-change has come over this form of amusement. The old rivulets of gold, silver, and bank-notes that used to flow on the tables have been replaced by stacks of celluloid chips, for gold is practically out of circulation, and "it is astonishing," comments the writer, "what a difference this makes in the attractiveness of 'the game' as played at Monte Carlo. The gilded fangs of the Monte Carlo tables, if not wholly drawn, have at least been scraped of all gold fillings, and are very much dulled." But the beauty of the "most beautiful spot in the world" still remains, particularly for the enjoyment, just now, of dough-boys and dough-girls, who flutter about, as the writer relates, like birds, "on its long stretches of marble terrace, among the marvelous Mediterranean palms and gardens of semitropical flora, with the 'Rock' of Monte Carlo rising a thousand feet sheer above, the coast of Italy stretching away to the eastward and that of Old Provence, the land of the French troubadours, to the west, all azure, violet, and gold in the blazing winter sunlight of the gracious land."

Romance arises quickly in an atmosphere like this, and the account ends with an incident:

"I'd certainly like to come here and take a villa, wouldn't you?" This I overheard one brown dough-boy say to his brown companion as they leaned over a marble balustrade and looked across at the old town of Monaco, the smallest capital city in the world, perched upon its rocky promontory high above the sea. Of course it is easy to guess what may have been the brown dough-girl's answer. Or was she in blue? I really forget; they are brown, dark blue, and light blue, but naturally they would all have the same answer, and would be asked the same question, for the Riviera of the French Mediterranean is a leave-area for all civilian workers as well as for officers and men of the American Expeditionary Forces in France.

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Not only does this System safeguard health and vitality but saves fuel in these four ways: First, absolute in control—no leakage of air below the fire. Second, fire travel is longer inside the casing—it robs the heat from the chimney. Third, completeness of combustion—it cokes the coal and burns the gases. Fourth, it scientifically humidifies the air. You will be more comfortable and healthy at a temperature of 68° with this system than at 75° with usual forms of heating. All this means a definite saving of at least one ton or more in every nine.

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Fill Out, Sign, and Mail the Coupon Now

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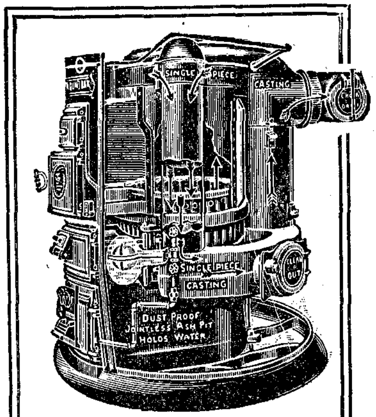

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DR. MARY WALKER'S ECCENTRIC DRESS DREW ATTENTION FROM HER REAL ACHIEVEMENTS

"WHY," once asked that insatiably curious Chinaman, Minister Wu Ting Fang, of Dr. Mary Walker, "why do you wear pants?"

"Why," Yankee-like replied Dr. Mary, "do you wear a gown?"

"Because it is the custom of my country," explained Dr. Wu.

"Well, this is supposed to be a free country, and I wear what I please," said Dr. Mary, exercising her feminine privilege of the triumphant last word.

Still, independence that runs to eccentricity has its drawbacks, for when Dr. Mary Walker, at the age of eighty-seven, died on the night of February 21, at her home at Bunker Hill, near Oswego, New York, the great majority of those who read of her death probably thought of her only as "that woman who wore men's clothes"; and yet she was an able physician whose work in the Civil War as a regularly commissioned assistant surgeon was so heroic as to win her the Medal of Honor by special vote of Congress, to say nothing of her being a vigorous pioneer in the fight for woman's suffrage.

Her objections to the usual dress of her sex were probably fostered by her father, who abhorred corsets and considered skirts a menace to health; so she was already experimenting with dress reform when a girl of sixteen. At the age of twenty-six, in 1858, she received a physician's certificate from the Syracuse Medical College. Beginning her military career as a volunteer nurse with the Union Army, she was soon detailed to a surgeon's duties with the rank of first lieutenant. In this capacity she wore the uniform of the Union Army with a gold stripe on the outside of the blue trouser legs, a broad-brimmed soft hat with a gold cord, and a regulation army overcoat. Instead of a coat she wore a blouse-like jacket cut loose at the neck. Having been captured by the enemy, she spent four months in Libby Prison, and was then exchanged for a man of equal rank in the Confederate Army.

While serving in the Army, says the New York *Herald*,

> She always wore her hair in curls, "so that everybody would know that I was a woman," she once explained. After the war she sold her curls here to help a woman who was financially embarrassed. At the time she appeared at the Court of St. James's, in London, in 1887, she had her curls. Her costume on that auspicious occasion consisted of black silk trousers trimmed with velvet side stripes, and a loose black silk coat with velvet bands on the pockets.
>
> Telling of her war-experiences once, Dr. Walker said that in 1862, while she was with General Burnside's army near Warrenton, she found men in the hospital lying there in a burning fever. The surgeon in charge said he was worn out and that he could get no supplies. There were no towels or bandages. Dr. Walker went to her own tent, took out several pretty nightgowns and, returning to the ward where the soldiers were, tore the lingerie into strips and told the soldier nurses how to make bandages and wet them and apply them to the temples of the fevered patients.

Her reasons for donning masculine attire were simple enough as she herself gave them—that woman's dress was unhygienic and had caused untold suffering and much invalidism. Yet the New York *Sun* deplores the fact that "the trousers, frock coat, starched shirt and collar, and high silk hat, in which she chose to attire her little body, effectually overshadow all the work she ever did." But, says *The Sun* further, "not all at once did she go into trousers unconcealed and unashamed"—

> She experimented with short skirts, with long flapping coats, and other devices to hide her pants. At last she threw off all disguises and adopted the conventional gentleman's dress.
>
> The fight she had to make was not easy. Not only did street boys rotten-egg her, but her own sex, or most of it, was horrified. Women made faces at her in the street. Once a woman in New York City set a big dog on the little doctor, but the woman's husband, much disturbed by his wife's action, paid Dr. Walker for the injury the dog's teeth did to her kid glove.
>
> Several times policemen arrested her for "masquerading in men's clothes"—once in Chicago—but she had a good defense. Congress itself had passed a measure bestowing upon her what had never been given any woman before—the right to wear trousers. But Congress could not protect her further.
>
> As, for example, once when she was passing into the women's dressing-room in the House of Representatives in Washington, and a huge and burly guard rushed after her, placed a heavy hand on her shoulder, and yanked her out unceremoniously. It was some time before he would believe that Dr. Walker wasn't a man.
>
> In spite of her lifelong contention that women ought to have the vote, Dr. Walker wasn't popular with suffragists. She was too queer, and the suffs, so long the target of ridicule, had in self-defense to avoid being chummy with the woman who actually did the things they were constantly caricatured as doing.
>
> Once, at a votes-for-women convention at Oswego, in 1901, she was barred out, her fee refused, and herself ejected from the building. This, however, wasn't because of the trousers, but because she had made an attack on Susan B. Anthony, distributing circulars advising women not to furnish money to the cause, on the ground that women had already the right to vote. Dr. Walker always held that an amendment to the Constitution was not necessary to allow women to vote, that the right was hers already.
>
> However, when she visited the biennial of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, at the Seventh Regiment Armory, in 1916, she got quite an ovation from the women in the corridors, who admired her badges—the one given by Congress for bravery during the Civil War, and another which she declared had been bestowed on her at a county fair for being "the best-drest woman there."
>
> Also they wanted to know if she wore half-hose—or what? The little doctor told them that she did not wear half-hose—she did not think them warm enough. The shoes women wore she considered infamous. She wore stout, sensible footgear, and never had any trouble with her feet.
>
> Yet in spite of her crushing of what are generally considered natural feminine vanities, she had her own little vanities. There is extant a picture she had taken of herself laid out as if dead, with her coat and tie fastidiously arranged, and flowers scattered over her. She wanted to know how she would look when she had passed out.
>
> So Dr. Mary Walker went on her lonely, eccentric way through life, true to her own queer individuality as few human beings have been. Once she barely escaped being tarred and feathered by a band of noble Oswego youths who objected to her trousers, but she wasn't daunted. She had plenty of courage, as was shown by her offering to sell one of her fingers to a woman who advertised to buy one to be grafted on her hand in place of one she had lost. Dr. Walker wanted the money to devote to tuberculosis patients, but the advertiser refused to clinch the bargain.
>
> One debt of gratitude men owe Dr. Mary Walker which they ought not to forget. She was the inventor of the inside neckband on shirts which protects the flesh from being rubbed by the collar-button.

NOT ONE OF THE FAMOUS 369TH WAS TAKEN ALIVE

LIKE most good officers, Col. William Hayward, of the famous 369th negro regiment, thoroughly believes in his men and is eager to testify to their soldierly qualities. In the course of his first public address since his recent return from France, he told a vivid story of real fighting by his "boys," who never wanted any weapon but "something with a good cutting edge on it." Declaring his opinion that a bit of strategy brought into play by General Gouraud on July 15, 1918, turned the tide of the war, the Colonel said, as reported in the New York papers:

> We were at one end of the line held by General Gouraud and were a part of his army. At the other end of the line was that famous fighting Irish outfit, the 165th (69th, New York), and other units of the great Rainbow Division.
>
> The first thing I knew all there was between the German Army and Paris on a stretch of front a little more than four miles long was my regiment of negroes. But it was fair enough at that; all there was between us and Berlin was the German Army. They tried pretty hard to get by, but they never did. No German ever got into a trench with my regiment who did not stay there or go back with the brand of my boys on him.
>
> In 191 days of battle we never had one of our men captured—alive. When those Germans would come into our trenches after what our boys called a million-dollar artillery preparation, the thing just got down to a regular he-man, street-corner fight. They fought with knives, bayonets, and the butts of guns. All those boys of mine ever wanted to fight with was something with a good cutting edge on it.
>
> On July 14 the Germans, reenforced

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protects your table
Thos. E. Wilson

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The Wilson Label Protects Your Table

by prisoners released by Russia, were at their maximum strength. The Allies were at the lowest ebb they had reached during the war. That night we captured some German prisoners in a raid and they told us that at a certain time the Germans were to launch a great attack that was to last for five hours and twenty-five minutes.

General Gouraud started a counter-attack on a great scale five minutes before the German attack was to start. As we afterward learned from prisoners, this attack greatly upset the Germans and hampered their own attack disastrously.

General Gouraud, knowing the hour when the German attack was to begin, took what was probably the longest chance that a general ever took. Before the attack began he ordered his whole army to abandon the first trenches on a front of fifty kilometers. These trenches had cost thousands of lives and men had toiled months and months to gain those positions. If Gouraud's plan failed he was ruined.

When the troops were withdrawn, only sixteen of the 1,600 men in my regiment remained in the front-line trenches. These sixteen, all volunteers, who fully expected to lose their lives, took refuge in shell-proof, specially constructed dugouts, armed with signal-rockets, mustard-gas shells, and a few machine guns of an old type, which could be started and then abandoned, as they would keep on firing without manipulation until their ammunition-belts were exhausted or they got jammed.

When the handful of men in the trenches saw the German infantry coming, after a terrific artillery shower had rained down on the first-line trenches, they set off the signal-rockets to notify us, set off the mustard-gas shells in the dugouts, started the machine guns going, and then ran for it, with the German barrage in front of them and the advancing German infantry behind them. Strange to say, most of them got back.

When the Germans poured into our trenches they failed to find a single man alive. Those Germans who went into the dugouts stayed there, because they were filled with the deadliest gas.

Behind the easily taken trenches the French had massed the most inconceivable amount of artillery. Of course, they had to a mathematical exactness the range of the trenches they had abandoned. Immediately they poured a terrible fire down into those trenches, and you can imagine the result. My boys afterward found enough Mauser rifles to equip the whole regiment. The Mausers looked like the old Springfields, and my boys liked them. So they threw away their own rifles. When the Mauser ammunition we had captured gave out, of course they were in a bad way.

The most wonderful thing that I saw over there was the great faith of the American soldier in himself. Last April a lot of my boys were discovered buying German marks from Moroccans, who had taken them from the bodies of dead Germans. A mark was no good in France, of course, but here they were buying them up eagerly, at about a fifth of their normal value.

"What are you buying those things for?" one of my officers asked them. "You can't use them here."

"Boss," said one of them, "we're going to Germany!"

A few months later I saw these same lads spending the marks in German shops on the Rhine, the while talking Harlem German, marked with a Yiddish accent, with the shop-proprietors.

"THE TIGER OF FRANCE," AS SHOWN BY HIS WORDS AND DEEDS

To understand why Mr. Georges Clemenceau is called "the Tiger of France," one needs but to run through his fiery and eloquent speeches and articles now published in a translation by Ernest Hunter Wright, under the title, "France Facing Germany" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). These writings, produced during the dark days of war when actual victory was by no means in sight, breathe wrath, indignation, fury—anything but the faintest hint of yielding or compromise. They are the incarnation of a flaming, indomitable spirit that might be overwhelmed, but could not yield. No matter what letter or speech is read, no matter what period of danger or hope called it forth, the effect is the same. Here is one article, taken at random, entitled "Chirping for Peace" and dated November 22, 1915, at a time when Germany, still powerful and with an unbroken grip on France, was making overtures for a conciliation:

CHIRPING FOR PEACE

. . . What is this! Have they launched themselves against the world; have they violated in all men's eyes every agreement that honor is obligated to respect; have they overwhelmed defenseless Belgium; have they shed so much innocent blood that the Duke of Alva is almost regretted; have they murdered more old men and women and children; have they pillaged, ravaged, and destroyed more cities than the most terrible devastators; have they made more mothers weep than were dreamed of by that romantic butcher, Attila, from now on moderate, who was stunned into respect before an embryonic Paris; have they found a way to condense and epitomize all these things in that typically German murder of a woman before whose grave all humanity stands bareheaded—have they done all this only to stop half-way on the trip from Riga to Bagdad and say to us, the armed men of Belgium and France, of Great Britain and Italy and Russia, not "This is my will," but, quite modestly, "Are you willing?"

By no means, Sire; we are not willing. We have never been willing, and we shall never be so: that is the whole of the matter. Take this for our declaration. We were not willing when you were on the Marne. We continue to be unwilling now that you are no longer there. Your proposals? We do not even want to know them. They do not interest us. We do not desire anything that you desire. Do you see how simple it is? And to complete the statement, understand that we do desire, in our inflexible determination, all that you do not; namely, justice, independence with honor, freedom for peoples as for individuals—all things that could have no meaning in your mind. You see fully that discussion is not worth while. Therefore, kindly spare us your theatrical display and your warlike exaggerations. The only purpose in our minds is to shatter the monstrous dream that you represent: the dream of humanity bleeding under the brutal folly of a race capable of learning all that can be known but incapable of putting their learning to other uses than those of degradation and death.

. . . I make this avowal, that with our splendid soldiers, whose scorn of your own I can not express to you, we should have been able, but for mistakes only the least of which are as yet known, to repel you long ago from our territory. But we have other things to do just at present than to sit as judges over destiny and its lieutenants. We are what we are, and, such as we are, knowing full well that you will yet kill many of our children, and that you will impose terrible sufferings upon us, we shall go on to the last limit of endurance because we are worthier than you, because we have a higher conscience, a stronger courage, a firmer will; because we shall kill more of your men, as we have so far, than you of ours; because we shall shatter all the embattlements of your resistance—because something that can not lie tells us that we shall finally bring you to your knees.

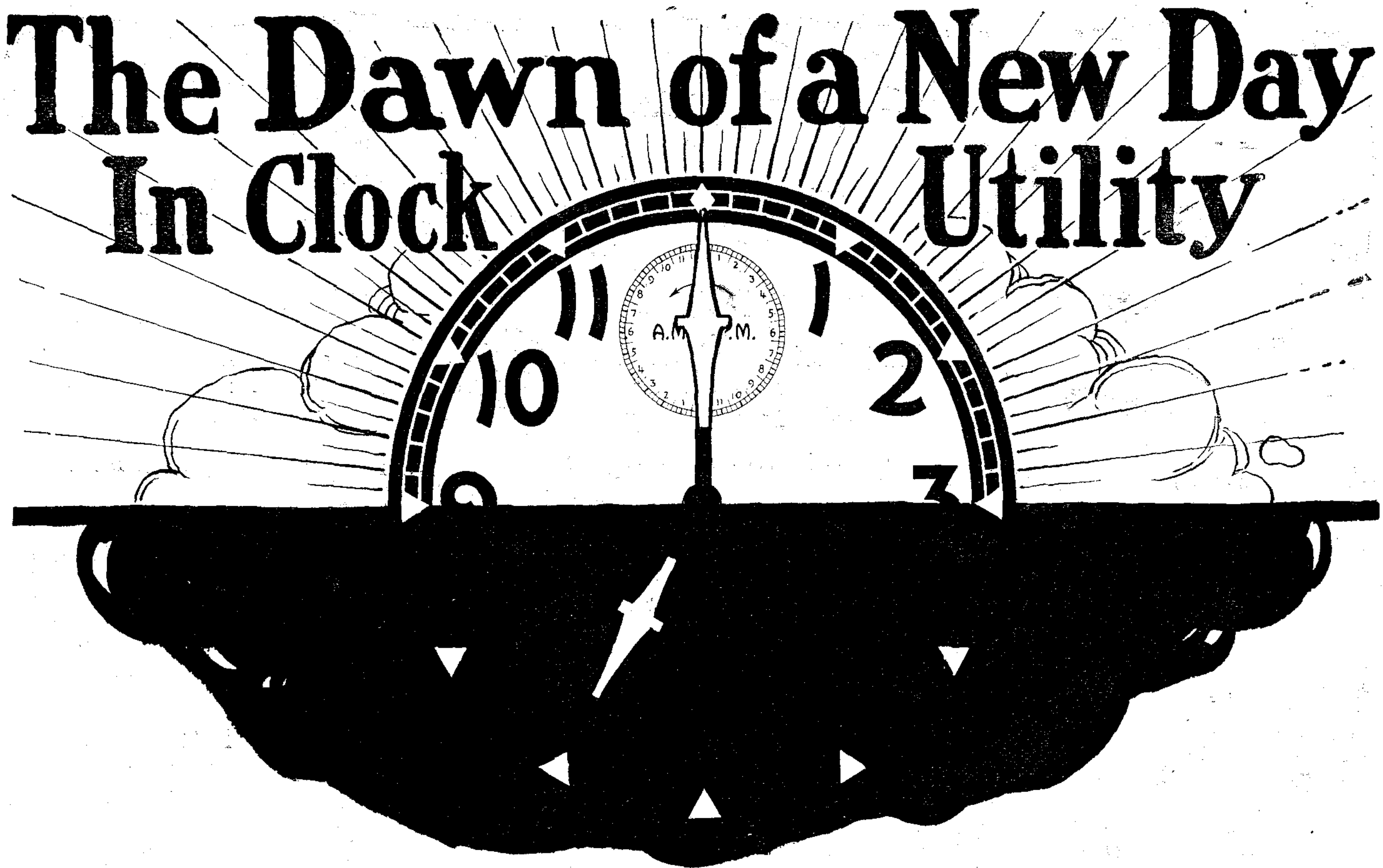
. . . A riot of premeditated violence and a superior power of unlimited resistance—these are the two principles that have joined battle. To your miracles in the offensive we shall oppose, in default of a better fortune, an active resistance that will never give way. Yesterday a soldier who was describing to me his first sufferings from the cold of one winter concluded with these words: "I take it all as I must, because we will not yield." That is the best answer to your proposals of peace. Our soldiers will not yield. Their governors follow them. In the lack of anything better we can be content with that. This will have to be enough. You have taken much time and pains, but you have ended by maddening us in war, in our turn.

Like those dead men whom Ulysses saw drinking blood in order to revive, we have drunk of our own blood, in the fashion of the legendary Beaumanior, and we shall also shed such lakes of your own that you will be drowned in it. Instead of scattering our men foolishly, we are content to preserve them carefully for this work on the Franco-British front, the only point where the issue of the war can be decided. After that, but only after that, Chief of the *Boches*, we shall consent to talk.

What manner of man is this old Frenchman, to whom, in his country's darkest hour, the faintest hint of a peace that did not imply complete triumph was an abomination? His portrait is thus painted and his story is told in the New York *Sun* by Mr. J. I. C. Clarke, that veteran journalist and admirer of good fighting men:

There was no need of an assassin to make Georges Clemenceau a startlingly strong and appealing figure in the eyes of the civilized world, for civilian as he is, he personified fighting France to us as forcibly as Marshal Foch himself. His lineaments were in every eye, his vigorous personality in his seventy-eighth year, his thick white mustache, his bald crown, a fringe of white hair, bushy white eyebrows, pale yellowish skin, small Japanese nose, and firm chin, all seeming a setting from which a pair of the blackest eyes shot forth a surpassing illumination. His mental attitude was simplicity itself—the untamable champion of France. Backed by a mind of great resources, a mind trained in over sixty years of struggle, a mind fed by a thousand streams of knowledge, tried

The Dawn of a New Day In Clock Utility



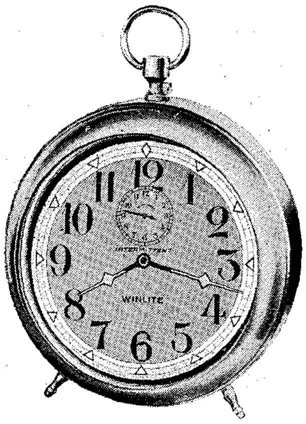
GILBERT

Night and Day Radium Dial

Something new under the sun! Gives a genuine personality to Gilbert clock faces. Makes them readable night and day, as a smiling countenance—the kind of a clock face that you like.

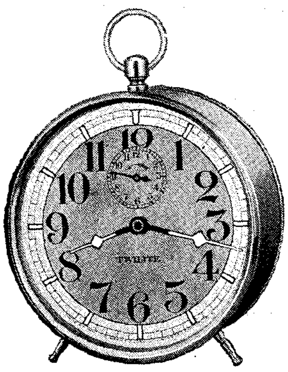
The radium markings and radium-treated hands "make *night time* plain as day," while by day the dial is as readable as ever.

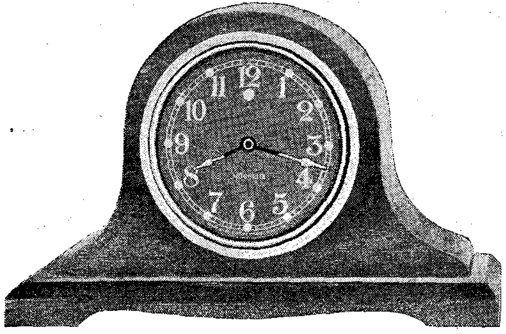
Utility, beauty and accuracy are all present in the four new Gilbert models shown here. Each assures years of night and day service. Your dealer can supply you with these new models.


WINLITE
Radium

William L. Gilbert Clock Co.

Dept. L. D. **Winsted, Connecticut**


TWILITE
Radium


MOONLITE
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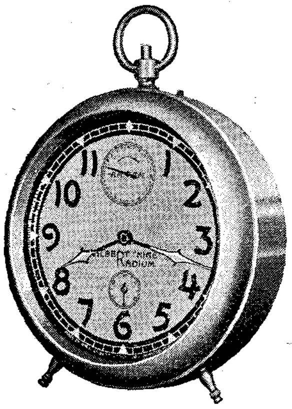
Note to Dealers

Here's opportunity at your door! Be first to supply Gilbert Night and Day Radium Dial Clocks in your neighborhood. If you don't, some one else will. Write now, sending your jobber's name, for attractive dealer proposition.


GILBERT NINE
Radium

An Achievement

The history of every mechanical factor in human progress has been written in three words —*Invention, Experimentation, Achievement.*

The locomotive was once only an idea, later an experiment, and at last a mighty and indispensable vehicle of commerce.

Franklin played with the electric spark, Edison applied it experimentally, but it required the organized enterprise of business brains and capital to bring its maximum benefits to the homes and industries of the world.

When and by whom the washing machine was *invented* is not recorded. How many men and organizations have *experimented* in its development is beyond finding out.

But lifting the washing machine from the plane of a mere helper in a hard day's work to that of a perfected labor-saving utility is a distinct achievement and the name of the organization that accomplished it is not a matter of uncertainty.

Perfecting the Washing Machine

The Maytag Company began the manufacture of washing machines eight years ago. It was then a common enough industry. More than a hundred American concerns were making about a thousand different brands and types of machines.

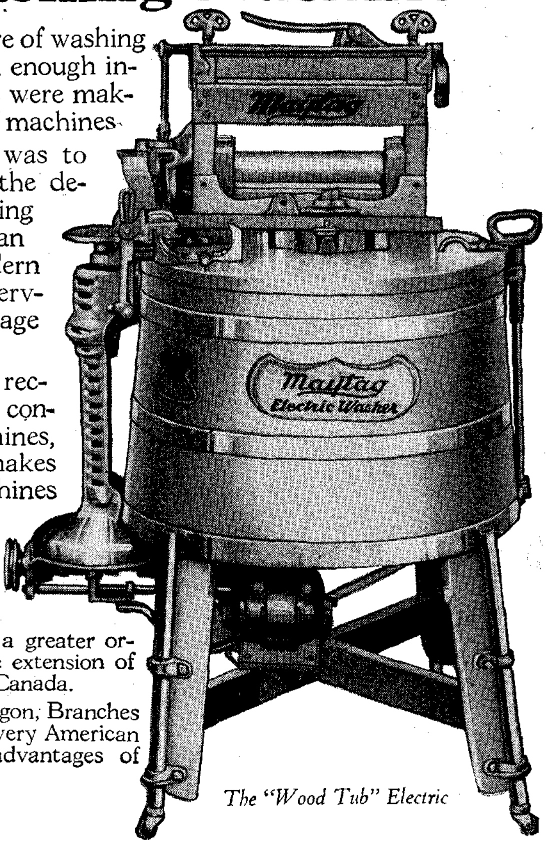
The task The Maytag Company set itself was to eliminate non-essentials and perfect essentials in the details of construction and to standardize, not *a* washing machine, but *the* washing machine in general, as an essential utility; to adapt to its operation the modern forms of motive power, so that its labor-saving service would become universal in city and village and on the farm.

The record of *achievement* to date may be recognized in the fact that, while the one hundred concerns still make the thousand brands of machines, The Maytag Company, in its five types, now makes approximately one-fourth of all the machines sold in America.

It has required a great organization and intensive co-operation to reach this result in the comparatively limited territory, comprised in the states occupying the Mississippi Basin.

And now this great organization is being expanded into a greater organization, with still wider co-operation, to provide for the extension of Maytag distribution to every part of the United States and Canada.

The establishment of the Philadelphia and Portland, Oregon, Branches completes our coast to coast expansion and assures to every American community, to every American home, the full advantages of Maytag efficiency and service.



The "Wood Tub" Electric

The Maytag Company
Dept. 317 Newton, Iowa

Maytag

and tempered in a score of wars of ideas, his simple front of devoted patriot resolves itself into a complexity of attainments, every one of them striking. Nature's gift of tenacity in purpose he had from his birth and, unweakened by time, he has it to-day.

Twice he has been Premier of France; long a member of the Assembly; long a Senator, at the same time, and in the intervals of his political service, a journalist of power and leading. That his life comprises careers of student, doctor of medicine, professor, mayor, municipal councilor, Deputy, journalist, literary man, duelist, Senator, orator, dramatic author, Minister, is simply to subdivide his greater lines of action.

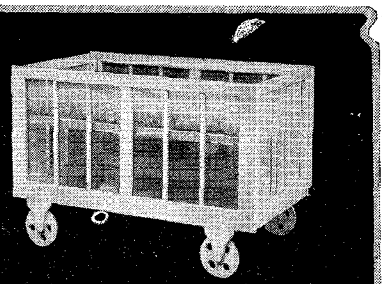
It was he who believed in General Foch, who compelled the unified command, and made Foch the supreme commander. It was not in vain that they called him Tiger. He has in human guise that sliding of tremendous muscles under a velvety skin in perfect grace of movement which betoken the tiger, his capacity to spring on his prey with lightning stroke and crushing power. He slew an opponent with an article or a speech with the same precision that he laid his opponent on the grass when he pointed his pistol. Another capacity of his was never to accept defeat as final while he breathed.

Altho a native of that ultra-conservative region, La Vendée, it appears that Mr. Clemenceau was a republican by right of ancestry, for his father, "a doctor and a descendant of five generations of doctors," was a strong contemner of monarchy and was sent into exile by Prince Napoleon when that adventurer was strangling the second French Republic by the *coup d'état* of December, 1851. When the police were taking away the elder Clemenceau, little Georges, his second son, then a curly-headed youngster of ten, cried out, "I will avenge you!" To which the father replied, "The best thing to do is, work!" And Georges has obediently been working and fighting for France these many years.

He was born in a little village of 1,500 inhabitants, Mouillion-en-Pareds, September 28, 1841, attended the local school, and later the Lycée at Nantes, where Jules Verne also received his early training. Then, in his nineteenth year, he was sent to Paris to study medicine. In the Latin Quarter he joined with other hot-blooded young students in organizing demonstrations against the Empire, publishing furtive, short-lived little revolutionary papers, and making himself generally unpleasant to the reactionary Government until he was arrested and imprisoned for two months among crooks and toughs in the Mazas prison. This experience seemed to convince him that France was at the time no place for a free-spoken democrat; so in 1865, when he had won his doctor's degree, he sailed for America, landing in New York in the closing days of the Civil War. To quote further:

> The young physician of twenty-four found a friend in Marshall, the artist, who had just finished a line engraving of George Washington afterward very famous, and who shared with the black-eyed young Frenchman his attic at 711 Broadway, long since gone the way of most Broadway houses of the time. His allowance from his father was slender. He put out a shingle at a house on West Twelfth Street, but patients were few. He spent much time in the Astor Library, in Lafayette Place, devouring English literature.
>
> Through Edward Bushe, a new friend, he was introduced to a Miss Aitkins, who kept a finishing school for young ladies at Stamford, Conn., and for over three years he went there two days a week lecturing and teaching French. He wrote letters for the Paris *Temps*, but that fastidious paper did not give him a signature, but did pay him—rather the essential thing. He wrote home that Americans "had bright ideas, but no good coffee." He was then a well-sized man of lithe figure, rapid gestures, quick speech, and serious face enlightened by the smile under his slender black mustache and his coal-black eyes, which were smiling also.
>
> No doubt the grave Miss Aitkins observed these attributes of the young man of irreproachable manners; nor were they, one presumes, lost upon her fair pupils. At any rate, they led one of the pupils, Miss Mary Plummer, an orphan under the tutelage of an uncle, to fall in love with him. Certainly Georges fell in love with her, for we find him crossing to France to get his parents' permission to marry her, as was and is the French custom—free as they may be to contract lighter bonds. It appears he did not succeed, for on his return his allowance was cut off, but he persevered in his romance. He probably traveled to Washington and the war-country of Virginia soon after he first landed here, for he has recently said that he entered Richmond "a few minutes after the troops of General Grant." Indeed, the warlike efficiency of America at that time left a deep impression on him, for the news that America was coming into the Great War drew forth many appreciations from him of the country's skill and dash in improvising a real fighting army.
>
> Cupid was to have his way with Georges, and one fine morning he presented himself with Mary Plummer at City Hall to Mayor Oakey Hall and they were married in the Governor's room. In the Astor Library, now part of the Public Library on Fifth Avenue, there is a printed presentation copy of his doctorial thesis in French, signed with his name and dated October 12, 1867. In 1870, shortly after his marriage, the young couple, madly in love, set sail for France. For over a score of years they led a happy married life and three children blessed the union, which ended in divorce, after all—for Georges was exceedingly attractive to the fair and not over self-denying.
>
> He set up his sign in Montmartre and many stories of that time when war was gathering around France sketch the success of the young doctor among the people of that crowded quarter. The war of 1870, with all its crashing down of French hopes, the defeat of French armies by the Prussian forces, was going on. Sedan had fallen, Mac-Mahon's army had capitulated. The miserable Emperor was a prisoner, and bitter as was the cost to France, his downfall brought the republic. Paris was besieged.
>
> He was elected a Deputy to the National Assembly, and it is notable that he opposed the treaty of peace that signed off Alsace and Lorraine to Germany.

The trouble of the Commune drove him from Paris; but he was soon back again and active in affairs, and in 1876 we find



A New Joy in Caring for Baby

This new crib combines comfort and convenience, making the care of baby an added joy. Screened sides; net cover; adjustable mattress and springs; easily converted into play pen by placing a separate floor and folds readily and compactly.

Happi-Tyme Nursery Furniture

The Child's Chiffarobe is a great space saver as a combination chiffonier and wardrobe. Five drawers within convenient reach of the child and equipped with rods and hangers in the wardrobe side.

Free Booklet: Beautiful Happi-Tyme Bluebird Booklet about "Kiddies Kare and Komfort"—everything in modern nursery furniture for the child from bassinet days to his teens.

Urbana Furniture Co.
18 Beech Street
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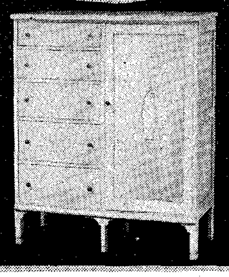

The Coward Shoe

Shoes for "Regular Fellows"

Put on a pair of comfortable, long-wearing Coward Shoes, get out in the open air and take a good hike. Nothing like it to put pep into a fellow. These Coward Shoes are real friends to your feet. Plenty of toe room. Strong, sturdy, flexible leather, shaped according to Nature's lines and sewn with enduring care.

You will like them.

Address Dept. F.

James S. Coward
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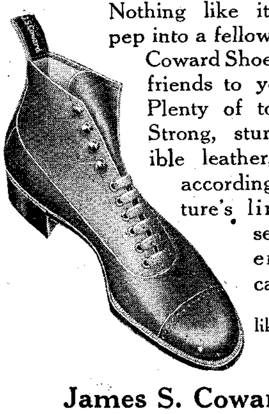

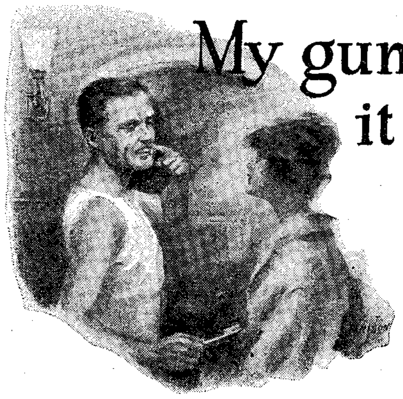

My gums are receding—it must be Pyorrhea!

"For several months my gums have been so tender. Now they seem to be shrinking. What does it mean?"

THESE are typical pyorrhea symptoms that should have immediate corrective treatment. Pyorrhea starts with tender, bleeding gums. If allowed to go on unchecked, the gums become congested and inflamed. Then the gum tissues waste—the gums begin to recede. The sensitive root structure of the teeth is exposed. Points of infection develop *underneath* the margins of the gums. Gradually the peridental, or supporting membrane of the teeth, is destroyed.

The teeth loosen and eventually fall out or must be extracted.

Pyorrhea should not be allowed to run its course—to seriously impair your bodily health. Its progress must be effectually checked.

As a safeguard against pyorrhea's start; as an effective check in its incipient stages; as a home treatment which dentists welcome in co-operation with their skill—use Pyorrhocide Powder.

Used twice daily, it *removes* the mucoid films and other daily accretions before they become tartar formations which are usually the initial cause of pyorrhea. Pyorrhocide Powder soothes and heals; checks infection; restores normal circulation and tone to the gum tissues. It cleans and polishes the teeth.

Thousands of dentists use and endorse Pyorrhocide Powder because its efficiency has been demonstrated in pyorrhea practice.

Since 1908 the Pyorrhocide Clinic—devoted exclusively to pyorrhea treatment and oral prophylaxis—has made exhaustive experiments with Pyorrhocide Powder. The results of this research and analysis have proved to the dental profession its value in the treatment and prevention of pyorrhea. Its superiority for general use as a dentifrice has also been thoroughly demonstrated.

All leading druggists and dental supply houses sell Pyorrhocide Powder. It is economical because a dollar package contains a sufficient quantity for six months' use—twice daily.

The Dentinol & Pyorrhocide Company, Inc.
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FREE SAMPLE
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Upon request we will send you a liberal sample of Pyorrhocide Powder with our educational booklet on causes, effects, treatment and prevention of pyorrhea.

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SOFT-BLEEDING-SPONGY
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TOOTH GUM AND MOUTH HEALTH
Price One Dollar
THE DENTINOL & PYORRHOCIDE CO.
NEW YORK, U.S.A.
PYORRHEA

We shall continue to produce through exhaustive scientific research, and by unlimited clinical facilities, only such a dentifrice as is proved most effective in promoting tooth, gum and mouth health.

L. V. Slaight
President

him leader of the Radicals in the Chamber of Deputies. We read on:

> One must recall that royalism and imperialism still had hopes then in France and members in the Parliament to intrigue for their causes and plot to overthrow the republic. The Tiger, for one, stood uncompromisingly in their way. His vision of a glorified, resurgent France meant a free democratic France. Thenceforward he was consecrated to labor in that field.
>
> He began writing for the press, and his style, reenforcing sound democratic thought with irony and satire and all in absolute fearlessness, made friends in plenty for his cause and made him enemies as well. In 1880 he founded *La Justice*, a strong daily paper with a fine staff. His first successful attack was on the Fourtou-Broglie ministry, which he overthrew. A curious thing was that while he was practically the first to take up General Boulanger as perhaps the man destined to lead France to the *revanche*, he afterward, finding the evil roots of the gang who were exploiting the really thick-headed soldier, led the attack on him and drove him to the miserable end of his story. It was a very aggressive Clemenceau gradually finding his balance. He stood against the treaty with Russia as a political impossibility. Ministries fell before his onslaughts. He urged the separation of Church and state. In 1893 he fell. His enemies massed charges that he was mixed up in the Panama scandals and other grafting enterprises, but altho he absolutely cleared his skirts of all dishonor and had to exhibit his private affairs to investigators, who found simply that he was honest and poor, his constituents rejected him decisively.
>
> *La Justice* disappeared. Clemenceau took to literature. He wrote a novel, "Le Plus Fort," a social study and an idyllic piece of social philosophy, "The Great God Pan," and a one-act play, "The Veil of Happiness." This was the story of a Chinese noble whose blindness was cured, only to find the world he saw so full of trials and injustices that he was fain to become blind again and return to happiness behind the veil of the blind. Clemenceau founded another journal, *L'Aurore*, two years later and again leapt into the arena. When the Dreyfus case first was bruited about as an injustice done to an innocent man Clemenceau upheld the finding of the court martial. It is to his eternal honor that when he studied the case he took the side of Dreyfus and gave Emile Zola, the novelist, room for his great articles on that side. Indeed, it is to Clemenceau that is attributed the heading "J'Accuse," the ringing Zola slogan. He worked tirelessly against terrible enemies until justice was done.
>
> Clemenceau's style was now polished, brilliant, incisive, and his pen pierced like a lance. His duels have been much dwelt upon, and he had many. He told his seconds once he would not kill his man, but he would break his leg above the knee; it would heal easier, and he did, and it did. He has no fear, and hence his known coolness was always daunting. It is told of Paul de Cassagnac that he wanted much to fight Clemenceau, but he wanted Clemenceau to challenge, as he would choose swords. Paul was a great fencer and Clemenceau was a dead shot. It is not surprizing that they never met.
>
> In 1902 he was elected to the Senate by the same constituency of Var that had overthrown him. In 1906 he was made Minister of the Interior in the Ministry of Sarrien. When the latter

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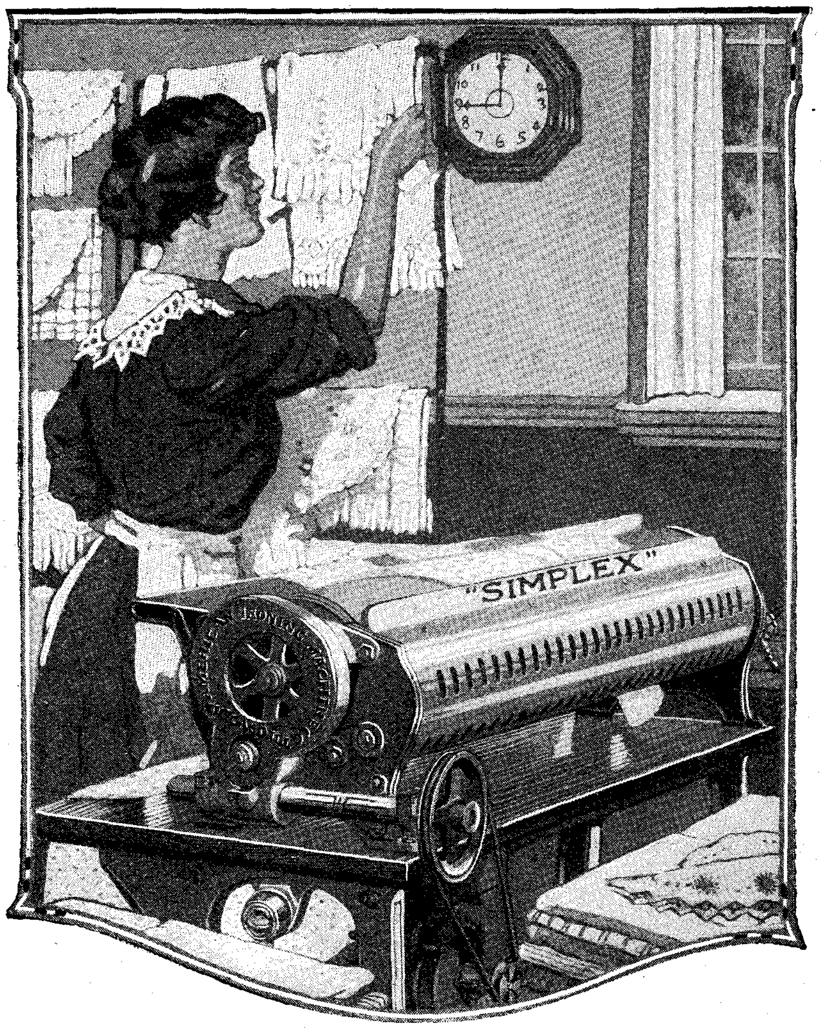

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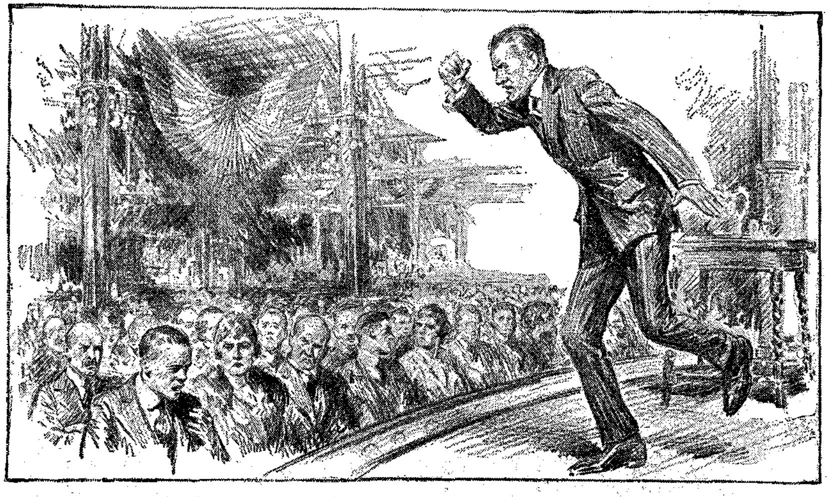


The Cough that Stopped the Great Evangelist

The great tabernacle was crowded to the doors. Thousands of eager faces were turned toward the platform, where the famous evangelist held their rapt attention. His sermon rose to its climax. His voice pealed till the rafters rang, then suddenly sank almost to a whisper as he leaned over in earnest exhortation. He reached his most eloquent passage and then—In the front row, someone began to cough—a rasping, insistent, irritating cough. Instantly the speaker stopped his sermon, and stood waiting. Thousands of eyes turned toward the disturber, until at last, unable to endure the silence that was broken only by his own coughing, he rose and hurried out.

It is a well-known fact that many public speakers will not talk while anyone is coughing in the audience.

And no wonder! For coughing in public is discourteous, because it is so unnecessary.

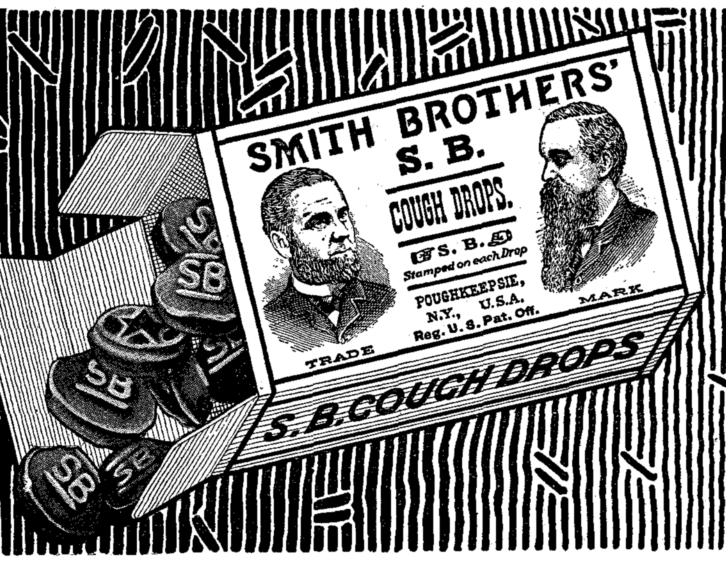
Why subject yourself to embarrassment and discomfort when you can prevent coughing by having a box of Smith Brothers S-B Cough Drops always in your pocket?

They are pure. No drugs. Just enough charcoal to sweeten the stomach. One placed in the mouth at bedtime keeps the breathing passages clear.

Drop that Cough

SMITH BROTHERS *of Poughkeepsie*

FAMOUS SINCE 1847



retired in the same year Clemenceau became Premier. Counting on his socialism, the great miners' strikes were started, and at first he started in person to the mines to investigate.

But disturbances as for a great labor revolt broke out, and Clemenceau called out the military and put down rioting with an iron hand. The legislation upon Church and state and the seizure of the church property had been decreed before he came into power. He dealt with it as best he could, insisting on the inventories being most exactly made. Whatever he thought in his earlier days, his riper thought was:

"Governments can do nothing with beliefs. If the question is whether or not we should or should not destroy religion, the answer is, we do not wish to; we are not able to—and I am happy to say it—destroy a single belief in a single conscience."

In 1908 the Casabianca incident arose to trouble him, but his downfall and that of his ministry came like a thunderclap when, Delcassé opening a question of wrong-doing in the Navy, Clemenceau in answering him lost his temper and accused Delcassé of "humiliating France."

He took up his pen, however, and continued his fight for reform in all things, and kept continual watch on Germany, whose propaganda he suspected and whose intentions he distrusted. He objected to the 1912 Franco-German treaty which Caillaux promoted. In 1912, too, Clemenceau started another newspaper, *L'Homme Libre*, for which he engaged himself to write a daily editorial, but, strongly as he suspected Germany, he held to his party line and wasted much force on the polemics of the hour in matters of relatively small account, but when the German Kaiser committed the great crime of inaugurating war on France Clemenceau forsook all else to burn as a pure inspiring flame of patriotism. It is history too recent to tell in detail just now how as the war took shape and invasion was actual he became the whip of the public men who failed to measure up to the growing needs of the hour. Viviani, Briand, Painlevé, names heading war ministries, fell to the shafts of his bow. More force was needed; more, more. It was not surprizing, therefore, that President Poincaré should send for Georges Clemenceau and say in effect: "You have broken down sixteen ministries, now make the great one that you have called for till the walls shake." And that he took the President at his word; that he did form a great ministry; that he did head it formidably; that with it as a weapon he extracted every ounce of fighting force in France to hurl it on the enemy until the enemy lay down on his knees and begged for his life, all that is history of less than two years.

And on what does this man of power live? How has he passed his time? His leisure was for art, for gentle instruction, for getting close to nature. Gossip taking up his marital story, his divorce, his second marriage, pretends that he was a lady's man, mentions actresses and so on, but it all must be quite wrong.

For many years of his surprizingly active life he had seldom gone out in the evening. He was in bed, after an hour or two of reading, by ten o'clock or so. But here is the astounding thing. He rises at three in the morning and takes a half hour of smart and thorough exercise, dresses carefully, and descends to his front door in the Rue Franklin, lifts the door-mat, and finding there a packet fresh from the office of *L'Homme Libre*, takes it up to his room on the second floor. It is the latest news collected and notated by his assistant and the paper and brought by a man on a bicycle. This package read and digested, he takes up two or three *dossiers* from the ministry and works over them leisurely and thoroughly.

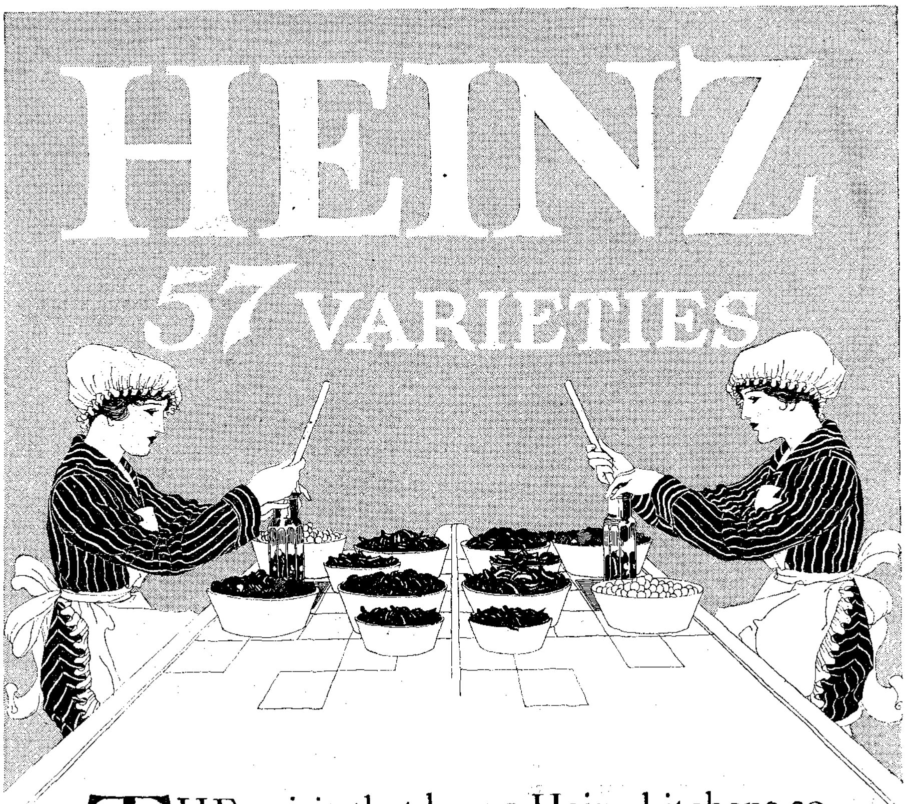
He gets the morning papers there and runs through them. By 8:30 he is ready to receive those he has engaged himself to see, and you may suppose a prime minister never fails in these. He has his light déjeuner ordinarily about ten o'clock, and thereafter goes forth to his affairs—his ministry and his newspaper. He has no idle minutes. He avoids all casual interviews. He will not halt in corridors to talk. An old friend came into his newspaper office at the wrong time. "What do you want?" "Just to shake hands with you." Bending forward with extended hand he shook the visitor's. "It is done," he added and went on with his work. At seven o'clock or earlier he is home to a frugal dinner.

To such a man of such iron constitution all hope of a favorable ending of his present wound is possible. He has seldom been sick; comes of a long-lived family. He rarely touches wine, never at home. Water is his drink. Five hours of sleep suffice for him, but his regret—and with the Tiger one must believe that it is a sincere regret—he would devote every remaining hour of life to France, beloved, beautiful France, to France of his fights and his passionate adoration, to France of his ecstatic dreams.

NO WHISKY TABLETS IN PROHIBITION DAYS

MANY have been the reports and rumors of devices for evading the rigors of national prohibition, and among the most interesting of these was the alleged discovery of English chemists that alcoholic liquors could be concentrated in tablet form. However, the investigations of a reporter among men of science appear to have brought out the fact that leading chemists are far from believing that in the dry future the whisky pellet, the beer pill, the gin tablet, or champagne capsule will make it possible for the seeker after alcoholic excitement to indulge in his favorite stimulant. The reported English experiments were supposed to have been the outcome of the progress made during the war in concentrating beef soups and other foods. German scientists, also, had made considerable progress in this direction through experiments conducted both before and during the war. In most of these concentrated or tablet foods the bulk was reduced by extracting water, or cellulose, or both, which did not interfere with the chemical composition, the real "food-value," of the concentrated food that remained. The simple addition of water, in most instances, produced a food with much the same properties as the original material. These experiments were not without effect on persons who viewed with alarm the approach of national prohibition, says the New York *Sun:*

It was believed that whisky or beer



THE spirit that keeps Heinz kitchens so spotless is the spirit of cleanliness. This spirit animates every employee. It penetrates every nook and corner, like the sunshine and the fresh air which come in so freely through the big windows. It radiates from immaculate floors and walls, is reflected from spotless utensils and is personified by the workers themselves in their freshly laundered uniforms. No careful housewife is more anxious about the appearance of her kitchen than these workers are about the appearance of theirs.

Amid such surroundings are made the Heinz 57 Varieties, whose appetizing qualities are enhanced by the certain knowledge that they are also pure and wholesome.

HEINZ

57 VARIETIES

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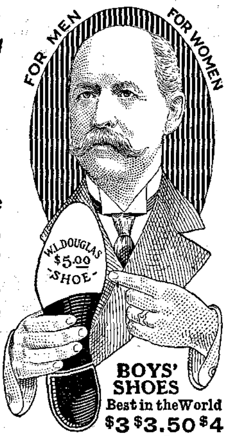

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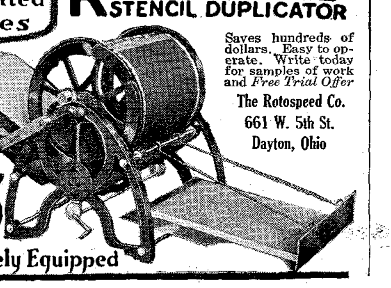

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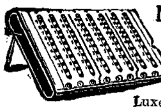

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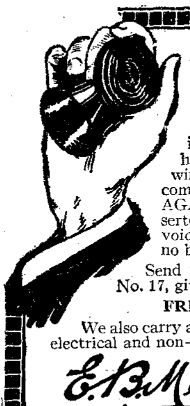


and other alcoholic beverages would lend themselves to similar methods of concentration. At a glance it seemed that the teeth were drawn from the prohibition amendment. Every man could equip himself with a night's supply of the pills that would change the gloomiest winter of discontent into glorious summer of convivial delight.

Such beverages as near beers, which look like beer, taste like beer, but lack the authority, would be transformed into a r'arin' tearing man's drink by the addition of a beer pill. A pint of diluted molasses, plus a cake of yeast and a whisky pellet, would restore the supremacy of the decadent demon. The pellets would add a kick that would almost be a knockout.

Cold science, however, fails to support the theory of these dreaming optimists. Physicians and chemists have united in declaring that concentrated whisky pellets can not be made. The effort to concentrate whisky would destroy it, because of the nature of the constituents.

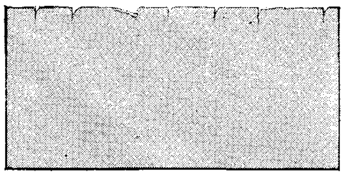
The ingredient which gives whisky its subtle power and medicinal value is ethyl alcohol. Remove the alcohol and what remains is no longer whisky. The same is true of the beers and wines of various sorts. Some doctors and chemists have declared that there is no way of concentrating the alcohol extracted from the liquors.

Alcohol has a low boiling-point, much lower than the other ingredients of the beverages in question. It vaporizes upon boiling, and passes off into the atmosphere. According to chemists there is no possible way of putting it into capsules. It was suggested that perhaps some gelatinous preparation might be saturated with a high-proof whisky and placed on the market. One eminent chemist, whose name is not printed out of deference to his wish, stated that he did not believe this would be practicable, since any such capsule would have to be "big as an ostrich-egg to produce results."

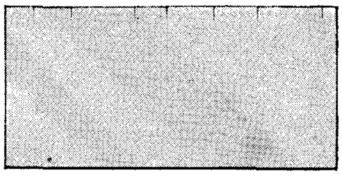
BISHOP ROWE'S "CONTINUOUS JACK LONDON PERFORMANCE"

"THE Bishop of All Outdoors," says Fred A. Lockley, writing in the Portland *Oregonian*, is the proper title for Bishop Rowe of Alaska, who visited in Portland recently. It is a very cold and dangerous "outdoors" that the Bishop oversees, so much so that his life has been referred to as a "continuous Jack London performance." A few weeks before the world went wild about the Klondike, the Bishop camped right on top of that great bonanza and didn't know it. Even if he had known it, he might not have been as much excited as the rest of the world became, because, says *The Oregonian*, he is more concerned with finding the gold in human character; and he declares he finds it in abundance even in the soul of the untutored savage of the northern wilds. Nevertheless, the said untutored savage has managed to give the good Bishop some anxious moments. Mr. Lockley writes about these moments, and about the Bishop, as follows:

Bishop Rowe is known all over Alaska and loved wherever he is known. He was born in Toronto on November 20, 1858, and was educated at Trinity University,



Seen under a powerful magnifying glass, a dull razor blade looks like a saw edge



Stropping keeps these tiny teeth in perfect alignment; provides a smooth, keen edge for every shave

How many different razors have you tried?

MOST MEN have owned at least three or four different safety razors—in addition to the old-fashioned straight-edged razor.

It's not that men are fickle about their razors. On the contrary, when they find the *right* razor, they invariably stick to it. Men who once try the AutoStrop Razor don't change from it.

The AutoStrop Razor makes good with its users because it provides a keen edge for every shave—gives a perfectly cool and comfortable shave every time.

With the AutoStrop Razor, a new blade for every shave is not necessary. The razor provides in itself the means for keeping the blades keen-edged as when new. This patented stropping feature insures a perfect shave every time.

The 12 blades furnished with the set will give you, under unique guarantee from the manufacturer, 500 perfect shaves. The same guarantee goes with each additional dozen blades you purchase.

The AutoStrop Razor is the only safety razor that sharpens itself, shaves and cleans without removing the blade.

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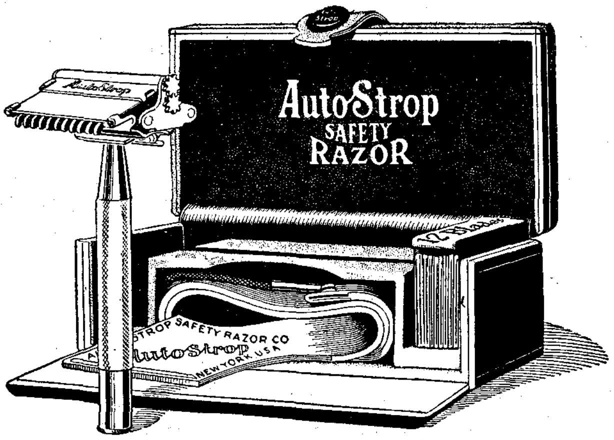
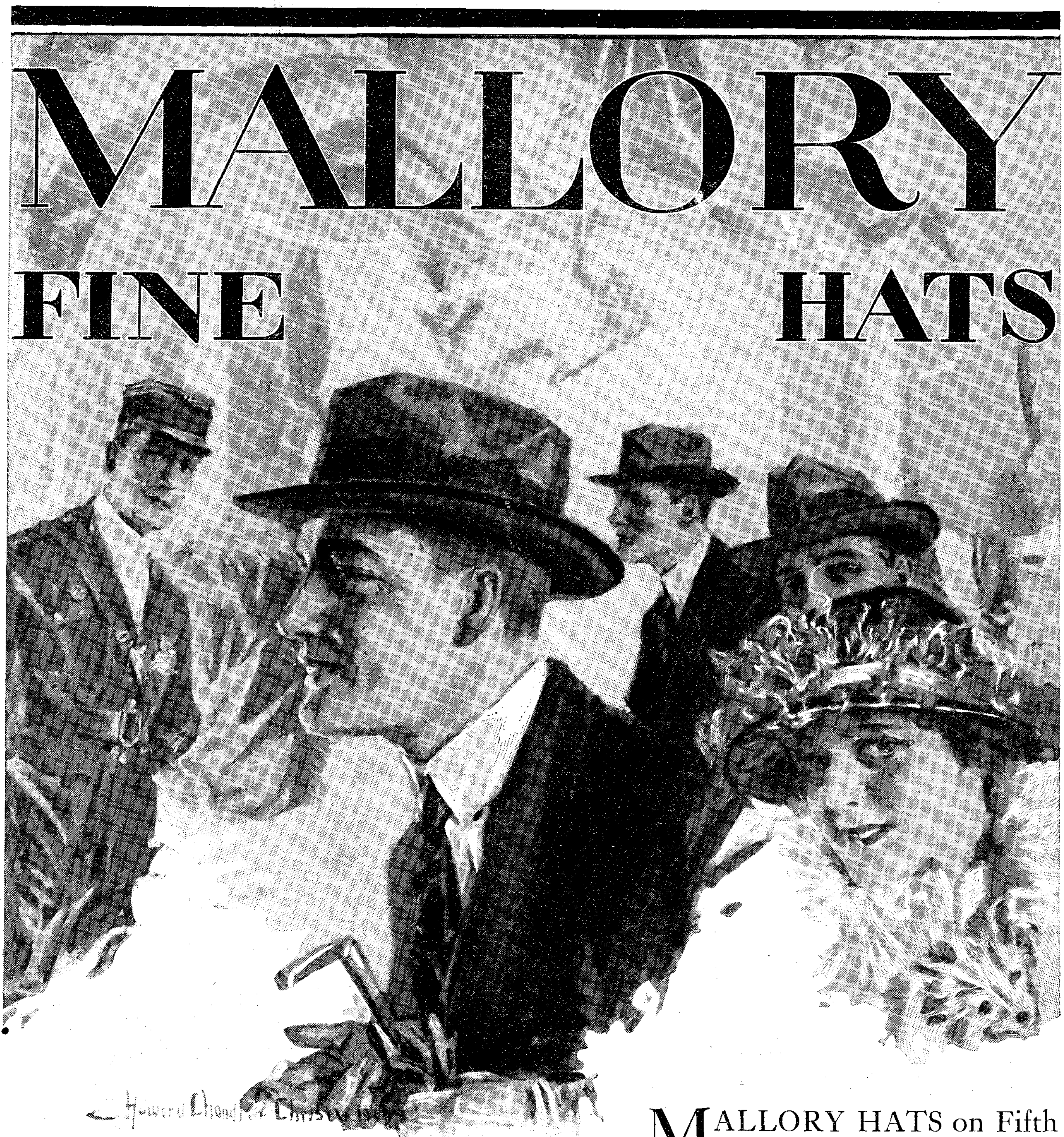




MALLORY HATS on Fifth Avenue—the smartest, trimmest, finest-looking men's headgear from the Victory Arch to the Plaza.

There's more reason than ever why you should buy a Mallory this Spring. Good hatter's fur has been scarce these twelve months past; good dyes scarcer still. But Mallory has had them—as Mallory has had them through three other wars. Mallory Hats have been known as "America's Best" since 1823. Go and see the new Spring models that Mallory dealers everywhere are now showing. You won't find better Style or Quality *anywhere*.

"*Cravenette*" FINISH affords extra protection against the weather and can be had only in Mallory Hats.

Mallory Hats

MALLORY HATS are priced at $5, $6 and up. Mallory Mello-Ease (very light) $6, $7 and up.

This advertisement is a reproduction of Howard Chandler Christy's poster, "Mallory Hats on Fifth Avenue."

E. A. MALLORY & SONS, INC., 234 Fifth Ave., New York. Factory, Danbury, Conn.

being prepared for the mission field. He served his apprenticeship among the Chippewas on the shore of Lake Huron. He followed his charges in the summer by canoe and in the winter by dog-team.

"I learned as much as I taught," said Bishop Rowe. "I learned woodcraft of the Chippewas and I learned to make the best of circumstances. I also learned to respect the Indian's code of honor. Few white men have the integrity possest by most Indians. I have known Indians to be starving while camped where a white man had cached abundant food-supplies. I doubt if the thought of stealing the white man's supplies even occurred to them, for they know what it is to travel hard and far depending upon a cache of food, and what it would mean if some one had stolen it.

"I was elected bishop of Alaska in October, 1895. I spent the winter of 1895–96 in Juneau. In March, 1896, I chartered a boat at Juneau to go to Dyea. We had to break the ice to get ashore. I hired a 'Stick,' as the Stickeen Indians are termed, as my helper. We packed our camp dunnage on a sled to the foot of Chilcoot pass, but getting it over the pass was a matter of more difficulty. We carried it over on our backs. This was before the gold discovery, so there was no trail. We mushed from the summit of Chilcoot to Cariboo Crossing, traveling on snowshoes and hauling our dunnage on handsleds. We camped at the head of the first lake and whipsawed out the lumber and built a boat. We carried the boat on our sleds, for the lakes were frozen. When we struck the headwaters of the Yukon we launched our home-made boat. I steered through White Horse Rapids, Miles Canyon, and Five Fingers. One needs a quick eye, a strong wrist, and a dependable paddle to negotiate the swift waters of the Upper Yukon. Two years later I was holding frequent services for inexperienced argonauts on the rush to the Klondike who met with disaster in the rapids. I helped bury a good many miners that year.

"On our first trip we were captured by the natives and were held for three days. I understood Chinook and I found they were debating whether to kill us or not. I told the Indians that if they killed us the Supreme Being would avenge our deaths. They released us but would not allow us to leave. I told my 'Stick' helper to make a rush for the boat. While I held the Indians back he cut the rope and shoved off into the current. I made a run for it, jumped in, and we bent to our work. They had no firearms, so we escaped. We made our way to Fort Selkirk on short rations, for the Indians had seized our supplies. At Fort Selkirk we found a white trader and secured additional supplies, including potatoes raised under a blanket in lieu of a greenhouse.

"Two hundred miles below Selkirk we landed at Klondike Creek, a little stream coming into the Yukon from the right. We camped here and found no sign of life. That same year, a few months later, in August, Skookum Jim and his brother-in-law, a 'Stick' Indian, found colors where we camped. They filled some empty cartridge-shells with coarse gold-dust. They were on their way to Forty Mile when they discovered gold, and as they were out of food they stayed there but one night staking claims and then going on to Forty Mile for their grub. They complied with the unwritten law of the North to tell others of their discovery, but the white men said, 'There can be nothing to it, or we would have found colors there before. They are liars.' This was in August, 1896. The big stampede to Klondike Creek didn't take place till that winter. Where we had camped in the summer of 1896 the town of Dawson was built two years later.

"The Canadian Government had made Jim a 'free' Indian, which enabled him to buy liquor. He was so constantly drunk and so constantly in the 'Skookum House' or 'Strong House,' as they term the jail, that he was called 'Skookum Jim.'

"In 1897 I happened to be up Anvic way, when a very friendly and likable young chap asked me to tell him about the country. I was looked upon as a 'sour dough,' as I had been in the country a year or so. He told me he was reporting for the San Francisco papers, and that his name was Jack London.

"I came very near 'cashing in my checks,' as the miners say, in 1898. We had an abnormal flood on the Yukon. I was going down the Yukon by boat and in rounding a point the current swept us in toward the bank, and a 'sweeper,' as we call the trees whose roots have been undermined, letting the tree fall into the water, caught me and swept me from the boat into the swift ice-cold water. Fortunately I grasped a submerged limb as I was being swept downward and held it with a death grip, and finally was able to inch my way up against the rushing water till I secured a better hold and crawled out on the 'sweeper.'

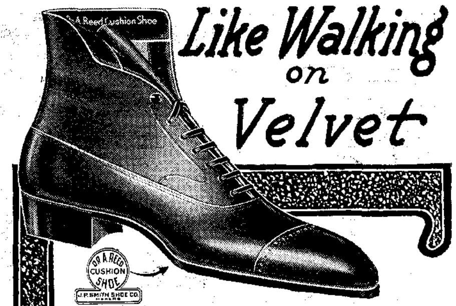
"The natives of Alaska are unmoral not immoral. They do not know our standards, but live up to their own code of honor. I have traveled by dog-team all over Alaska. Many a time I have broken trail on my snowshoes for my dog-team when the spirit thermometer registered 75 below zero. Up north one travels to keep from freezing. I have often traveled afoot fifty miles in a day of ten hours. One can go for hours at a swinging trot.

"For more than twenty years it has been my habit to travel by boat till the weather made boat travel impossible, when I would choose some suitable spot along the river and 'freeze in.' When everything was nicely frozen, then I would get out my sled, hitch up my huskies, and start on my travels to points I could not reach by water in the summer.

"The people of Alaska are a virile and splendid race. Manhood is the test of character. You must be able to stand the gaff. They possess the elemental virtues of courage, hardihood, and helpfulness. They have the true pioneer spirit.

"There are tragedies in plenty. In the spring of 1898 an avalanche tore loose at the Scales and wiped Sheep Camp off the map. I helped dig out and bury seventy-six miners.

"The Church of England does not plan its compensation on Alaska prices. I found, with eggs $1 each, with flour $50 a sack, and other things in proportion, that I had better confine my diet to bacon and beans. I came down from Alaska one trip with Joe Matthews, an old sour dough. We had traveled all over Alaska together. You learn to know a man inside and out if you eat a sack of flour with him on the trail. We reached Seattle and made a bee line for a restaurant. Joe ordered five orders of strawberries and cream, and one order of beans. I thought it was a singular combination, but I said nothing. When his order was served Joe took the beans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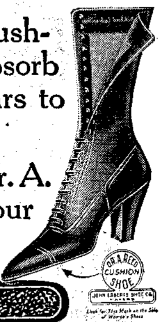
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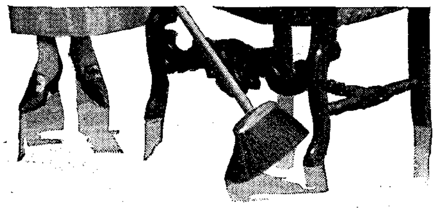

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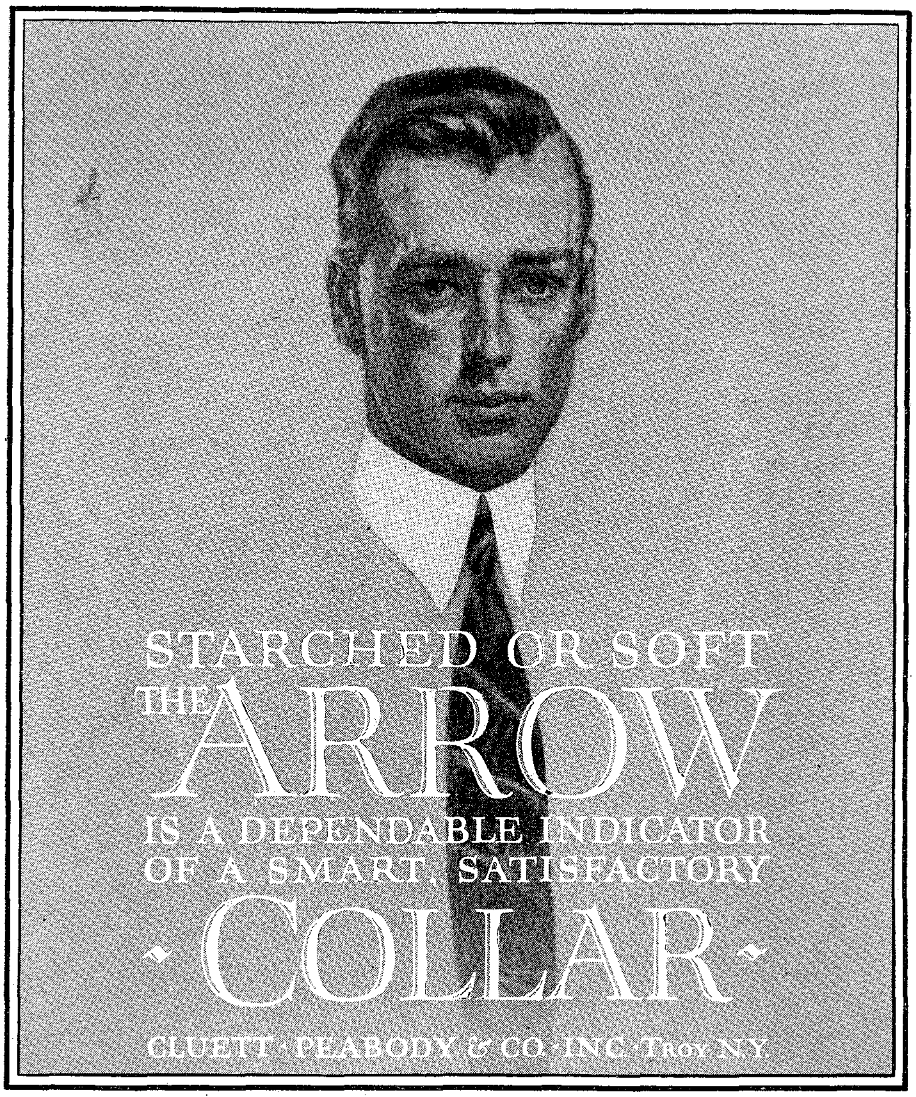
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Good roads are preserved by reducing the load that is carried on each wheel.

and put them on top of the sugar-bowl and said, 'Now then, beans, damn you, sit up there and watch me eat these strawberries.'"

A GLIMPSE INTO THE PERSONALITY OF GALLI-CURCI

AMALITA GALLI-CURCI, who sang her way into sudden favor with Chicago and New York audiences last winter, has written a brief account of herself that may remind many persons of her singing. The great charm of her singing, so the critics say, is that she sings the most artificial and involved of songs in a way as simple as sunlight, that her very simplicity and sincerity and straightforwardness bring a new beauty to music that was beginning to be "sung out." So with the sketch of herself that appears in *The Forum;* the complexities of a reigning prima donna's life and character are exprest with something of the naive simplicity of a débutante. Simplicity, naturalness, honesty, she writes, are to be found in the really great events in life, just as in the most tragic moments at the opera. She finds much of this prized "direct simplicity" in American women artists, and in American women in general, but not so much in American men. As for her herself, she writes:

The critics have been kind enough, among many nice things they have said of me, to insist that I have simplicity of style. If this is true, I have no teacher in art to thank for it. My greatest asset, in this degree of simplicity which has been so liberally spoken of, is my lack of sympathy with complex emotions. I have lived so close to the language of the earth, and I have looked with such admiration upon the distance of the stars and the great expanse of sky, that I have had no time to enter into the complication of spectacular feeling. Music above all things is song, and song is the voice of aspiring human beings. Singing is from the heart, and not from the vanities or intellectuality of thought.

So many American girls write to me and ask if they have a chance in opera. But, of course they have a chance if they but have the voice. What American singers lack most is a good pronunciation. I have heard so many really beautiful voices in America, but the foreign pronunciation is so strange to them. In your language you have no open vowels, like Italian. When you say a word in Italian you almost sing it, and we learn all the languages as little children.

Then, too, in America there are no little opera-houses to begin in. You must either go to the Metropolitan or to Chicago. In Europe there are lots of little opera-houses where it is easy to get a start, but of course first you must know the language. There are good chances in Italy if you have merit. Italy is always thirsty for good voices, whether they come from America or from home.

The artist deals with her personal life evidently with some reluctance, but her confessions come more freely as she turns to the less intimate side of it:

The personal life of an artist has really

Announcing Two Improved Models

Model 19—Republic Invincible—2-2½ Tons
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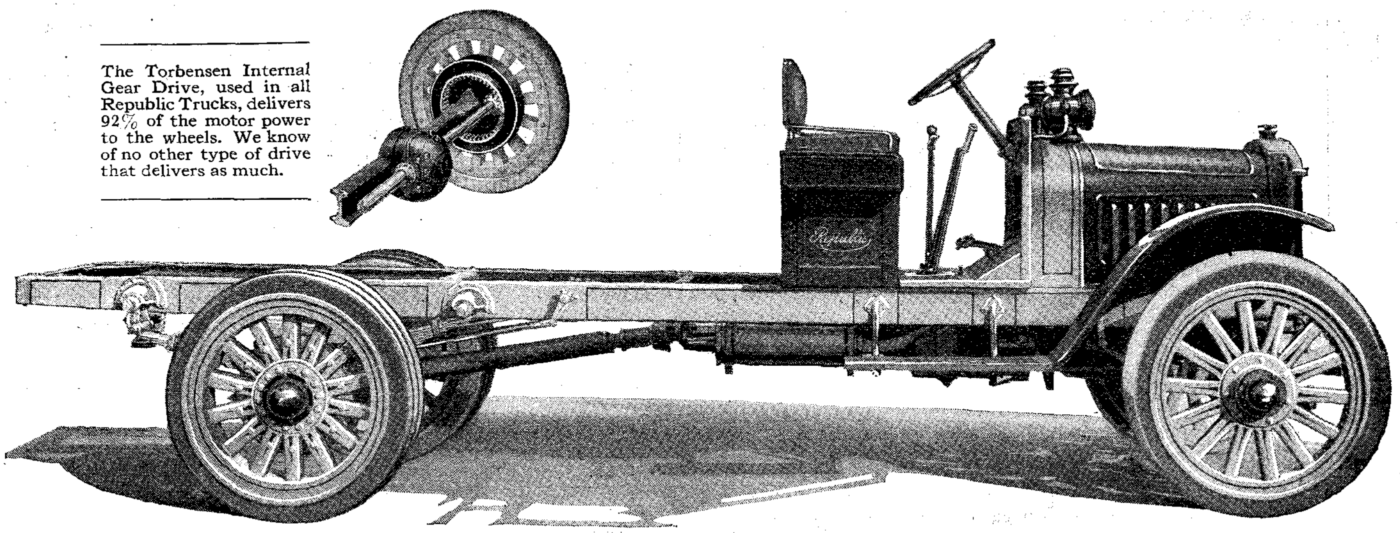

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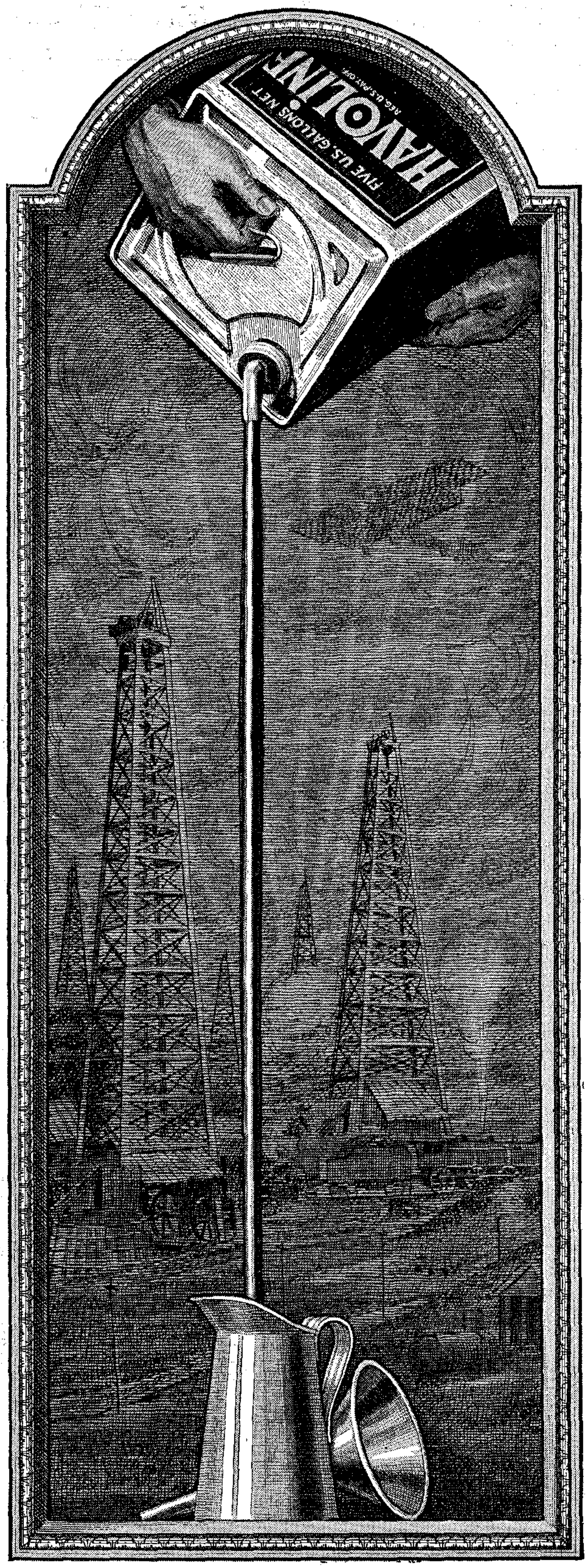

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no significance excepting as it may reveal the influences which have contributed to artistic success, which it rarely does. There is nothing that an artist can tell another artist that will be of lasting value. Some one asked me the other day what was my favorite song, but I have none, because I love them all. They are each one a part of me. A mother does not love one child more than another, and my songs are my dream-children, each one dear to my heart. Real babies I have none, yet. I should love them awfully. But babies take time from one and I am so busy. All my life is so full. On the stage I am a prima donna, but once I am at home I am only a little lady who happens to sing. My home, it is my rest—my paradise. But each day I must work, work, work with my music, trying to correct the many faults the kindly critics have pointed out in my voice. Each day I close myself in my own little room for two or three hours and with my brain I study my characterization of the rôles I sing. When I know the music by heart, I begin to sing and put it in the throat, singing not more than one-half hour at a time.

In great painting, in fine writing, in great singing, I do not believe there is any definite advice to give those who contribute to fine issues. We have a word called nature, which embodies everything we see, and to many of us expresses things we can not see. We do not all have the same intensity of feeling, we do not all see the same distance with our eyes or hear the same music with our ears. But there is an attempt made in artistic effort by many people who accomplish a certain limited expression by development of technique. The greatest art so utilizes technique that it is not visible, that it is not thought about, that it is not even used as a support to the work.

In music we must learn to breathe, to articulate the song, to keep the vocal mechanism, through practise, in prime condition; but given the most beautiful voice in the world and a human being without heart, all the technique will not make that singer a success. Of course, what we mean by success is the response of an audience to the artistic truth exprest by the artist. So I have no elaborate plea to make for technique.

I should sum up the greatest gift to a singer as the gift of simplicity—of character, of vision, of sympathy, of poise with the rest of the world.

What is simplicity?

Looking the other man straight in the eyes without suspicion, with friendliness, with sympathy, and with faith in what he is. That is the way the artist should look at life, at the things and the people and the impressions which life gives him or her. From such outlook come no complications, no intellectual dangers, no radical disturbances. Simplicity in art is not a complicated analysis of bristling questions as to the why and wherefore of feeling, it is just the opposite to query. Simplicity of understanding is the question with which simplicity in art is answered.

It is merely a case of letting yourself grow, inch by inch, without asking questions about it. It is no use quarreling, for instance, with one's figure, the color of one's eyes, or the color of one's hair. All molds of nature are not outwardly beautiful, but there is beauty somewhere in every mold of nature, and if we look for it, if we do not deny it the right of way when we meet it, it is because we do not look at life with the simplicity of confidence.

How often you hear artists talk about self-confidence. They speak of it as if it were a magic spell that could be secured from any shop around the corner. And, sometimes, they speak of it as if it were a false wig, something to be put on in emergencies. Of course, it is nothing of this kind. Self-confidence is really the unconscious simplicity which meets the hour, whatever it may be, with an impersonal interest. The beautiful dresses, the soft lights, the artistic grandeur of the scenery on the operatic stage, may all tend to inflame the imagination of the artist, but, to my mind, the chief force of a performance in grand opera is the simplicity of feeling with which the performance is given. I would not say that any singer can succeed in grand opera without technique, but I will say that technique alone without the deep love for the song that nature has given the singer will not make a distinguished success.

It is outside the walls of the theater that the simplicity of artistic work is encouraged—is maintained even. It has always been very easy for me to work. I sing because I feel and enjoy singing, but if I do not keep the work constantly and actively alive, I should not be able to sing as well. During my vacation in the mountains I follow a strict rule of life. From eight to nine I spend on horseback, from nine to ten I attend to household duties and correspondence. From ten to twelve I devote entirely to singing, which is followed by luncheon. The automobile in the afternoon, a tramp in the woods, and one hour reserved for privacy. I make it a rule always to spend one hour of each day entirely alone. Many people have realized the value of being alone, it stimulates and it strengthens because the spirit can only be refreshed by a private conference of this sort.

My evenings are also spent at the piano, because the piano was the instrument I intended to make my living with. The fact that I had a voice was discovered for me. I hold a teacher's certificate in Milan as a pianist and expected to follow that profession. My parents looked with disfavor upon an operatic career. But I am happy that my voice has pleased so many. I have never been "turned down," as you call it, by any manager. I came to this country in 1915, and Mr. Gatti-Casazza never even saw me until one night I did go over to the Metropolitan Opera House to hear Geraldine Farrar and John McCormack sing in "Madama Butterfly."

I could not help singing—my father, my mother, and my grandparents all were fine musicians, and I began as a little child. Always we had money, and I never had any hard times. In Milan, where I was born, I went to school and studied French, English, Italian, German, and, later Spanish. When I was twenty I married. I came by way of Cuba, where I had "made good," as you say. In Madrid and Buenos Aires people were just as good to me as you Americans. From Buenos Aires we came to New York.

I like opera better than concert, altho concert-singing is much more difficult. In the opera there are costumes, much color, scenery, and other people to help the artist. A concert stage is like a picture without a frame. The singer must be the picture and the frame.

My first summer in America was spent in the Catskill Mountains. I am used to the mountains in Italy, where I was born, and to the mountains of Spain, where I had made some reputation before I came to America. But I have never seen such

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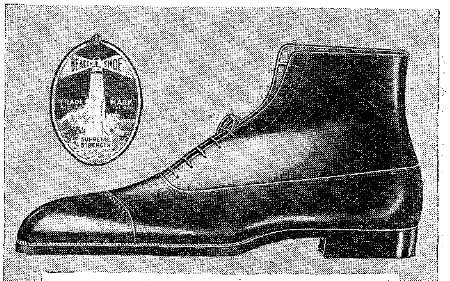

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happy mountains as those American hills on the Hudson. They are not frowning or severe—but joyous, and the line they make against the sunset sky is more beautiful, more inviting, more friendly than the black mountain heights of Europe.

I never let anything interfere with my rest. I must have it—if I am to sing, I must sleep, for I can not do one without the other—so I shall never neglect my rest.

Live modestly, healthfully, simply. Look for happiness all the time, and it is surprizing how much of it will come. Do not study the artificial effects either in private or public appearances and you will find that it is much easier to move through the difficult and trying experiences of a public career with simplicity than it is with artificial splendor.

The greatest music-teacher I have ever known is the lark, that subtle voice with a method divinely given, with a scale and temperament that are as simple as the mystery of the dawn.

THE "MARSEILLAISE" WAS INSPIRED BY A WAR-POSTER IN STRASSBURG

THE most fiery and inspiring of national songs, the "Marseillaise," is far better known in this country than it was before the war, especially since it has become the custom for audiences to rise during its rendition as they do for "The Star-Spangled Banner." While the authorship of this great song by Rouget de l'Isle is undisputed, its true source has not been as generally known; but in an article in *The New France* for February, Mr. Jean Richepin, of the French Academy, shows us that de l'Isle's impassioned lyric was directly inspired by a proclamation of his friend Dietrich, the patriotic Mayor of Strassburg.

It was on April 20, 1792, that France, deeming her new-found liberty threatened by a coalition of the neighboring Powers, took the offensive and declared war upon the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia. Says Mr. Richepin,

> The very day of the declaration of war, Dietrich, the Mayor of Strassburg, posted upon the walls a proclamation which contained the words out of which grew the "Marseillaise" . . . It began thus:
>
> "To arms, citizens! The banner of war is unfurled. To arms, we must vanquish or die! To arms, citizens! If we continue to be free all the Powers of Europe will see the overthrow of their sinister plots. Let them tremble then, these crowned despots. March on! March! Let us be free to the last breath, and let our prayers rise constantly for the safety of the country, and the good of all mankind."
>
> You see they knew what they were doing, these men! The War of 1792 was not one of conquest. It was not a war of pillage. It was a war to defend the soil of the invaded country, and at the same time a war of ideals, in which the French race declared: "No, I will not die, because with me would die the ideal of humanity, progress, the love of right, of justice, of the weak, and the opprest."

While Rouget de l'Isle in his old age sometimes contradicted himself in regard to details upon which his memory was weak, he never varied his statement that he wrote the "Marseillaise" the night following the posting of the proclamation of war in Strassburg, to which it shows so direct a kinship in phrasing.

Mr. Richepin continues:

> Upon the evening of this proclamation the Mayor gathered in his home at a great dinner all the most important people of the city, among them, of course, Rouget de l'Isle, the favorite of the drawing-rooms and beloved by all. They were already saying good-by, since at dawn many must depart, and after the dinner (which was a choice one, such as they knew how to make them in Alsace and washed down with champagne) Dietrich and the ladies wished to sing, but they especially desired to sing a patriotic air. Which one? There was only the "Ça ira!" and they were a little weary of that, which had become a march for the Army, and was not really a patriotic song. Dietrich began talking, as Mayor, of an idea of his to open a competition and give a prize to the one who should write a new song.
>
> Suddenly, turning toward Rouget de l'Isle, he said (these are the textual words, which were noted at the time): "But, apropos of this, Mr. de l'Isle, you speak the language of the gods; you touch the harp of Orpheus, why do you not try for this prize?"
>
> Rouget de l'Isle modestly demurred, but the Mayor insisted; the officers and the young girls around him, adding their plea. One of the generals present, who was leaving the next day for Schlestadt, said to de l'Isle: "Well, promise to send it to me soon, this famous song," and Dietrich, cutting in, said: "I promise for him, General." Thereupon they went out and walked through the streets, somewhat overheated by champagne—do not forget this detail, it is very important.
>
> Rouget de l'Isle, who lived near by, went home, confused by what had just been said to him; confused, also, he admitted, by the champagne. Having reached his home, he found his violin upon the table, he took it up, ran the bow carelessly over the strings, feeling for any notes of a vague song. The words of the proclamation murmured through his head—"To arms, Citizens! March on, March on. The banner, the banner is unfurled." All rushed pell-mell into his mind; a melody came into his fingers. He followed it with the bow and noted it quickly upon a paper. He wrote down words; one after another, the couplets came. He wrote, he played, he set down the notes, he put down words, and then, overwhelmed by the effort he had made, dropt upon his couch as one dead.

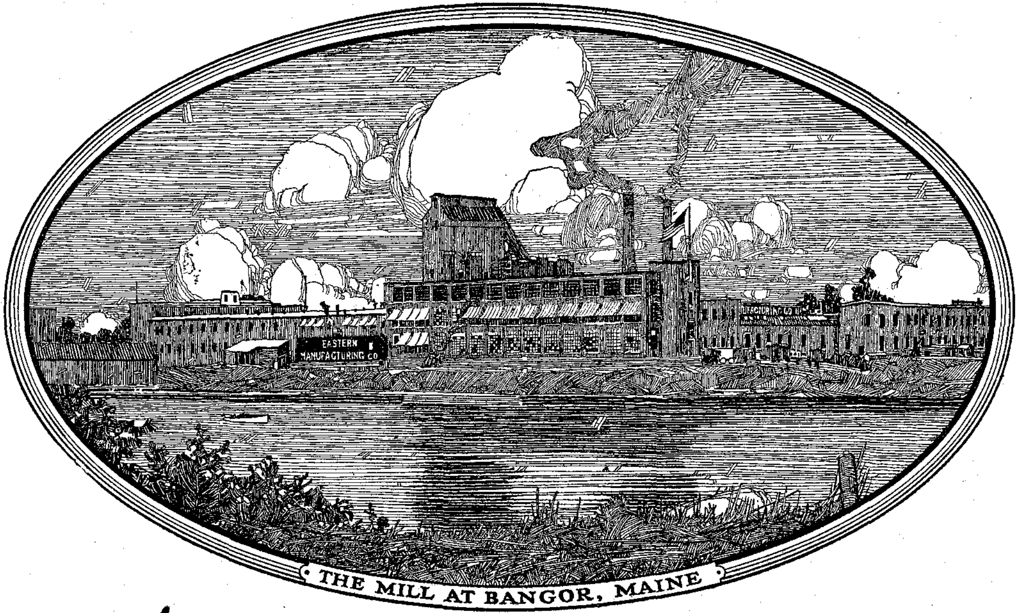
When he awoke next morning he found his notes, but had no recollection of their composition. But he hurried with them to the home of a friend, Marclet, an officer, who suggested some few necessary corrections. The two young officers then went to the home of Dietrich, who was walking in his garden:

> Upon looking at the manuscript, he said: "Ah! this thing should be either very good or very bad. Let us go into the drawing-room and I will try it on the harpsichord." He played it, and the melody seemed to him very beautiful; at once he called his wife. "Invite all our guests of last evening. I wish to give them a surprize to-night." In the evening the guests arrived, convinced that Dietrich had news to give them of the war—but not at all. They dined; he said nothing, and they waited. With dessert, as the champagne went round, he sat down at the harpsichord and sang, in his beautiful tenor voice, the "Marseillaise," or "The War-Song of the Armies of the Rhine," as it was then called.

In a naive little letter to her brother, Madame Dietrich tells of the first performance of this war-song, specially and hurriedly composed by "the captain of engineers, Rouget de l'Isle, a very agreeable poet and composer," sung by her husband and orchestrated by herself "for the harpsichord and other instruments." The good lady adds that the piece "has much originality. It is better than Gluck; more stirring and alert. . . . I send you a copy of the music. The little virtuosi who surround you have only to read it and you will certainly be charmed at hearing this little song."

Somehow this "Song of the Armies of the Rhine" was carried south to the Mediterranean. Volunteers were gathering at Marseilles. At a banquet in a restaurant on Tubaneau Street a delegate from Montpellier, Mireur by name, began to sing the song in a beautiful voice to the warmer-blooded men of the south of France. Then:

> There, they understood! Ah! they were not men somewhat intoxicated, dull and too calm; they were men filled with the great sunlight of the Midi; men from the borders of the Mediterranean; from this sea where Aphrodite was born; whence come all the beautiful ideals of civilization.
>
> Therefore the effect was like lightning. The next day the song was published in a newspaper. The volunteers who had enlisted in large numbers, the battalions of the men of Marseilles, marched toward Paris before going to the frontier and all along the way they sang their song. They scattered it abroad and on all sides it spread. Now, we will see how the miracle continued. They arrived in Paris. They sang it there. They had a remarkable, colossal success. It was called for at all *fêtes*, in all the theaters; and the "Marseillaise" opened like a flower in Paris. It had been sown in the north, under the pine-trees near the countries that it must conquer. Afterward, it had been propagated in all France.
>
> September 26, 1792, the Convention in solemn session proclaimed the "Marseillaise" the national hymn. This song was then called the "Hymn of Marseilles," but a decree was not sufficient. The popular voice called it "La Marseillaise," which is much better, because it is the name of a woman, and a song like this could not be a man. A woman must be the soul of France. It became, at first, a war-song. They sang it at Jemappes. Hoche had it sung to his troops. They sang it everywhere, and Gasner, who has written a book upon the cries of Paris and the military songs of France, cites this testimony from a German officer:
>
> "Once, about dawn, we heard an alarm. No one could understand the sounds which came from afar. We thought we heard cries, the roll of drums, the thunder of cannons; it sounded like all of that. The French, who had been near us for



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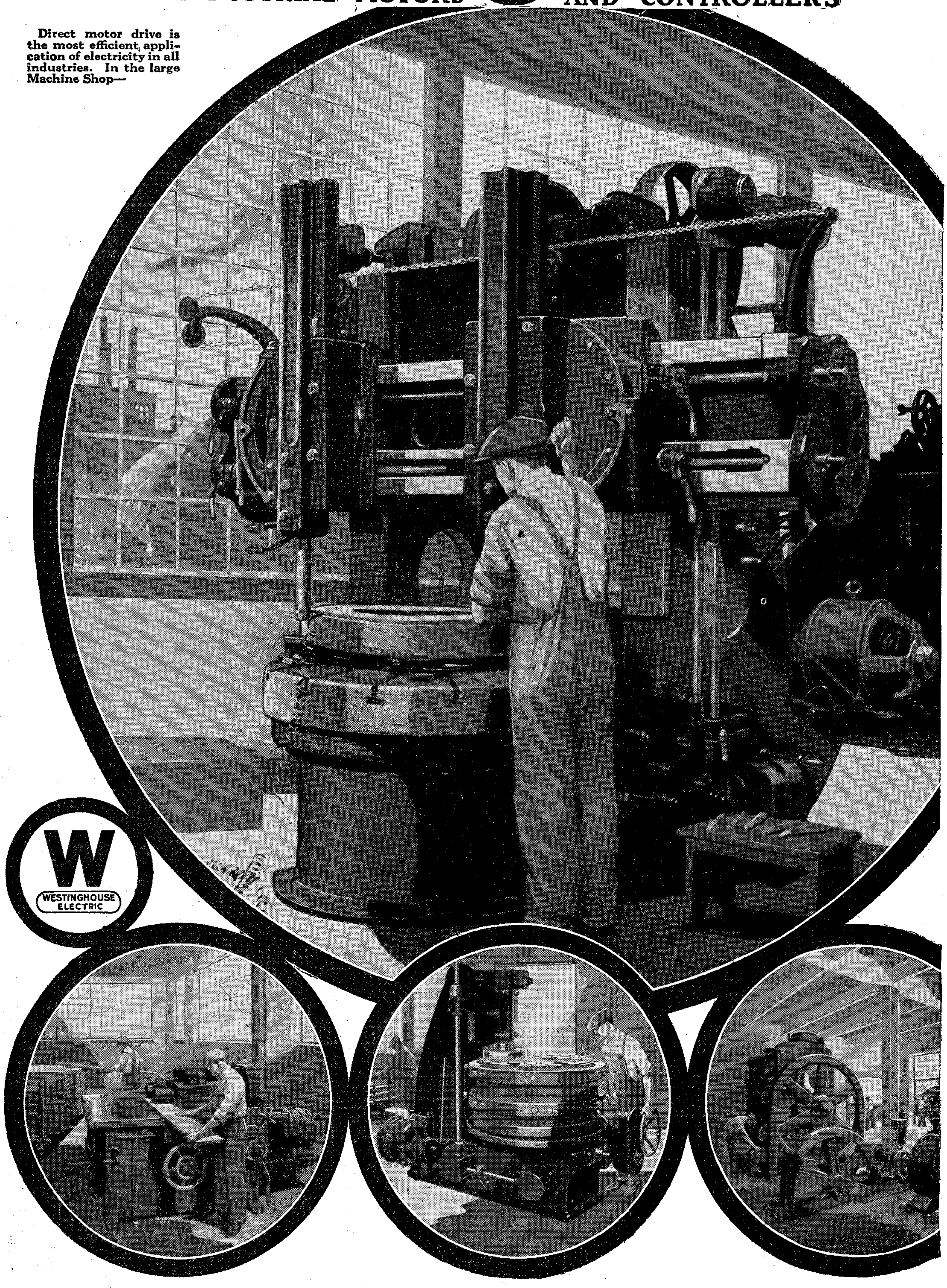

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Power, finally, must be economical. Actual power expense must stop the moment the lathe, or press, or loom stops moving.

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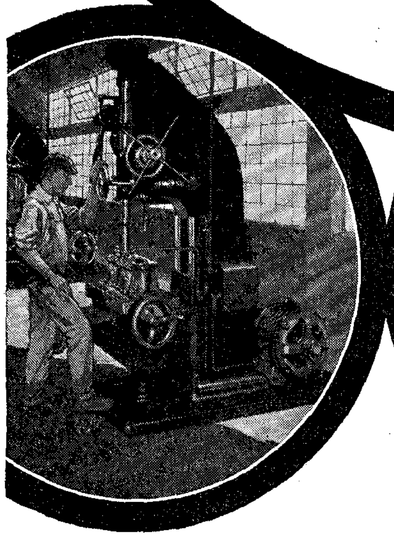

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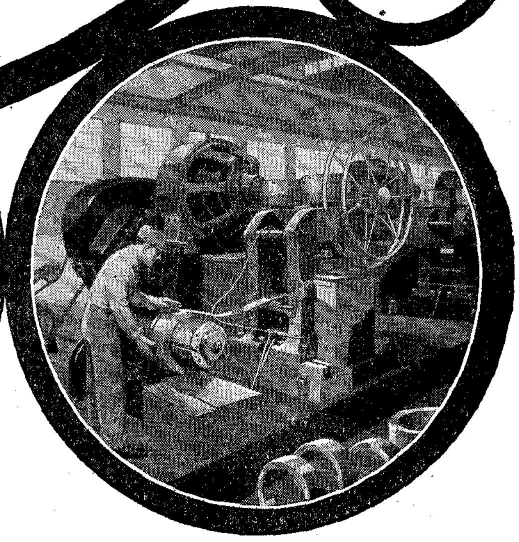


the Steel Mill

several hours, were giving a salutation to the dawn, and at the same time saluting the enemy, by repeating the terrible hymn of the 'Marseillaise.' To describe the effect of this hymn sung by thousands of voices is a thing humanly impossible."

Yes, they could not understand it. They can not yet understand that it is not only a song of war, of destruction; it is a song of liberation.

UNCLE SAM'S BIG GAME HUNTERS

EVERY small boy who owns an air-rifle will begin plans for the future when he hears that the United States Government actually employs keen-eyed followers of Daniel Boone and Kit Carson to shoot wolves, mountain lions, grizzly bears, and other marauding but interesting beasts. There is a permanent staff of between 250 and 350 professional hunters connected with the Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture, and all that these fortunate woodsmen, plainsmen, and mountaineers have to do is to shoot the animals that prey on sheep and cattle in the Western States! "Think of being paid a salary to hunt big game!" enviously cries the editor of *Outing;* "that's our idea of a good job!" Since the fall of 1915, when this corps of hunters was organized, it has done considerable execution:

> The bag includes 60,473 coyotes, 8,094 bobcats, 1,829 wolves, 201 mountain lions, and 137 bears. The Government receives a neat little income from the pelts, too. For one year's kill this amounted to about $100,000.
>
> Let us see just what damage a predatory animal can do. Take, for example, the case of one Wyoming stockman. Last May two male wolves visited his ranch and got away with one hundred head of sheep and seven colts. Then they turned their attention to the rancher's neighbor and hit him to the tune of fifty sheep. A Biological Survey hunter ran the marauding pair down and killed them.
>
> Here are the Government's estimates of the annual depredations among cattle and sheep by a single predatory animal: wolf, $1,000; stock killing grizzly bear, $500; mountain lion, $500; bobcat, $50; coyote, $50.

Election Expenses.—This story of the election expenses of a Georgia man who was defeated for county commissioner in the recent primary, reaches us by way of the Newark *Ledger* in a dispatch from Atlanta. His sworn statement runs:

> Lost 1,349 hours sleep thinking about the election. Lost two front teeth and a whole lot of hair in a personal encounter with an opponent. Donated one beef, four shoats, and five sheep to a county barbecue. Gave away two pairs of suspenders, four calico dresses, $5 cash, and thirteen baby rattles. Kissed 126 babies. Kindled fourteen kitchen fires. Put up four stoves. Walked 4,076 miles. Shook hands with 9,508 persons. Told 10,101 lies, and talked enough to make, in print, 1,000 volumes. Attended sixteen revival meetings, and was baptized four different times by immersion, and twice some other way. Contributed $50 to foreign missions, and made love to nine grass widows. Hugged forty-nine old maids. Got dog-bit thirty-nine times, and was defeated.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION
Continued

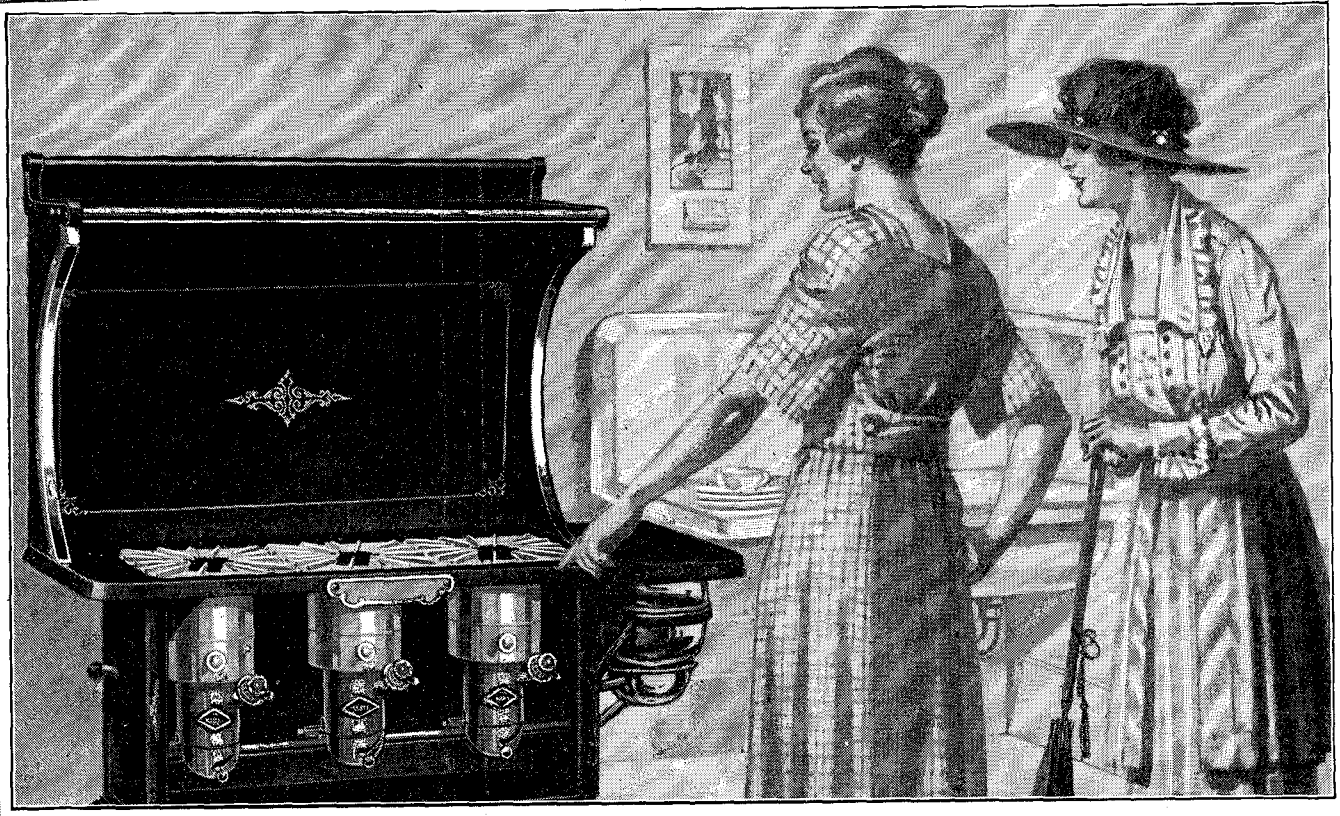
A YEAR'S CHANGE IN FOOD-HABITS

OUR food-habits have been changing for the past forty years. Our dietary has become both more varied and more rational. Once we ate chiefly bread and meat; now we use quantities both of home-grown vegetables and fruits. The change has, of course, proceeded with exceptional speed during the past year, owing to the exigencies of the war, and it is interesting to compare to-day's diet with that of a year ago. This comparison is made for us by Dr. Peter H. Bryce, chief medical officer of the Canadian Immigration Service, in a paper read originally before the American Public Health Association, at Chicago, and now printed in *The American Journal of Public Health* (Concord, N. H., February). Dr. Bryce recapitulates the steps by which it became evident to us that we must do our part toward feeding Europe, and reminds us how this knowledge has been made to react both on consumption and production; and particularly how it has changed our food-habits during the year. He writes:

> "We all know that none among us has suffered from a dearth of available food, altho the poor may have been injured through high prices. It is, of course, true that some corn, rye, and barley have been introduced into our bread, some glucose into our sugar-supply, and some fish into our animal-food supply; but essentially we have not seriously shifted the movable weight on the food-balance so far as our necessary calories are concerned, except perhaps to lessen their excess. C. F. Langworthy, chemist to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, is quoted as saying that we ordinarily eat three times as much meat as we need, and that saving is possible is seen in the fact that Canada's excess-meat export last year, with fewer animals grown, was enough to feed 500,000 soldiers at the front.
>
> "Now, with these facts before us, we naturally inquire what changes have taken place in our use of foods. All will at once turn to what he is personally cognizant of, viz., the war-garden. Professor Taylor, in illustrating the means by which hard-prest Germany has been able to carry on, tells us that her population, through each urban dweller having been given a plot of suburban land to cultivate, have supplied at least 30 per cent. of the food necessary for their sustenance. How much this has meant will be understood when we remember that before the war 70 per cent. of the whole population in Germany was urban. Now, in less degree indeed, because the necessity has not been so pressing, all have turned to war-gardening in America. It is difficult to get complete statistics, because so many people have simply enlarged their previous former gardening, and these have been, of course, the most efficient. However, the Food Board of Canada reports an estimated total of 15,000 acres under cultivation in 1918, based on five times the acreage in 1917.
>
> "In the Northern States and Canada undoubtedly the greatest increase has been in the potato crop. Germany, indeed, has long appreciated the value of this source of food. . . . . . .
>
> "Fortunately, it is food so simply grown that many of the wage-earning class have been able to provide enough to supply their own household requirements, while, cooked in the usual way, it serves as the most important item in replacing our bread-supply. . . . . .
>
> "Incidentally, it may be stated that the use of the sweet potato and the banana in the South is in the same category, and, as Professor Prescott states, the banana at five cents per pound is, next to dried beans and bread, the cheapest food when measured in calories or fuel-value. But the war-garden has played a further use in its supplying food during the summer, from the earliest onions, lettuce, beets, peas, and beans, to the later corn, tomatoes, carrots, parsnips, and celery, all of which in succession have supplied material for canning and drying up to the needs of the many householders. In addition to home products, it is probable, too, that the output of the canning companies in these and other vegetables and fruits has been notably increased and will be made ancillary, as canned goods, to the overseas supplies for the Army."

In addition to the war-gardens, Canada has seen during the year, Dr. Bryce tells us, a notable increase in the home consumption of fish. Possest on both coasts of valuable fisheries, Canada until recently has allowed this source of food and wealth to remain undeveloped. To indicate how rapidly this source has been utilized, Dr. Bryce states that since the Food Board took up the matter seriously, the number of licensed wholesale fish establishments in Canada increased from 900 to 1,550, while 55 per cent. of the total Western fish catch was consumed at home as compared with 15 per cent. the previous year. He goes on:

> "In no item, perhaps, have the people of this continent been more disturbed than in the restriction of the sugar-supply. Sugar, since the early days of sorghum and sugar-cane in the South and maple-sugar in the North, has been used much as salt or any other condiment. In spite of occasional medical warnings as to its injurious effects if used in excess, from babyhood to old age, our people have cultivated a sweet tooth. The old-time candy stick and candy crystals may have been replaced by more expensive chocolates and other confections, but sugar is used everywhere, from the piccaninny, who chews sugar-cane, to the Northerner, who, from using maple-sugar, has looked upon sugar as an elementary food. There is little doubt, however, that its restriction to some extent through being replaced by oatmeal, barley, meat, peas, and beans, with more use of milk, would prove a distinct benefit to the growing children of our continent, whose sweet tooth has been allowed to control indulgent mothers rather than the knowledge that the proteins and fats are much more essential to the development of the growing animal.
>
> "A word need be said regarding the use of milk and milk-products. The value of milk as a complete food for children and for general use in a mixed diet is everywhere accepted, and it is now only a question of obtaining it in sufficient quantity and quality at any reasonable price. We are all familiar with the struggle that has gone



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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

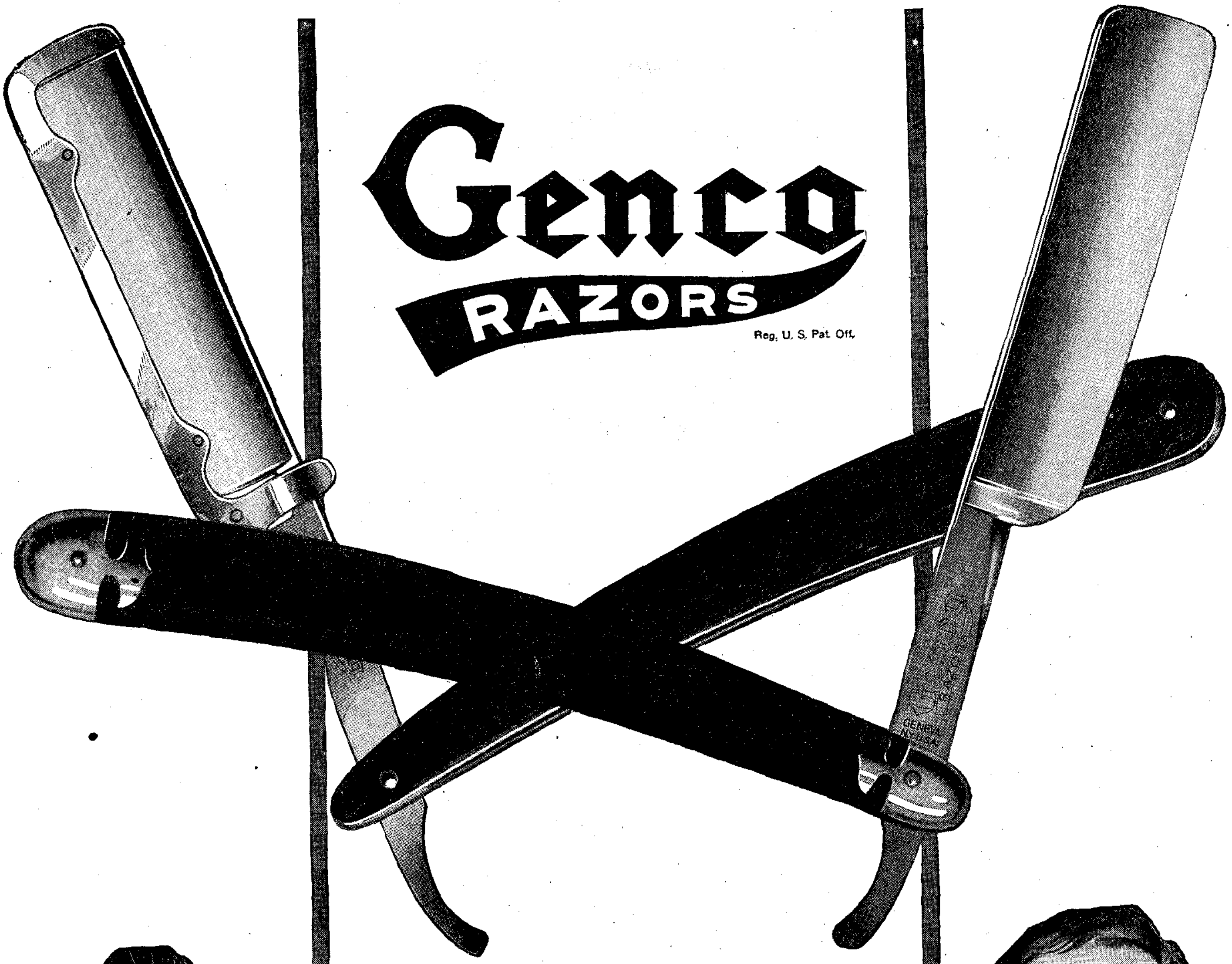
on between the producers and milk-dealers on this continent during the past two years. . . . Statistics are difficult to obtain; but it is probable that in no one particular have the infants and children of the poorer people been affected more seriously than in a lessened milk-supply; while, as for eggs, their use would seem to have been restricted largely to the wealthy and to those provident householders who have kept a dozen hens and fed them on garden and household refuse. If milk foods, such as cheese, have been increased for export as war-food at the expense of the children's food, it could only be excused on the ground of some pressing necessity, but we have good evidence to know that the milk problem was serious before the war, and will only be solved when it is managed as a municipal utility as to quantity and quality and distributed on some basis as efficiently as are public gas, electricity, coal, and water. If the evolution of society is to make three-fourths of the people non-producers of food and urban residents, then public safety and efficiency demand that food, the first item in the life of the people, be regulated as carefully by government, whether general or municipal, as the quantity and quality of the water and other liquid supplies."

WAR-DEFECTS NOT BEQUEATHED TO THE CHILDREN

WOODEN legs and glass eyes are, of course, not transmissible to our offspring, except as interesting mementoes, but actual fear is said to prevail among some of the fathers in European lands lest disabilities and deformities incurred in the war may in some way affect their children. An editorial writer in *Good Health* (Battle Creek, Mich., February) bids all such be of good cheer; there is not the slightest danger of anything of the kind. And yet some of the greatest biologists have stoutly maintained that at least some types of acquired characteristics may pass from father to son. Elaborate systems of evolution have been based on this supposed ability. Even to-day it is hard to realize that the son of a skilled pianist should not inherit in some degree his father's ability; altho the father most certainly acquired it since his birth. But if acquired flexibility of the hand can be inherited, why not an acquired stiffness of the joints due to prolonged sojourn in the trenches? Writes the editor:

"The war has done much to rejuvenate this problem in the popular mind. With thousands of men throughout the civilized world mutilated, the question as to what influence this will have on the offspring of such men has inevitably arisen in the minds of many. Moreover, there is not a little confusion with regard to a number of recent discoveries.

"Let us consider this problem from several angles. In the first place, belief in the inheritance of acquired characters was an integral part of two great views of evolution. Lamarck, the French scientist and philosopher, postulated this form of transmission. Why? Was it because he



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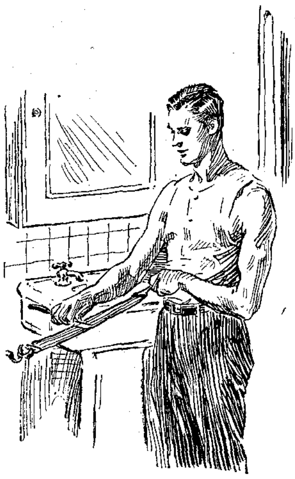

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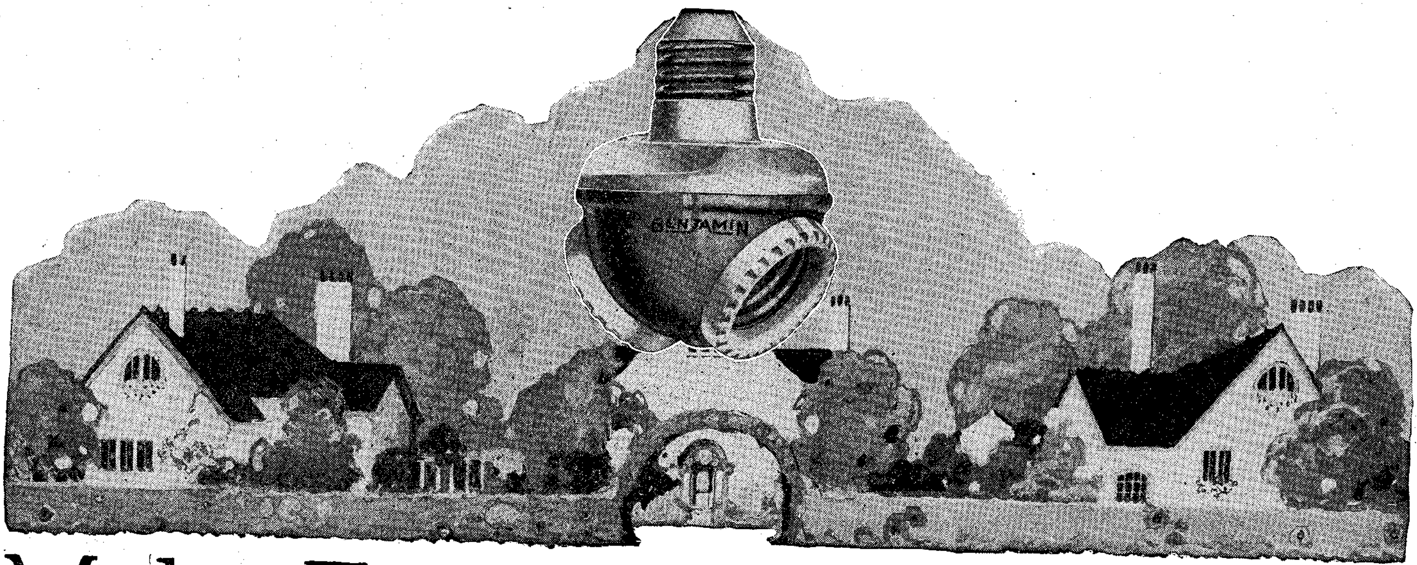

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

had evidence? By no means. He postulated it because heredity there had to be, and he knew nothing about its laws. In the absence of evidence, it would have been equally unjustified had he formulated any other rules—even the right ones, for, strictly, the laws of nature can not be postulated; they must be discovered.

"Again, Darwin incorporated this form of inheritance into his system. The situation at this time, fifty years after Lamarck, was somewhat different. Darwin, as a matter of fact, knew much more about inheritance than Lamarck. On the other hand, he was confronted by serious difficulties. According to his view, races underwent modification very slowly by the gradual cumulative effect of small inherited differences. These differences had nothing to do with use, disuse, or any personal experiences of the individual.

"The difficulties involved in this theory were made acute by the astronomers and geologists who maintained that the earth wasn't old enough to have allowed evolution to take place as slowly as it must have if this view of the matter were correct.

"Darwin was conservative. After all, there was no conclusive evidence one way or the other. He therefore maintained that inheritance operated, not only with inborn differences, but with acquired ones as well. And, being thorough, he devised a theory out of his inner consciousness by which acquired characters could be inherited.

"This was the theory of pangenesis, according to which each part of the body gave off particles—pangens—samples, in other words, of itself and these samples in various ways found location in the sex cells. If, therefore, some part of the body were removed, mutilated, or modified, the pangens from that part would either be absent or altered and the individual no longer able to produce normal offspring.

"Unfortunately the theory has fatal weaknesses. No experiments which have ever been devised to test it have given a positive result. Furthermore, it proved too much. It made a miracle out of every normal child fathered or mothered by an individual who had lost by accident a finger or an eye. It took at one fell swoop from the Jews the ability to produce uncircumcised children. It forced Chinese women whose feet had been bound for generations to have only children with distorted feet. It relieved the long-head Indians from the necessity of distorting the heads of their offspring according to ancient custom, and it provided that no infant should come into the world speechless. All of which, be it said, never happened, tho it should have, were this view correct.

"Since Darwin's day, many experiments, quite apart from those suggested immediately by the theory of pangenesis, have been performed. All of these have turned out consistently negative. The entire situation has been admirably summarized by Professor Conklin, who concludes that wooden legs are not inherited, tho wooden heads are.

"But how about the most recent work? This has resulted in considerable confusion, not only among the laity, but among the scientists themselves. Does this mean, after all, that there is some evidence?

"These particular experiments have had nothing to do with modifications of the body, but only with direct alterations in the sex cells themselves. These, it has turned out, can be affected by abnormal conditions of temperature. Also, they can be poisoned by lead and alcohol. They can be ruined by infections—by syphilis. Doesn't this amount to the same thing?

"It amounts to the same thing only if you don't think. On the other hand, if you do, you will see a big difference between modifying children by mutilating the bodies of their parents and modifying children by changing the materials out of which these children are made.

"The persistence of this belief in acquired characters is due to its attractiveness. To many minds it would be very nice if it were true. Therefore, it is true; and, presto, all the beneficial effects of training and experience are passed on to succeeding generations and endow them with the possibilities of progress and happiness. But those who hold this pleasant view fail to consider its implications. What they desire to be true can not be true unless the exact opposite is likewise a fact. The machinery which would permit the desirable things to happen, would inevitably provide the undesirable ones. Every mutilation, every deterioration, every acquired defect, and every bad habit would insist upon its right of succession. Moreover, let those who regret that nature is what she is, ask themselves whether the experiences useful to one generation are bound to be useful to the next? Let them ask this question and then look at the world as it is to-day."

WHAT IS AN EIGHT-HOUR DAY?

NOT a hard query to answer, one would think. And yet the National Industries Conference Board devotes a whole Research Report (No. 11) to its elucidation. An abstract of the report, from which we quote below, occupies a page and a half of *The Engineering and Mining Journal* (New York, February 8). The term, we are told, has been used in at least three different senses—a straight eight hours of work, with overtime prohibited; three daily shifts of eight hours each, and an eight-hour standard for payment, with overtime permitted. In discussing these distinctions the report reminds us that a "straight" eight-hour day with overtime prohibited differs from a "basic" eight-hour day with overtime permitted, not only in the number of work-hours but also in principle. To summarize this summary further:

"The eight-hour day in its rigid sense with prohibition of overtime is founded on the theory that such limitation of work-hours is demanded on grounds of health and social advantage. The contention is also often made that the straight eight-hour day is more productive than a longer work-day. With these underlying premises for limitation of hours of work, overtime is inconsistent.

"The social grounds on which the eight-hour day is advocated do not permit of precise measurement. The factor of leisure is clearly not adapted to statistical evaluation. The contention that a straight eight-hour day increases output lends itself better to the test of definite measurement, but clear distinction must be made between hourly output and total weekly output. In occupation where hours were previously unduly long, reduction has

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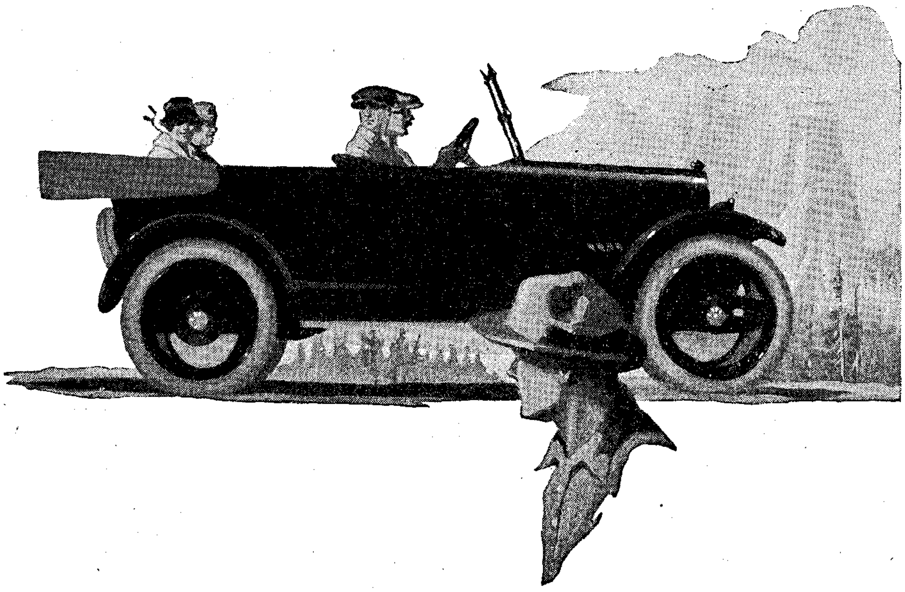

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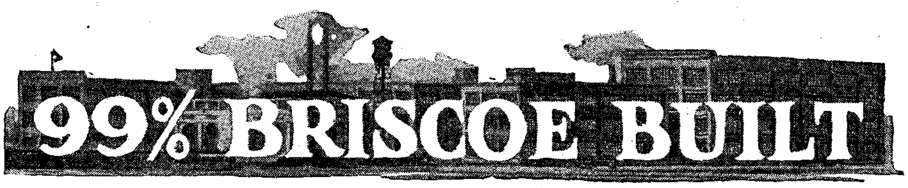

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

at times been followed by an increase in hourly output. But such an increase frequently does not mean an increase, or even maintenance, of total weekly output. Obviously, the economic result of the straight eight-hour day must be ascertained by measuring the total production achieved.

"The eight-hour shift system is in accord with the motive of the straight eight-hour day. Essentially, however, it is an arrangement for securing greater efficiency in production. It is quantitatively determined by the fact that, as the calendar day consists of twenty-four hours, the only practicable choice in a continuous industry lies between two shifts of twelve hours each or three shifts of eight hours each.

"This system does not involve any organized overtime. Its effect upon output is radically different from that of the straight eight-hour day, and, as a wage-measure, it differs from the basic eight-hour day. As against either of these arrangements, the eight-hour-shift system obviously increases total production and lessens production cost by offsetting the burden of idle machinery and other overhead expense.

"The basic eight-hour day, on the other hand, is essentially a wage issue. Eight hours of work are taken as a convenient standard by which to measure service, any hours in excess of these in a calendar day being paid for as overtime, usually at higher rates, but sometimes on a pro-rata basis.

"The eight-hour day, whether straight or basic in character, implies as a corollary a certain length of work-week. The straight eight-hour day naturally leads to the forty-eight-hour week, with eight hours of work for six days.

"The basic eight-hour day implies a nominal forty-eight-hour or forty-four-hour week, according to whether or not a Saturday half-holiday is observed.

"In practise, the essential difference between the straight eight-hour day and the basic eight-hour day arises in connection with overtime. The straight eight-hour day under no circumstances encourages overtime, and, as enforced by legislation, prohibits it. The basic eight-hour day allows overtime, under penal rates which are intended to discourage it. Their practical effect, however, is to encourage what they are designed to prevent. In principle the straight eight-hour day is a matter of social policy based on regard for the health, welfare, and leisure of the workers. The basic eight-hour day is a measure of service and reward. The former regulates hours of service; the latter is a form of wage agreement.

"This essential difference is in a measure reflected in the methods by which limitation on work-hours has been brought about. Legislation has been the most general method for the introduction of the straight eight-hour day. Such legislation has usually been promoted by those who give weight to social considerations, whereas action by employers or by labor-unions has generally favored the basic day.

"The basic eight-hour day with premium rates for overtime theoretically and practically violates the principle of the straight eight-hour day. The laborer who demands the eight-hour day on grounds of recreation, home life, and intellectual development, but who welcomes overtime, shows that to

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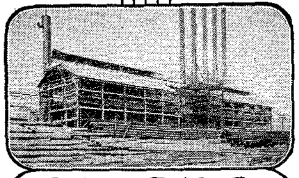

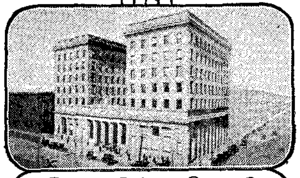

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

him the eight-hour day is in reality a question of earnings. To be consistent, advocates of the straight eight-hour day should oppose the basic eight-hour day. As matters stand at present, the social need for recreation and home life is made the basis for a provision which, instead of shortening hours, merely increases wages. The straight eight-hour day thus becomes a fiction; the basic eight-hour day becomes an artificial means for demanding increased compensation."

"LAME DUCKS" FROM HIGH SCHOOLS

THAT "the average high-school graduate is notoriously a 'lame duck'" is the somewhat censorious opinion of an editorial writer in *Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering* (New York, February 1). He is complaining of the stock turned over by these institutions to the technical schools, on which we are relying for our future supply of engineers. As "human material," these boys are all right, he thinks. They "would delight a leader's eye," but they have not been properly handled, whether in the schools or in the home. Some lack stamina; others are unable to study or to think. No one has tried to teach them how, this writer believes. They are "turned loose" in the colleges, where they do themselves and their fellows irreparable harm. As a remedy, the writer advises technical schools to prepare for "perliminary and intensive training in the fundamental work of studying and thinking." He writes:

"The boys presenting themselves for college entrance are largely volunteers. As human material they would delight a leader's eye. Properly handled, they should successfully attack extraordinary difficulties. Yet an unconscionable number fall by the way, far short of the desired goal, their failure in good measure being due to improper preparation.

"The average high-school graduate is notoriously a 'lame duck.' Some of them are lacking in the mental and moral stamina necessary to attack and solve problems honestly. The high school shrugs its shoulders and blames this on home environment and preschool training. Few, indeed, there are who can express themselves in correct English, or who can use applied arithmetic with a fair degree of success. But the high school blames these shortcomings on the grammar school. Who, then, is to blame for the fact that the pupils slip through the 'cultural' and 'humanistic' studies of the high-school curriculum and at the end do not know really how to study, much less how to think?

"But technical schools are confronted with a condition, and while it may do some good to point out on whom the blame should rest, their immediate problem is to turn their volunteers into engineers. Here are boys applying for a job on a four-year contract. Their chief work will be to think and study; to study hard and honestly, to rearrange thoughtfully their accumulated store of elementary facts in the proper phalanx to attack more complex problems. Yet they do not know how to

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The World's Greatest Endorsement of a Fire Extinguisher

THE largest contract ever placed for Fire Extinguishers by our Government or any other was awarded to The Fyr-Fyter Company. It called for 247,013 machines.

Every day, on trucks and ambulances, in hospitals, huts, trenches, dugouts and warehouses, Fyr-Fyters extinguished blazes and prevented conflagrations. It saved untold property and lives.

Why the Government Chose Fyr-Fyters

The officers who chose Fyr-Fyters for this most important mission did so because it is the only extinguisher that combines these essential advantages. It is panic-proof. The handle releases by turning either way. There are no levers to bother with. It works equally well in any position. The stream of fire-quenching liquid is continuous. A few strokes of the pump—and you can hold Fyr-Fyter steady—without pumping—to be sure of perfect aim and to get all the liquid on the base of the fire.

You, too, Should Have Fyr-Fyter

Our Government's choice should be a personal message to you. Your car, like every government car, should be equipped with Fyr-Fyter. Any time—today—fire might start from a back fire. A few minutes' delay would mean a ruined car—and a heap of ashes where your garage stood.

Your home, too, should be protected. The fire peril is ever present. A spark from a match, defective wiring, an imperfect flue, lightning—all are lurking dangers unless a Fyr-Fyter is handy and ready.

Don't wait to learn your Fire Protection lesson by experience. Put Fyr-Fyters in your home, office, factory, farm and automobile. Play safe.

Mail the coupon for "Fyr-Fyter Facts," an illustrated booklet on fire protection.

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We have an attractive proposition to offer to a few substantial business men with sales and executive ability who have the means to handle a big opportunity.

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Please send me copy of "Fyr-Fyter Facts" and information as to its use in Home, Factory, Public Building. (Check which.)

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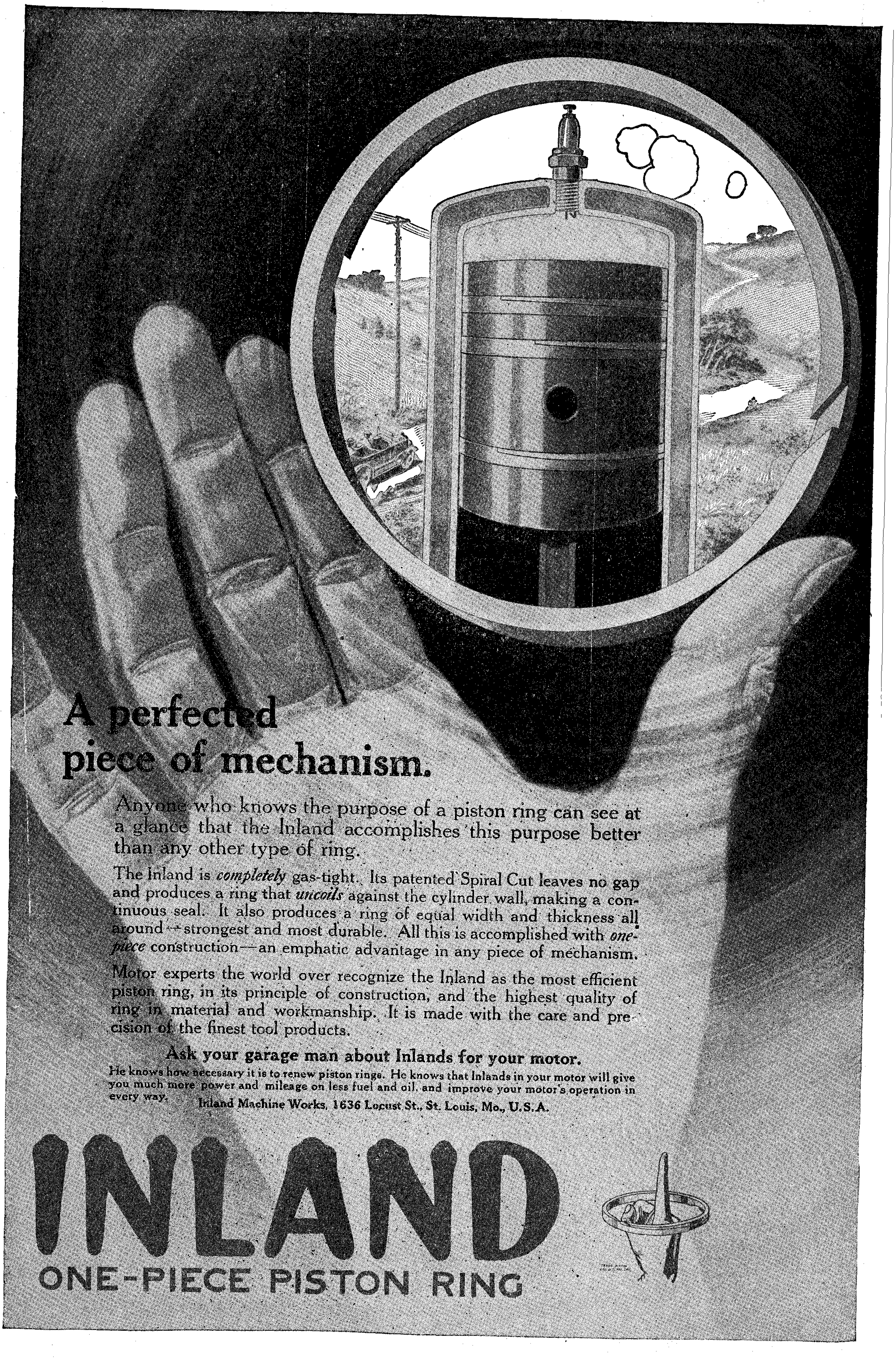


A perfected piece of mechanism.

Anyone who knows the purpose of a piston ring can see at a glance that the Inland accomplishes this purpose better than any other type of ring.

The Inland is *completely* gas-tight. Its patented Spiral Cut leaves no gap and produces a ring that *uncoils* against the cylinder wall, making a continuous seal. It also produces a ring of equal width and thickness all around—strongest and most durable. All this is accomplished with *one-piece* construction—an emphatic advantage in any piece of mechanism.

Motor experts the world over recognize the Inland as the most efficient piston ring, in its principle of construction, and the highest quality of ring in material and workmanship. It is made with the care and precision of the finest tool products.

Ask your garage man about Inlands for your motor.

He knows how necessary it is to renew piston rings. He knows that Inlands in your motor will give you much more power and mileage on less fuel and oil, and improve your motor's operation in every way.

Inland Machine Works, 1636 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

INLAND

ONE-PIECE PISTON RING

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

study and to think, and, unbelievable as it may seem, no one makes an effort to teach them these fundamentals. Naturally they continue with boyish abandon their care-free attendance to forms, such as going to lectures and carrying books to their rooms; but at other times they link arms with a happy chum and joyously trust to the lucky star which has brought them thus far. Sooner or later they discover the startling revelation that life is not child's play and they have indeed wasted golden hours.

"One might profitably draw an analogy from like problems arising in intensified shop production. Machines could be bought but no men found to operate them; to put an unskilled man at them would certainly ruin the material, probably damage the machine, and very possibly injure the workman. Yet under the care of a competent instructor, an intelligent person could be turned into a successful operator in a very few weeks. Intensified individual instruction in elementary details solved the problem of skilled-labor shortage.

"If the technical schools would first teach their freshmen how to study and how to think, they would recover the time spent tenfold in later courses. Turning unskilled boys loose in college has resulted in a compromise of academic ideals, damage to the reputation of higher education, and in many cases ruin of the boy's future expectations. More engineers of a sort may be had by shorter courses, fewer vacations, and examinations, but more engineers of sorts may be had by preliminary and intensive training in the fundamental work of studying and thinking."

TESTS OF "LIBERTY FUEL"

THE United States Fuel Administration, which reports many requests for information concerning a gasoline substitute called "Liberty fuel," noticed some time since in these columns, made public recently information about it, including the results of various investigations covering its composition, the available supply of ingredients, and its efficiency. We read in a press bulletin issued from Washington:

"Tests made in the aeronautic laboratories of the United States Army and placed at the disposal of the Fuel Administration resulted in information that the fuel was made up of 'approximately 65 per cent. of benzol; 25 to 30 per cent. of kerosene, and the remainder of a small percentage of amylacetate and probably naphthalene and alcohol, together with, perhaps, small quantities of dissolved solids, and other volatile liquids as yet undetermined.'

"On this analysis, it was pointed out, the available supply of the fuel must depend on the available supply of benzol, its chief constituent. Investigation in this direction showed that if the total production of benzol (3,500 barrels a day) were so used, the total production of 'Liberty fuel' would be about 2 per cent. of the present output of gasoline, which is approximately 90,000,000 barrels a year. Benzol, however, has other uses, notably in grease extraction and as a solvent for rubber.

"A gumming and corrosion test, also conducted in the aeronautic laboratories of the Army, showed no perceptible corrosion, but 'a tremendous amount of gumming; *i.e.*, 0.4 per cent., accompanied by extensive fuming and penetrating odor.' The tendency of the gummy residue in the fuel would be to plug up carburetors, Fuel Administration experts said.

"In the same Army laboratory test, crystallization was found to set in at 18° F. and to be 'practically complete' at 15° F. Boiling started at 175° F., as against an initial boiling-point of not more than 140° for motor gasoline, indicating better starting qualities for motor gasoline.

"The Bureau of Standards stated: 'The results of tests in an aviation engine indicated that "Liberty fuel," compared with gasoline fulfilling the export specifications for aviation gasoline, will, when consuming 10 per cent. greater weight of fuel per horse-power-hour, develop about 3 per cent. greater horse-power. The (spark) plug used in "Liberty fuel" showed a slightly greater carbon deposit than the plugs used in the run of export gasoline.'

"Information furnished the Fuel Administration by the Navy Department stated that a flight of forty minutes was made with the fuel, and that 'no observations were made, which show that the fuel would accomplish any other results than to operate the engine in a manner similar to the aviation fuel which had been used.' Arrangements were made, the Navy Department reported, for sufficient quantities of the fuel to make full tests; but the fuel was not supplied.

"A letter from Benedict Crowell, Assistant Secretary of War, said:

"'The situation has not reached such a stage that this office feels that any definite announcement can be made, or that it can express a definite opinion as to the true merits of the fuel.'

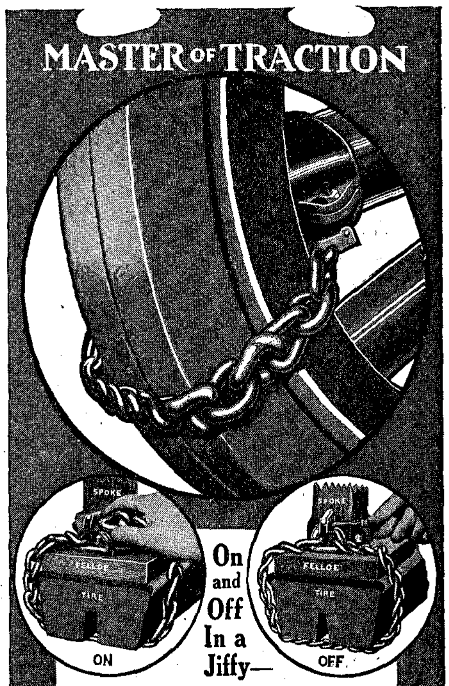
"The Bureau of Mines reported that it was approached, but, on asking for the formula in order to compound the material, and being refused, dropt the matter, declining to act under the circumstances."

SQUEEZING BACTERIA TO DEATH

PRESSURE kills germs and may be used practically for the sterilization of foodstuffs, or the pasteurization of milk, as effectively as heat or chemical agents. Its use is suggested as a substitute for pasteurization in the treating of milk for the market, according to a statement just issued by the American Chemical Society. Those who think that milk is more or less affected by strong heat necessary for pasteurizing or sterilizing it will welcome this process recommended by Prof. B. H. Hite, of the University of West Virginia, which is of especial interest in these days when the system of marketing and distributing milk is undergoing revision. We read in the Chemical Society's statement, as abstracted in the New York *Evening Post:*

"In pasteurizing milk, the fluid is held for some time at a prescribed high temperature, and in the finished product the taste bears witness to the changes made in the fluid. . . . In the Hite process, which may be introduced on a large scale, the delicate ferments or enzyms in milk are not destroyed by the pressure which kills the bacteria, as the treatment is done at low temperatures. . . . . .

"Professor Hite uses a steel cylinder and



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Just two parts—simple, strong, weatherproof.

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No special chain connectors that are hard to replace and that catch in truck mechanism.

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ARROW GRIP
NON-SKID CHAINS FOR SOLID TIRE VEHICLES

STANDARD DICTIONARY superiority quickly becomes plain to the man or woman who investigates.

Cut your Own Hair!
Save
Time
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Free Trial Offer

You can cut your own hair just as easy as brushing it, with the Cowan Master Barber Hair Cutter. Marvelous new invention does away with tiresome waits in the barber shop. Gives you a perfect hair cut right in your own home. Saves your time and patience as well as the cost of hair cuts. We'll take all the risk. Our free trial offer will show you beyond the shadow of a doubt that you can cut your own hair as well as any barber can cut it. A finished hair cut just as you want it, in fifteen minutes. Any time, any place, it's always ready for use.

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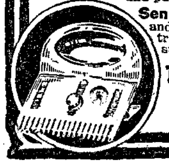
is scientifically correct. Made so any one can use it properly and get a good hair cut on first trial. Hair is evenly tapered. Won't shave nor split hairs, each hair cut off squarely. Adjustable for use as safety razor. Comes packed in an attractive and convenient leatherette-covered metal case. Blades of finest Sweedish steel, especially tempered and ground. The Cowan Hair Cutter is made of the best materials and will last a life time. It soon pays for itself.

5000 IN USE. Over 5000 satisfied users. But the real proof **for you** is to get one on our trial offer and PROVE IT TO YOURSELF. **WHY WAIT?** You'll be cutting your own hair in a year or two anyway; everybody will--it will be the accepted thing. The Cowan is here to stay--get one and save money, time and patience. **FREE!**

Send no money! Just your name and address on a postal for our free trial offer. You take no risk and assume no obligation. Send TODAY.

The Cowan Hair Cutter Co.
Kansas City, Mo.
Dept. 10 *Agents wanted*



ESTABLISHED 1874

Have you missed Cream Peppermints?

You can get them again now—or old-fashioned molasses candy, or taffy, or bonbons or any other of the many favorite Huyler candies, which were hard to get during the war.

Huyler's agencies and stores again have complete varieties.

Ask again for your favorite

Huyler's NEW YORK

67 Stores - Agencies almost everywhere

In Canada-many agencies; factory and store in Toronto

Save Your Trees

It takes a lifetime to grow a fine shade tree. A colony of leaf-eating insects can destroy it in one season.

Tree Tanglefoot will effectually protect shade and fruit trees from most of our destructive insect pests, i. e.:

Canker worms *Tussock moths*
Climbing cut worms
Brown-tail moths *Woolly aphis*
Gypsy moths *Ants*

One application stays sticky three months and longer, outlasting ten to twenty times any other substance. Easily applied with a wooden paddle. One pound makes about ten lineal feet of band. It will not soften, run or melt, yet is always elastic, expanding with growth of tree. Effective rain or shine. Needs no mixing, used exactly as bought.

Endorsed by prominent Park and Cemetery Superintendents.

Trees on left were saved by Tree Tanglefoot

For Tree Surgery

Superior to anything on the market. It is the best application after pruning or trimming. It will waterproof crotch, cavity or wound when nothing else will.

Sold generally by Seedsmen.

Price: 1 lb. cans, 50c; 3 lb. cans, $1.45; 10 lb. cans, $4.50; 20 lb. cans, $8.75; 25 lb. wooden pails, $10.50.

Write for free illustrated booklet on leaf-eating insects.

THE O. & W. THUM COMPANY, 150 Straight Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Manufacturers of Tanglefoot Fly Paper and Tree Tanglefoot (122)

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Continued

hydraulic pump, by means of which a pressure of as high as 100,000 pounds to the square inch is applied. Many bacteria succumb when subjected to a pressure of 35,000 pounds to the square inch for fifteen minutes. When these organisms are very stubborn, higher pressures are required, altho very satisfactory work has been done with a pressure of 30,000 pounds in twenty minutes.

"Experiments have been conducted with fruit-juices, yeast, enzyms, vegetables, fruits, milk, and pure cultures in various media. Grape fermentation has been stopt when the juice was subjected to 100,000 pounds pressure for ten minutes. A pressure of 30,000 pounds proved to be the lowest that can be applied in practise with satisfactory results.

"Apple-juice, after the application of 90,000 pounds pressure for two hours, was perfectly sweet and clear after long storage. The use of this process universally would do away with the use of the slogan, 'preserve that one-tenth of one per cent. of benzoate of soda,' and would enable us to have a sweet and clear cider. In the period of dryness which is at hand, the use of unfermented apple-juice will have many advantages.

"As the juices of sweet and ripe fruits are so easily injured in the usual processes of sterilization, especial attention has been given to perfecting this method of preservation. The work of Professor Hite was first in connection with fruit-juices, and altho it is still in a laboratory stage, it promises to provide a method of preservation far better than that attained by heat or chemicals which sometimes produce harmful changes and interfere with assimilation.

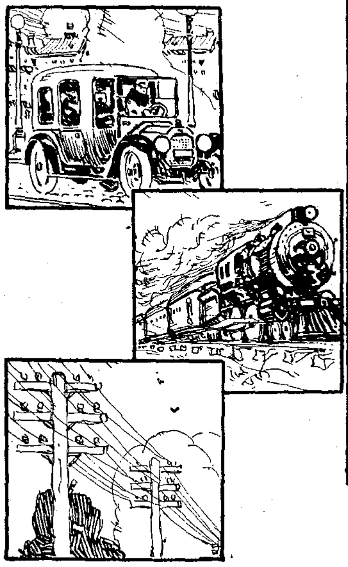
"The resistance of bacteria greatly varies. Many bacteria, when thoroughly dried and exposed to sunlight, soon perish, whereas others must be heated for at least twenty minutes under fifteen pounds steam pressure, which equals nearly 250 degrees above zero Fahrenheit, before they are killed. A single steaming under atmospheric pressure seldom suffices, and when this method must be used, the bacteriologist prefers to heat for fifteen minutes the first, second, and fourth days to insure killing all the spore-formers.

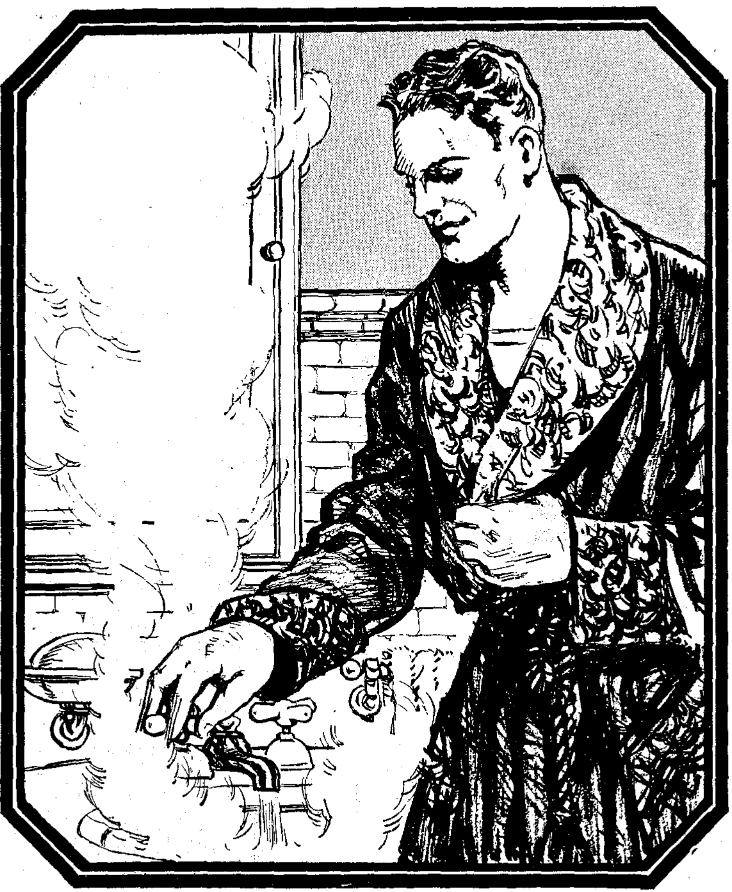
"Treatment of bacteria with a dry or moist heat is frequently used when chemicals can not be added, but when they may be used a number have been found which are efficient. These probably coagulate or oxidize the albumen and other material of the bacteria. The manufacturers employ lime, chlorin (either as bleaching powder or as a liquid), hydrogen peroxid, carbolic acid, bichlorid of mercury, coal-tar derivatives and solutions of alkalis, and various other methods in order to destroy harmful growth. Ultra-violet light has also been used as a sterilizing agent.

"Cheap chlorin made from salt has done much to insure the safety of domestic water-supply. Its action can be depended upon, and its efficiency is such that one large city finds it satisfactory to add but one pound of liquid chlorin to every million pounds of water as it goes to the reservoir.

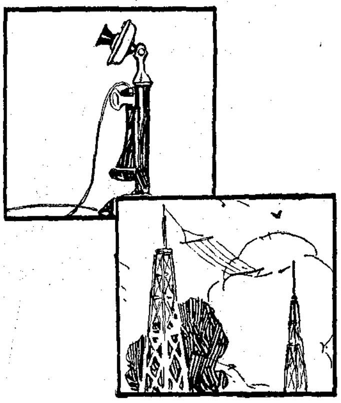
"Pressure, as suggested, however, by Professor Hite, in the opinion of men of science who have studied it, bids fair in future to take an important place in the fight against the germs which prey upon the unwary human being."

We live in an age
of speed and
prompt Service





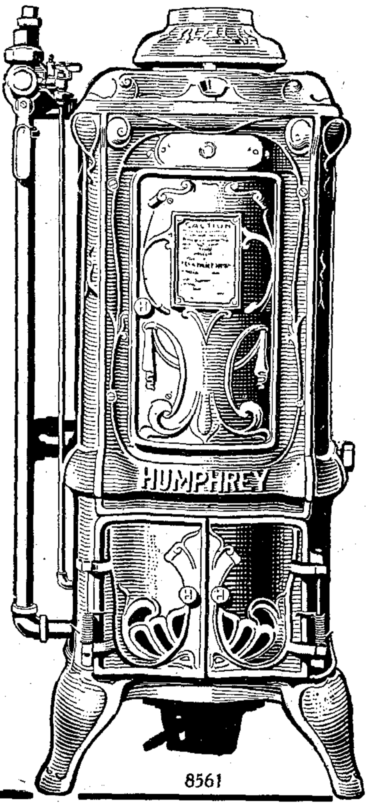
Make your home
as convenient as
your office



20th Century Hot Water Service

HOT water is an every-day need in any house. Like the telephone, the heating plant and the electric light, it is a positive necessity. It promotes the health, comfort, convenience and happiness of your entire family. Why deny yourself the countless benefits of hot water? Why put up with a troublesome, old-fashioned water-heating outfit that's sure to fail you at a vital moment? Why not have unlimited hot water any minute of any day of any year—at any faucet from cellar to roof? Why not have *20th-century hot-water* service which requires no time or attention on your part—which *never* fails?
That is exactly what you get with the

HUMPHREY
AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER



To get steaming hot-water, you simply turn the hot-water faucet. Hot water comes as unfailingly and unceasingly as light when you turn the electric switch. No lighting of matches or fires, no delays, no bother. The Humphrey, down in your cellar and out of sight, is automatically lighted and does the work. You see nothing of the action—only the *result.* Hot water, clean and fresh, comes gushing from the faucet just as long as you wish.

When you close the faucet, the gas burners are automatically shut off. All fuel expense stops. *You heat your water only as you use it.* Yet the water is heated instantly—no waiting.

Now note the *economy* of Humphrey hot-water service—about 10 gallons for one cent! A big, luxurious bath for less than 2 cents! We unqualifiedly guarantee that it is by far the cheapest method of getting hot water.

The Humphrey is an established success. Many thousands of Humphrey heaters in active service. Thirty-four years of manufacturing experience. Every Humphrey heater fully guaranteed or money back. Easily installed in any house or other building—whether new or old. Sold by Gas Companies and leading Plumbers.

Investigate now! Have ample hot water in your home at all times without delay or bother—for shaving, bathing, dish washing, scrubbing and laundering. Postal brings handsome free booklet, *"Hot Water Like Magic"*; also, name of our representative in your town who will be pleased to demonstrate the Humphrey Automatic Gas Water Heater.

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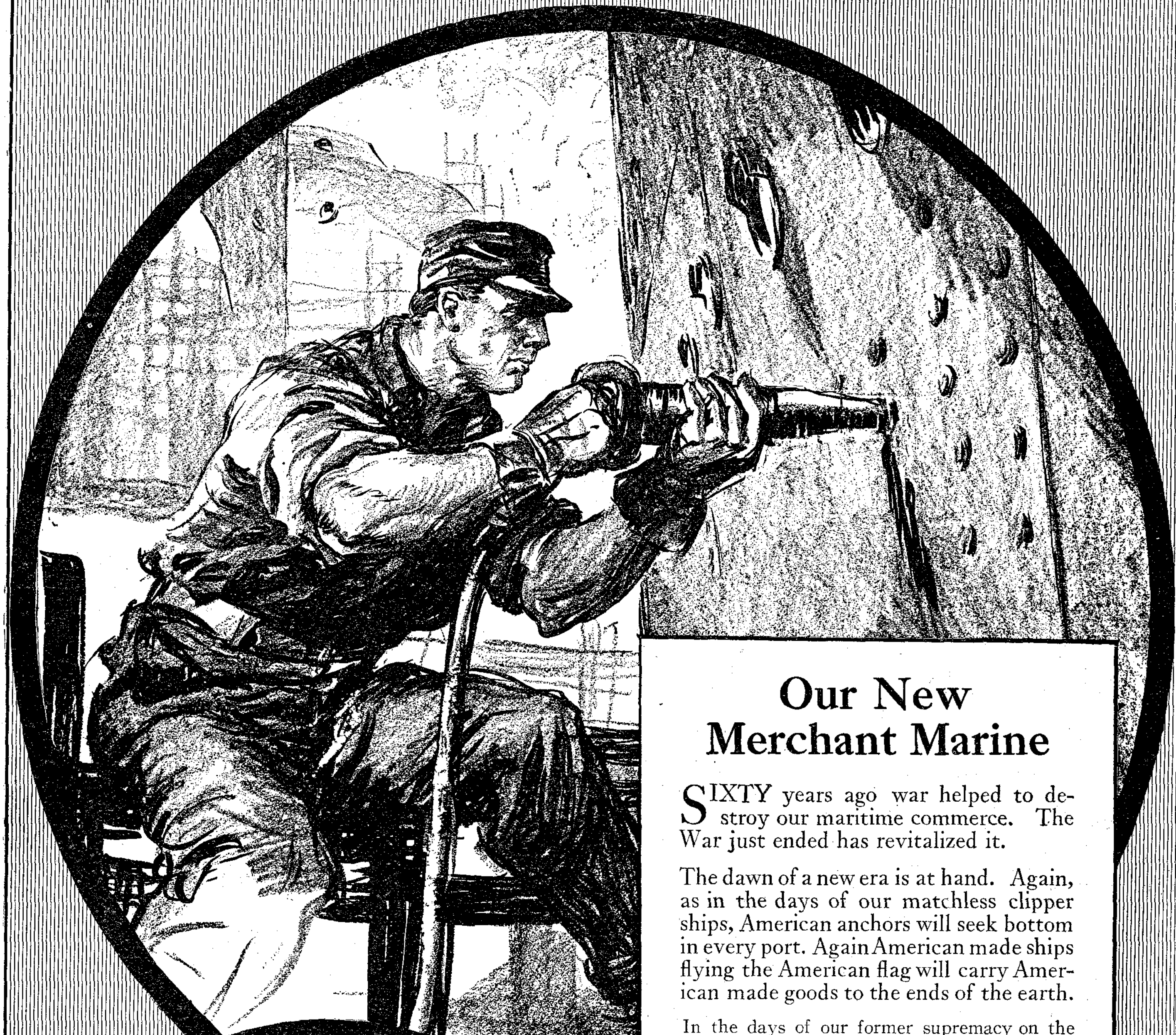
HERCULES POWDER CO.



Our New Merchant Marine

SIXTY years ago war helped to destroy our maritime commerce. The War just ended has revitalized it.

The dawn of a new era is at hand. Again, as in the days of our matchless clipper ships, American anchors will seek bottom in every port. Again American made ships flying the American flag will carry American made goods to the ends of the earth.

In the days of our former supremacy on the Seven Seas it was the woodman's axe which put at the disposal of our ship builders the material from which our ships were fashioned. Today a stick of dynamite used by the miner takes the place of the axe.

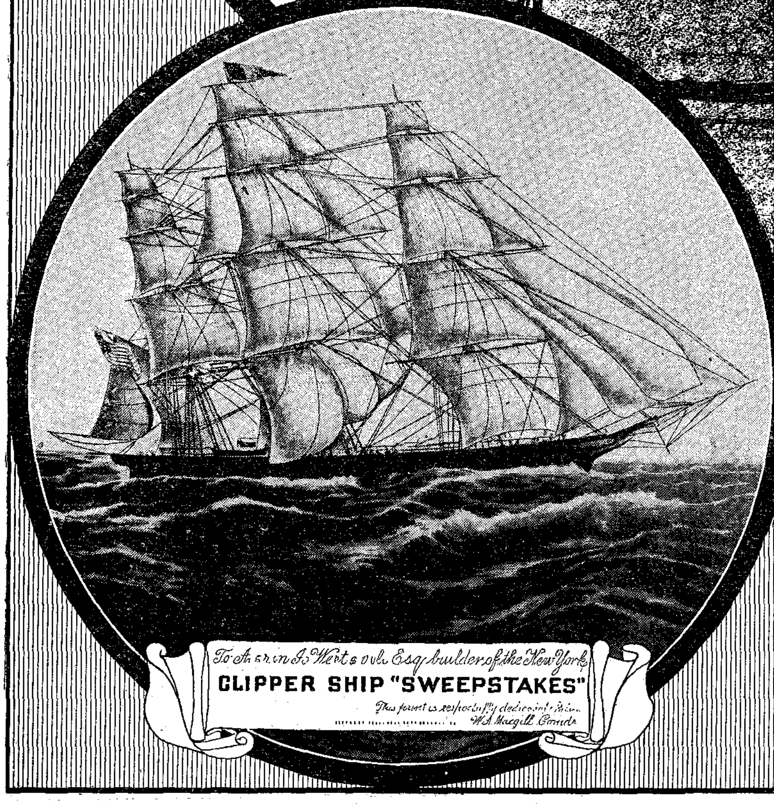
The huge tonnage of steel ships launched along our coasts during the past year is due largely to the fact that metals are mined with dynamite instead of by hand for as steel has succeeded wood for ship building so has the use of dynamite succeeded many crude and laborious methods formerly employed not only in mining but also in engineering, construction and agricultural work.

The Hercules Powder Co. takes pride in the part its products have played and will play in the building of our new merchant marine.

Hercules Powders are used very extensively in the mines of the United States. And from these mines come the metals with which our ships are built. More than that—from these mines comes the coal which drives our ships and to a large extent the cargoes which the ships carry.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

Chicago	St. Louis	New York
Pittsburg, Kan.	Denver	Hazleton, Pa.
San Francisco	Salt Lake City	Joplin
Chattanooga	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Wilmington, Del.



To Aaron J. Westervelt Esq. builder of the New York

CLIPPER SHIP "SWEEPSTAKES"

This print is respectfully dedicated [illegible]

W. A. Macgill Comdr.

THE SPICE OF LIFE

Democracy by Default.—The only reason democracy is safe in China is because Japan doesn't want it.—*Greenville Piedmont.*

Just So.—Prohibition, as we understand the agitation of labor against it, would make an eight-hour day seem longer.—*Detroit News.*

A Bald-Headed Maxim.—Instead of the hairs of our head being numbered, we would prefer to have them fastened in better.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Iron Ration.—The iron age gallery of the British Museum is now reopened. Some specimens of war-bread would render it complete.—*London Opinion.*

Helpovitchski!—And now it looks as if there would be war between the Czechs and Poles. It is an old world and full of trouble for the compositor and the proof-reader.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

Geographical.—"Papa, where is Atoms?"

"Atoms? I don't know, my boy. You mean Athens probably."

"No, I mean Atoms—the place where everything is blown to."—*Awgwan.*

Love's Strategy.—Percival—"Gosh! Isn't it raining!"

Pansie—"Never mind, boysie; take father's umbrella, then perhaps he won't so much mind your coming back."—*London Mail.*

There Are Limits.—"Your cousin's medical practise, I suppose, doesn't amount to much yet."

"No. We relatives do all we can, but of course we can't be sick all the time."—*Boston Transcript.*

Safety First.—It seems to be true that the Crown Prince is in the habit of attending service at the local village church, but, in spite of his previous experience in France, we are informed that he does not in this case take the collection.—*London Opinion.*

Box-Office Philosophy.—"Of course, you have studied the Baconian theory?"

"No," said Mr. Stormington Barnes, "I don't believe that taking Shakespeare's name off the program and putting Bacon's on would bring a single extra nickel into the box-office."—*Washington Star.*

A Word for the Hun.—Beyond totally disarming Germany and keeping her that way, making her restitute, repair, rehabilitate, and cough until she is hanging over the ropes, to say nothing of cramping her in a disciplinary strait-jacket for two generations, we believe the Allies should be conciliatory and generous with Germany.—*Houston Post.*

Prices Get Us All Up.—"Did you try the simple plan of counting sheep for your insomnia?"

"Yes, doctor, but I made a mess of it. I counted 10,000 sheep, put 'em on the train, and shipped 'em to market. And when I'd got through counting the money I got for them at present prices it was time to get up."—*Farm and Home.*

GREECE

(*Continued from page 40*)

its limits. What are the Greek populations, living outside the present Kingdom of Greece, he queries, which might be included in it if its frontiers were extended? The inclusion of the 1,000,000 Greeks scattered all over the world is out of the question, Mr. Venizelos admits, so he confines himself to consideration of the Greek populations of the **Balkan Peninsula, of Asia Minor, and of the Islands.** In the Balkan Peninsula he calls attention first to **Northern Epirus,** which contains a "mixed population" of 230,000. We read then:

"The districts of Courvelessi, the parts of the *kazas* of Tepeleni and Premeti, which are situated to the north of the Voyoussa, and the *kaza* of Starovo (lying to the north of the Devoli), their population being practically entirely Albanian, might, without inconvenience, be detached from Northern Epirus and attached to Albania. There would then remain in Northern Epirus a Greek population of 120,000 and an Albanian population of 80,000, so inextricably mixed that it would not be possible to separate them geographically in such a manner as to include the Greeks in the Greek state and the Albanians in the Albanian state. Greece maintains that this mixed population ought necessarily to be allotted to her, for it would be contrary to all equity that a majority with a higher civilization should have to submit to a minority with an inferior civilization. Granted that Albania would be unable to exist as an independent state except under foreign guardianship, one can not see why this mixed population should be included in the Albanian state, which is incapable, at least for the time being, of possessing a really autonomous government, and not in the Greek state, which already enjoys an independent political existence.

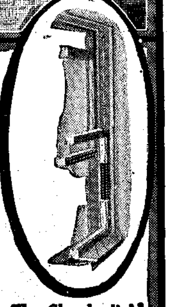
"One may be tempted to raise the objection that a substantial portion of this Greek population has Albanian as its *mother tongue,* and is consequently, in all probability, of Albanian origin; but the democratic conceptions of the Allied and associated Powers can not admit of any other criterion of nationality than that of **national consciousness.** Only the Teutonic conception could prefer the criterion of race or of language. Notwithstanding that the majority of them speak Albanian, *the Greeks in Northern Epirus* have formed part of the Greek family for centuries, long before the foundation of the Kingdom of Greece."

THE QUESTION OF THRACE.—There is a Greek population in Thrace, including Constantinople, of 730,822. The Bulgarian population in this territory, according to Turkish statistics, is only 112,174, and we are informed that—

"The Bulgarians recognized so fully the Greek character of Thrace that when, in 1912, it became necessary to cooperate, in view of the elections, against the Ottomanizing program of the Committee of Union and Progress, it was agreed between the Greeks and the Bulgarians, under the auspices of the Ecumenical Patriarchate and the Bulgarian Exarchate, that their coalition in Thrace would support seven

BAR DUST, WINDS,
soot, noise, dampness, etc.
with Chamberlin Strips

Detroit residence of
Mrs. T. D. Buhl
is Chamberlin equipped.



PREVENT FILTHY street dust and smudgy coal soot from sifting in through those crevices around your windows; lighten housecleaning and lessen laundry bills thereby. Shut out sickness-breeding dampness, draught-creating winds or summer heat. Deaden outside noises. Have windows that always glide easily, that never rattle. For these all-season conveniences equip now with Chamberlin.

In four winters, or less, you can save the cost in fuel-savings alone! More widely used than all others—this proves it best. Simplest, most weather-tight and trouble-free. Outlasts the building. Installed and guaranteed 10 years by world's oldest, largest, most experienced weatherstrip makers—with a quarter-century reputation for reliance.

The Chamberlin'd Window

Keeps in heat, bars out cold. drafts, dust, soot, rain, snow, damp; deadens noise; prevents rattling and "sticking"—for the life of the building. *There's nothing to wear out.*

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and hosts of others.

CHAMBERLIN METAL WEATHER STRIPS
"THE STANDARD FOR 25 YEARS"

We equip windows, doors, casements and transoms—wood or metal—in new or old buildings.

WRITE for illustrated, descriptive book and list of users in your vicinity.

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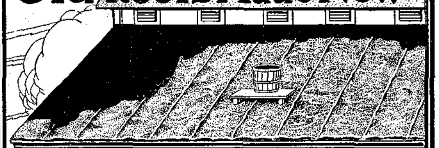

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Stormking forms a one piece coating which will neither run nor crack under the hottest sun or the worst cold weather conditions.

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FOR USE ON ANY ROOF IN ANY WEATHER

Stormking requires no expert labor. Readily brushed on in liquid form or trowelled on in plastic form by your own workmen. Stormking plastic is specially recommended for badly worn roof surfaces and for repairs.

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28 Compartments, Price $12
32x27 inches
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Greek candidates and only one Bulgarian candidate.

"In the event that Constantinople, whose Greek population is, numerically speaking, only slightly inferior to the Turkish population, should not be restored to Greece, but should form the capital of an international state designed to guarantee the freedom of the Straits, the **national claims of Greece** on the rest of Thrace should, by this very fact, be strengthened.

"It is true that the extension of the Greek frontier in Thrace would necessitate the exclusion of Bulgaria from the Ægean Sea, where she has been since the Balkan wars by virtue of the Treaty of Bucharest. But this exclusion can and should take place by virtue of the **right of nations to decide their future**—a principle which, it has been recognized, must serve as the basis of the coming peace. . . . . . .

"It may be objected that, in this case, the principle of nationality should give way before the economic interest of Bulgaria in having an outlet on the Ægean Sea. But this interest is not sufficiently essential to demand the sacrifice of the paramount interest which a people feels in living under an administration in harmony with its national consciousness."

CONSTANTINOPLE—Turning to Constantinople, Mr. Venizelos asserts that it can not remain under the Turkish régime because of the twelfth article of the program of President Wilson, according to which Ottoman sovereignty will be maintained solely in **"the Turkish portions of the present Ottoman Empire."** Mr. Venizelos tells us that as a matter of fact—

"The vilayet of Constantinople, comprising Stamboul, Pera, Skutari, and the suburbs as far as Tchataldja, has a total population of 1,173,670, of whom only 449,114 are Turks.

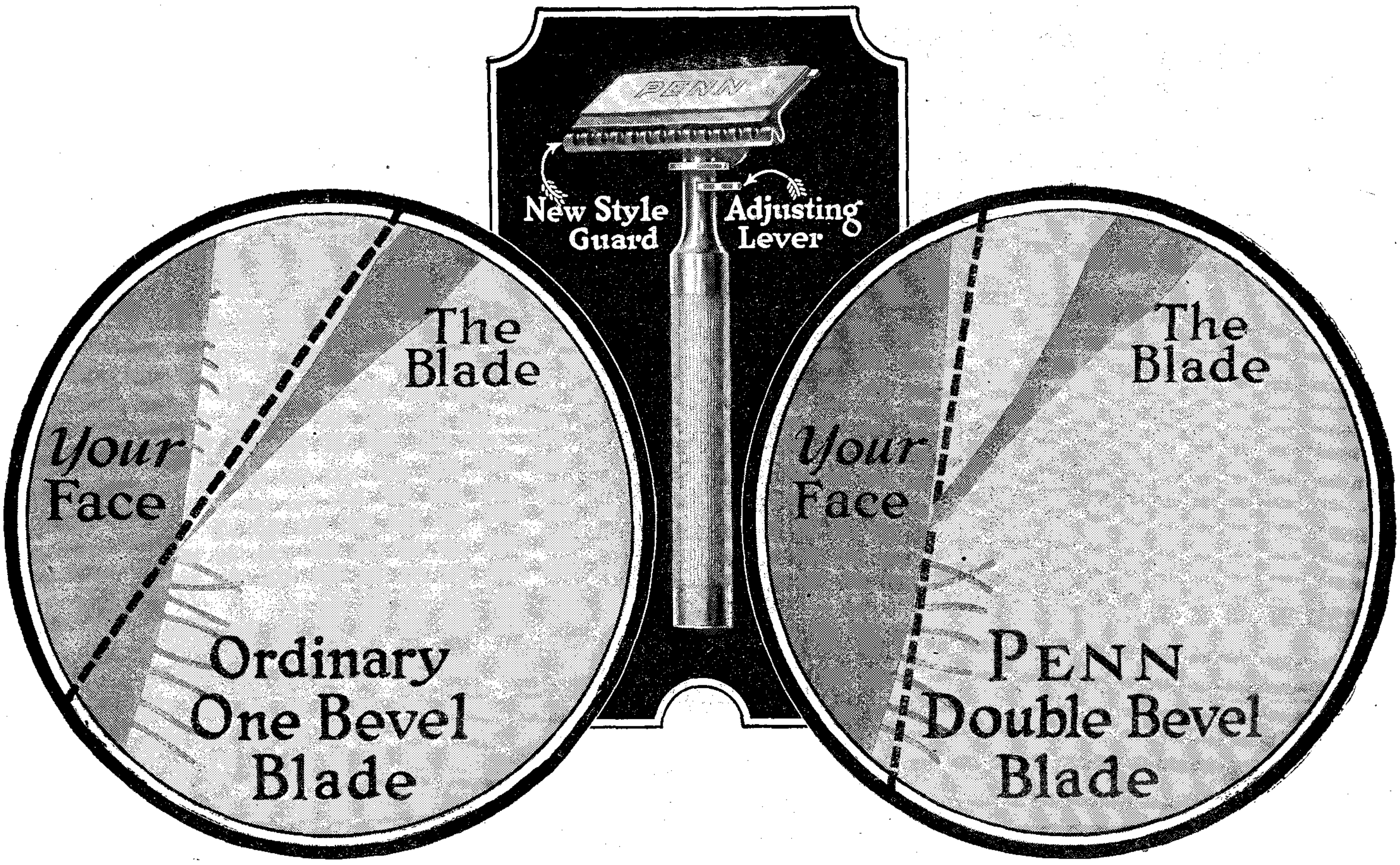
"With the suppression of Ottoman sovereignty, the natural solution would be to adjudge Constantinople and its vilayet to Greece, while establishing international guaranties for the freedom of the Straits.

"This solution is all the more indicated because, up to the time of the Turkish conquest, Constantinople had for centuries been the capital of the Greek Empire, and before that time had been for several hundred years a flourishing Greek colony.

"Even to-day, the **principal element** in the native population is Greek. Comprising 364,459 souls, it is numerically greater than all the other nationalities put together, with the exception of the Turks. It occupies an exceptional position in regard to economic strength and intellectual activity. It supports 237 schools, with 30,000 pupils. Constantinople is, lastly, the seat of the Greek Ecumenical Patriarchate.

"But if the Society of Nations were to be established now, Constantinople might, because of the great international interests involved in the possession of the Straits, form with the latter and a sufficient hinterland, an **international state** under the protection of the Society of Nations, which would appoint its governor for certain fixt periods. This governor would be charged with safeguarding the international interests above indicated, and with administering the state with the necessary municipal liberties."

ASIA MINOR—The article from President Wilson's program above cited, we read, governs likewise the solution of the



Digs under the skin after cutting whisker

Glides over the skin after cutting whisker

This Double Bevel Blade Makes Your Face Feel Fine!

If years of shaving have made you think that all blades are alike—that scraping, pulling and other discomforts must be expected every time you shave—then get the surprise of your life by trying the Penn Adjustable Razor with its Double-Bevel Blades.

It glides over your face as easily as you would pass your hand across—and with as little harshness. It doesn't scrape—it doesn't pull. It leaves your face feeling fine.

For the Penn Double-Bevel Blade *protects* your face. Why? Because the extra bevel, so small you can scarcely see it, keeps the edge from sinking under the skin after cutting through the hair.

And the Penn gives you something more. It insures you *continuous* good shaves. For Penn Blades are made out of close-grained, soft-tempered steel that *can be stropped.* Many razor blades are too brittle and coarse-grained to stand stropping. The ingenious Penn Honing Strop gives you a new edge in a jiffy.

The Penn Razor has a new adjusting lever which perfectly regulates the razor for close or light shaves. And a new style guard gives you the complete use of the *entire shaving edge.*

TRY THE PENN WITHOUT COST

The store where you usually trade will let you have one without deposit. Shave with it 30 days. If you find that the Penn Double-Bevel Blades give you the best shaves you ever had, pay the dealer $5. If not, return the razor. If your dealer hasn't the Penn, write us. We'll see that you're supplied.

A. C. PENN, Inc., 100 Lafayette Street, NEW YORK

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With the Double Bevel Blades

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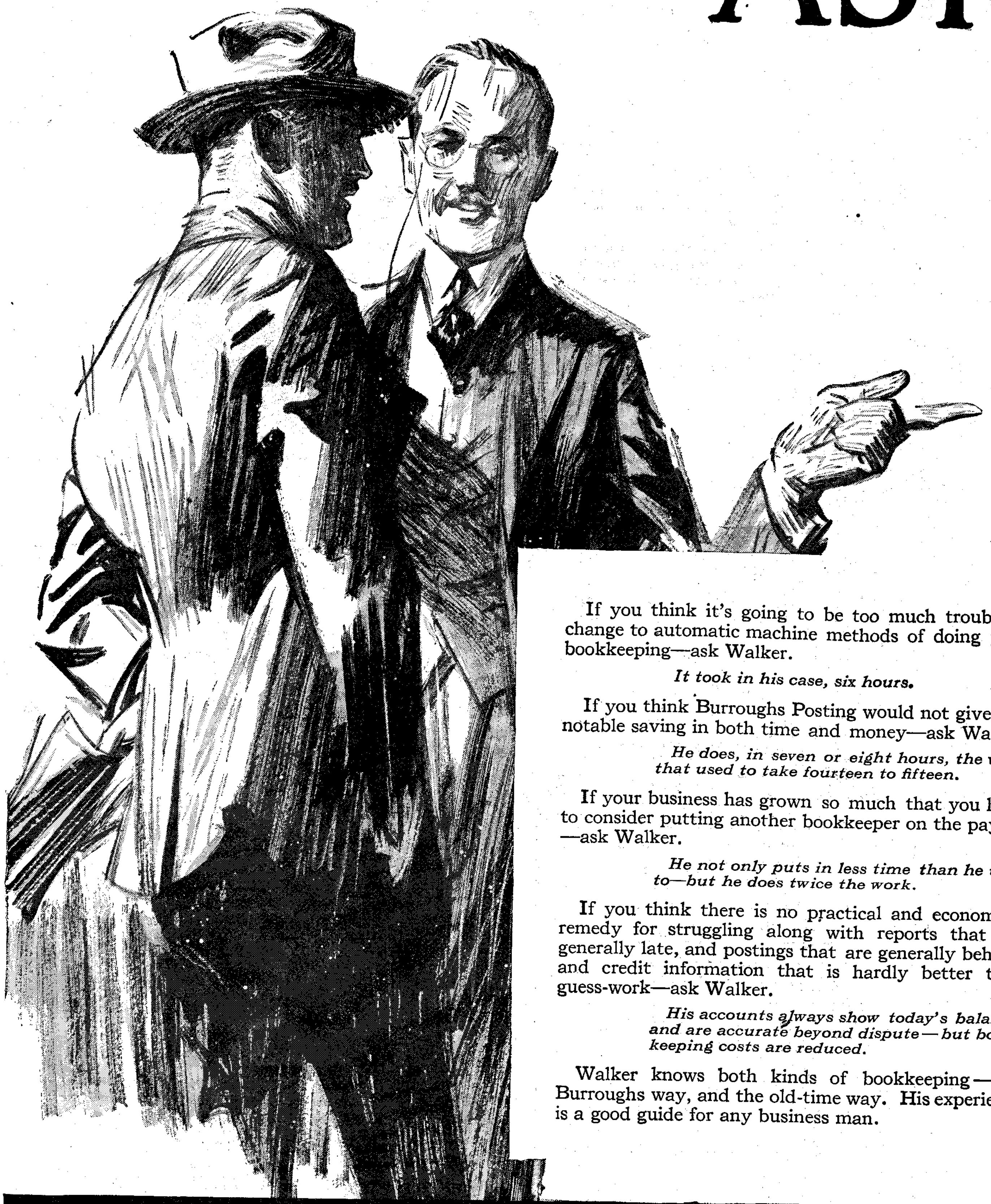
Penn Outfit No. 70, including Penn Adjustable Razor, 10 Double-Bevel Blades and Penn Honing Strop and stropping handle and blade box in olive green leather folding case $7.50

Penn De Luxe Outfit No. 75. Penn Razor, 10 Double-Bevel Blades, double cushion strop and stropping handle, two blade boxes in striking olive green leather case size 4¾" x 7¼" $10

ASK



If you think it's going to be too much trouble to change to automatic machine methods of doing your bookkeeping—ask Walker.

It took in his case, six hours.

If you think Burroughs Posting would not give you notable saving in both time and money—ask Walker.

He does, in seven or eight hours, the work that used to take fourteen to fifteen.

If your business has grown so much that you have to consider putting another bookkeeper on the payroll—ask Walker.

He not only puts in less time than he used to—but he does twice the work.

If you think there is no practical and economical remedy for struggling along with reports that are generally late, and postings that are generally behind, and credit information that is hardly better than guess-work—ask Walker.

His accounts always show today's balance, and are accurate beyond dispute—but bookkeeping costs are reduced.

Walker knows both kinds of bookkeeping—the Burroughs way, and the old-time way. His experience is a good guide for any business man.

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PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS–SAVE VALUABLE TIME

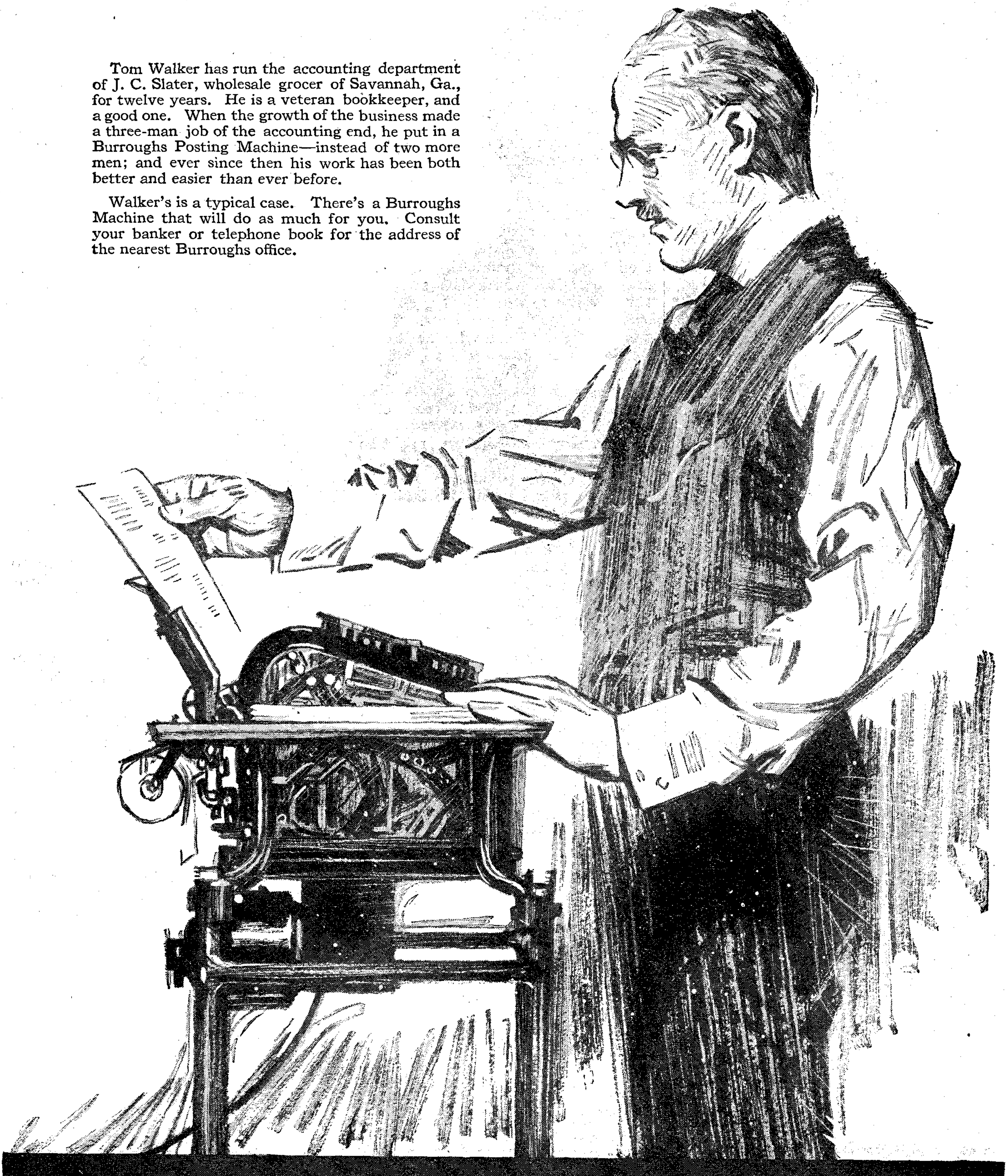
PRICED-AS
LOW AS $125

Burroughs

WALKER

Tom Walker has run the accounting department of J. C. Slater, wholesale grocer of Savannah, Ga., for twelve years. He is a veteran bookkeeper, and a good one. When the growth of the business made a three-man job of the accounting end, he put in a Burroughs Posting Machine—instead of two more men; and ever since then his work has been both better and easier than ever before.

Walker's is a typical case. There's a Burroughs Machine that will do as much for you. Consult your banker or telephone book for the address of the nearest Burroughs office.



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Burroughs

When Johnny has the Croup!

That's a cough with a croupy rattle, so hurry for the Musterole and rub it in right over the chest and neck. How it will tingle at first and then grow ever so cool. And how it will reach in and penetrate right to the spot! It will dissipate all the stuffy congestion which causes that hacking cough.

Why *shouldn't* grandmother swear by Musterole for colds and coughs? It is better than a mustard plaster—good as *that* was in the old days. And the explanation is this:

Musterole is made of oil of mustard and other home simples. It penetrates under the skin, down to the part. Here it generates its own heat, and this heat disperses the congestion. Yet Musterole will not blister. Musterole, on the contrary, feels delightfully cool a few seconds after you apply it.

Try Musterole for Bobby and Helen and Dorothy's croup—and for your own cough, too. Try it for rheumatism—it's a regular router out of all congestions. Always keep a jar handy.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole.

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WILL NOT BLISTER
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Department 92, THE RIBBON WORKS, Galveston, Texas

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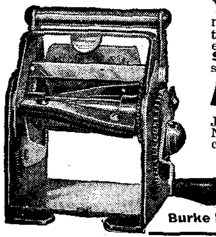

Yes, and more. That's the record of many men who shave themselves. Old blades made sharper than new—in 10 seconds. **For all Safety Razors.** Quick, velvety shaves for life with wonderful, new

Rotastrop

Just drop blade in, turn handle. Nothing to get out of order. Machine gives "heel and toe action," just like a barber strops a razor.

10 Days Free Trial—write for booklet. State make of razor.

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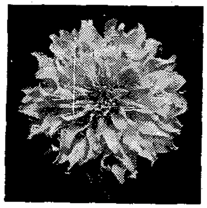
Wing's Dahlias

When cool autumn days come and nearly all the flowers have faded, the Dahlia, with its masses of gorgeous bloom, lasting from late-summer until hard freezes, is both refreshing and satisfactory. Our collection of over 200 varieties, carefully selected from the best American and European hybridists, yields a wealth of beautiful color, rich and delicate, and a great variety of exquisite forms. To fully appreciate Dahlias, you should know Annellie Dufour, Etoile de France, Cargo, Britannia, Calife, Mlle. Jeanne Chantre and Jeanne Charmet. *Write for free catalog.*



The Wing Seed Co., Box 1319, Mechanicsburg, O.
(The House of Quality and Moderate Prices)

problem of Asia Minor, and therefore Ottoman sovereignty must be "limited to the interior of the country where the Turkish element is really predominant."

To the east, the Armenian provinces, with Russian Armenia, ought to be erected into **a separate state,** says Mr. Venizelos, the organization of which should be entrusted to one of the great Powers, as the mandatory of the Society of Nations, and he points out that—

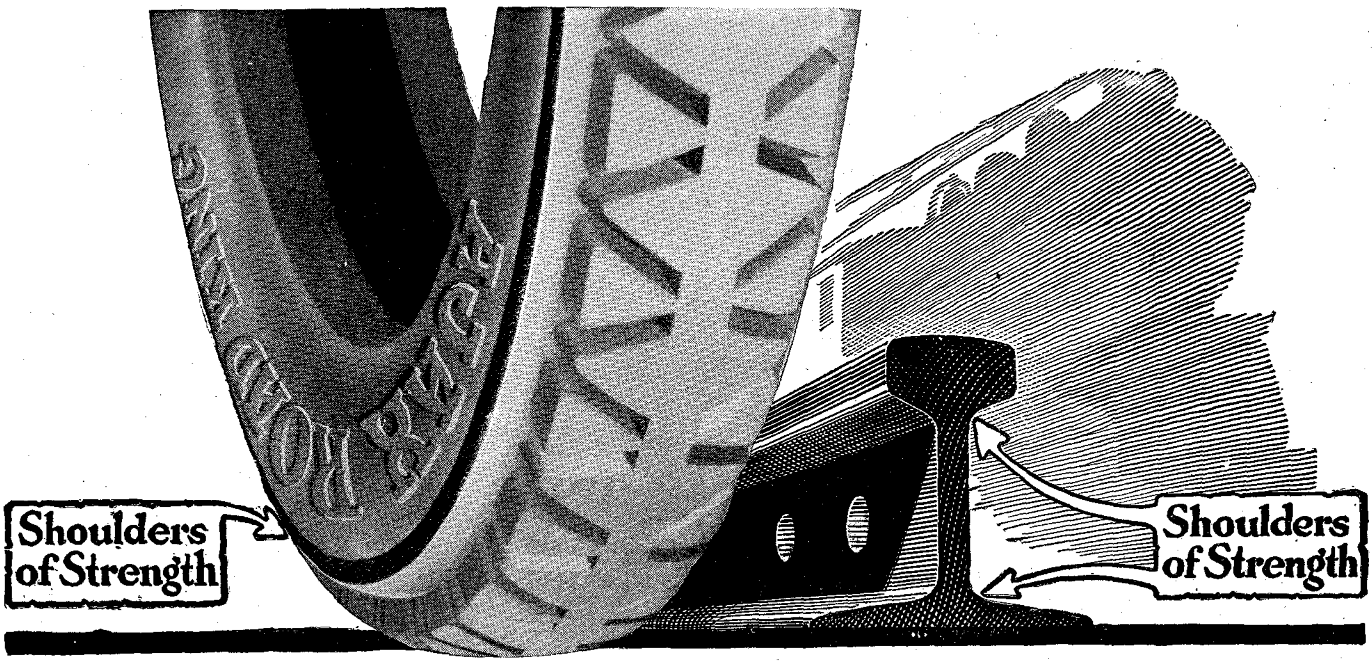
> "Such a mandate would be all the more necessary since, as the result of the systematic destruction carried out for the past quarter of a century under Hamidian rule, and still more by the Young Turks, it would be difficult to find an administrative district in Turkish Armenia having an Armenian majority. It is obvious that Turkey should not be allowed to profit by the systematic annihilation of the Armenian nation, which has been carried out in order to maintain her domination over the Armenian provinces. The **conscience of mankind** would revolt at this. Besides, these provinces are not Turkish, for the Turkish element continues to be in a minority there as compared with the combined strength of the other ethnical elements.
>
> "The vilayet of Trebizond might be attached to the state of Armenia. The compact Greek population of 350,000 people comprised within its limits would thus have the advantage of escaping henceforth from Turkish administration. The same is true of the vilayet of Adana, which comprises a Greek population of 70,000 souls, and which, as including also a considerable Armenian population, might with even more reason be incorporated in the Armenian state.
>
> "Moreover, by establishing the administrative divisions of the state on the basis of local ethnical conditions, the sorely tried Christian population would be assured an endurable existence and would thus prepare the way for the ultimate complete independence of this state."

This Asia Minor territory is claimed by Greece also in virtue of number twelve of the fourteen points of President Wilson, which states that "other nationalities which are now under Turkish rule should be assured an undoubted security of life and an absolutely unmolested opportunity of autonomous development." In sanctioning the right of peoples to decide their lot, Mr. Venizelos states, the principle does not deprive them of the right to choose for themselves annexation to a state of the same nationality already existing in preference to the creation of an autonomous state. Now—

> "It is incontestable that such is the preference of the Greeks of Asia Minor as to Greece, their mother country. It is, therefore, impossible to understand why we should stop with the decision that the Greeks of western Asia Minor should be obliged to form **an autonomous state** when the object aimed at to-day is precisely to reunite, as far as possible, under the same government, the various portions of each nationality.
>
> "If an autonomous state were created in western Asia Minor, this state, by reason of its population and of the economic and cultural supremacy of the Hellenic element, as well as by reason of the fact that this element has for thirty centuries uninterruptedly held in these regions a predominant place, would constitute an essentially Hellenic state. The **coexistence of two Hellenic states** would soon create, on both sides, a natural tendency toward union. This would occasion fresh international friction, whereas, after this world-war and the complete victory of the democratic nations, all territorial questions ought, as far as possible, to find their solution, and the creation of new problems ought to be avoided.
>
> "It is equally inconceivable that Ottoman rule should continue to be exercised in this western portion of Asia Minor. After the tragic experience of a whole century, it is impossible to entrust the future of the Christian populations of the Ottoman Empire to fresh attempts at reform. These people know only too well that, especially during the last quarter of a century, every time that an attempt has been made to introduce reforms in their favor the Old Turks, like the Young Turks, have begun the application of them by massacring on a vast scale the Christians who were to benefit by these reforms.
>
> "In the course of the world-war, 700,000 Armenians and 300,000 Greeks have been exterminated. How can the Peace Congress send these unhappy peoples back under the Turkish yoke, renewing the derisive promises of new reforms in their interest? We must not, furthermore, forget that between 1914 and 1918, four hundred and fifty thousand Greeks have been expelled by the Turkish Government and have had to take temporary refuge in Greece; that several other hundreds of thousands have been deported from the coast to the interior, where the greater part of them have died. The mere reinstating of the survivors in their homes and on their confiscated lands presupposes necessarily the abolition of Turkish sovereignty.

THE "ISLES OF GREECE"—As far as the islands are concerned, they have been **Greek for thousands of years,** Mr. Venizelos recalls, and as such they ought to be returned to Greece, "even without exception being made of those which for strategic reasons were not allotted to Greece at the time of the Balkan wars." We read then:

> "It is true that by the treaty of April 26, 1915, it was arranged between the Powers of the Entente and Italy that the latter should annex Rhodes and the Dodecanese. But at the time this treaty was signed the war had not yet assumed the character which was given to it later by the Allied governments' declarations and by the principles proclaimed by President Wilson. It is now admitted that those principles will form the basis of the future peace. The Greek Government has, therefore, no doubt that its great neighbor, Italy, will itself take the initiative in proposing the restoration of these islands to Greece, in view of the fact that, from the international point of view, they continue to form an integral part of the Ottoman Empire. The Greek Government is convinced that Italy can not desire to impose its sovereignty upon purely Greek populations, and thus to create a constant source of friction between two peoples bound together by their mutual relations in the past, which, along with their situation as near neighbors, invite them to a closer collaboration in the future."



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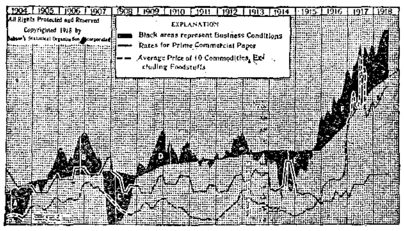

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30 Days Free Trial allowed on the bicycle you select, actual riding test in your own town for a full month. Do not buy until you get our *great new trial offer* and low Factory-Direct-To-Rider terms and prices.

TIRES LAMPS, HORNS, pedals, single wheels and repair parts for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. No one else can offer such values and such terms.

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Cortez CIGARS
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Stability and Diversity

CITIES SERVICE COMPANY, despite handicaps, rendered a signal and efficient service during the war.

Peace brings even more favorable opportunities to the 75 public utility and 27 oil subsidiaries of the company.

Public Utilities will gradually be relieved of their war burdens; oil is a peace commodity of vital importance.

Invest in Cities Service Preferred to secure Stability, Diversity, Efficient Management, High Yield and Marketability.

Monthly Dividends
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Write for Circular L D-104

Henry L. Doherty & Company
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INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

AS TO THE OUTLOOK FOR FOOD- AND OTHER COMMODITY-PRICES

IN a discussion of the outlook for wages and commodity-prices in this country, a writer in a recent bulletin of the National City Bank of New York remarked that it was "evident that foodstuffs hold a key position in the situation, as there can be no general readjustment of wages without a decline in the cost of food." The decline in food-prices which had already started came sooner than had been expected, "partly because the ending of the war works a radical change in the future outlook, and partly because of a large accumulation of stocks in this country and diminished purchases by the Allies." No longer was it necessary to carry as large stocks in Allied countries as before. Furthermore, England had sent great fleets to Argentina and Australia for grain and meats which she had already purchased there. At the same time the most active season of the year for marketing live stock and grain had arrived with us, and "rapid accumulations became a load which dealers were timid about carrying." Hence arose a situation that was "uncertain and artificial, with foreign sales depending upon the action of governments and the granting of credits, and the latter depending in turn upon the action of Congress."

Apart from these special causes everybody had agreed that foodstuffs would have to come down after the war-situation in Europe was over. This had led to "a disposition to anticipate the movement." The greatest drop occurred in corn, which had suffered from reports that cargoes were being loaded in Buenos Aires for this market, and a fear that the Government would lower or abandon the fixt price on bags. Corn went down over forty cents per bushel in a few months, and oats about twenty-five cents. Wheat was sustained by the government price. The open winter had a great influence on dairy products, and butter was down about twenty cents per pound. Eggs were down proportionately, and most vegetables were lower.

"Meanwhile, as in the case of cotton and cotton goods, it is not certain in view of the world-situation that the decline of foodstuffs is not premature. The interior and eastern parts of Europe, where the greatest food-scarcity exists, have not been opened up to importations, altho they must be soon or starvation will ensue. The Inter-Allied Food Council at Paris has recommended that the enemy countries be allowed to import 70,000 tons of pork monthly, beginning at once, and Mr. Hoover sends warning that there is great danger in assuming that the food-shortage is over. Outside of Germany there is destitution throughout the 60,000,000 of people who have been set up as new nations. Moreover, while it is not proposed to give food to Germany, we can not after the peace treaty is signed refuse to sell food to the German people, and their wants will be large.

"The Food Administration has sought, with wisdom no doubt, to promote the production of fats, of which there is a world-wide scarcity, by fixing a liberal price for hogs, which was done in conference with representatives of farmers' organizations and packers. It has been made an object to grow a good crop of pigs and to bring them to a good weight altho much of last year it was doubtful policy to convert corn into hogs. The fixt price on the latter has been $17.50 per hundredweight at Chicago, and that the Food Administration believes it still good policy to have corn converted into pork is shown by its having just reaffirmed the price for the month of February. It should be understood that the farmers are just now maturing the crop of hogs which they were encouraged by the fixt price to raise, hence it is but fair to continue the price for the present. Moreover, there is every reason to believe that the fixt price will be fully justified by the demand. Our exports of agricultural products, in quantity and value, for the calendar years 1917 and 1918 are given herewith:

VALUES

	1918	*1917*
Breadstuffs	$801,498,000	$631,989,000
Meat and dairy products	941,241,000	437,450,000
Cotton	674,173,000	575,304,000

QUANTITIES

Breadstuffs—		
Wheat, bushels	111,177,000	106,196,000
Flour, barrels	21,707,000	13,926,000
Corn, barrels	39,399,000	52,168,000
Oats, barrels	98,678,000	114,463,000
Barley, barrels	18,805,000	17,859,000
Rye, barrels	7,632,000	13,411,000
Meats—		
Fresh Beef, lbs	514,342,000	216,421,000
Corned Beef, lbs	141,447,000	63,471,000
Pickeled Beef, lbs	44,208,000	67,811,000
Bacon, lbs	1,104,788,000	578,128,000
Hams and Shoulders, lbs	537,213,000	243,587,000
Lard, lbs	548,818,000	372,721,000
Neutral Lard, lbs	6,307,000	9,423,000
Pickeled Pork, lbs	36,472,000	39,294,000
Lard Compounds, lbs	43,976,000	49,300,000
Oleo Oil, lbs	69,106,000	33,400,000
Cotton, bales	4,112,000	4,819,000
Condensed Milk, barrels	551,140,000	428,575,000

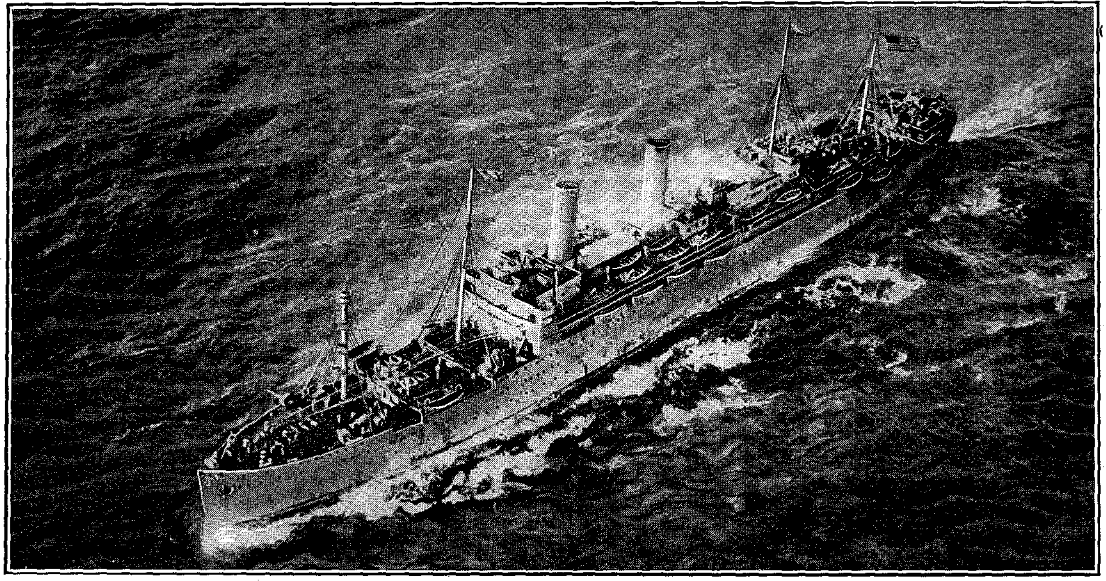
"These figures do not include supplies for the American Army shipped in government vessels. In view of the fact that all Europe will be opened up, the exports of these products in 1919 may be expected to largely exceed those of 1918. The grain crops of Europe are mainly sown in the fall. The numbers of live stock, particularly hogs, have been greatly reduced, and the central countries are large consumers of pork.

"The marketings of all kinds of live stock in the United States increased in 1918. On the ten leading markets, the sales of cattle increased 10.87 per cent., of hogs 18.62 per cent., and of sheep 12.31 per cent. The Government's estimates for hogs on farms at the beginning of 1919 are 75,587,000, against 70,978,000 at the beginning of 1918. Cattle and sheep about the same as a year ago.

"We would repeat that the outlook is for an abundant supply of foodstuffs and lower prices after the next crop is harvested. The present stocks of wheat in the United States are the largest ever known, but the Food Administration believes that there will be only a small carry-over into the next crop year. The acreage of winter wheat in this country is 17 per cent. above last year's, and up to this time the conditions of plant and soil are ideal for a big yield, but there is no snow covering, and severe weather might work injury. The Government's price guaranty, as it stands, will cover the spring wheat crop of this year which is not yet planted, and as it is the only farm product under a price guaranty through the year, the planting probably will be large, if the guaranty is not modified. Nobody is wise enough to foretell how much the wheat guaranty will cost the Treasury. It depends upon crops this year over the world. The Secretary of Agriculture is asking a fund of $1,250,000,000 to carry out the terms. If the Food Administrator is correct in his estimates of the foreign demand it will not cost nearly that much, but the authorities should be in position to make good on the Government's pledges.

"On the whole, it does not appear

The President's Ship—"George Washington"



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Is Equipped With

"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Cooking Utensils

LIKE many other transports and battleships of the U. S. Navy, the "George Washington" is equipped with aluminum cooking utensils consisting of giant steam-jacketed kettles, coffee urns, stock pots and carriers used for conveying food from the kitchens to the feeding stations.

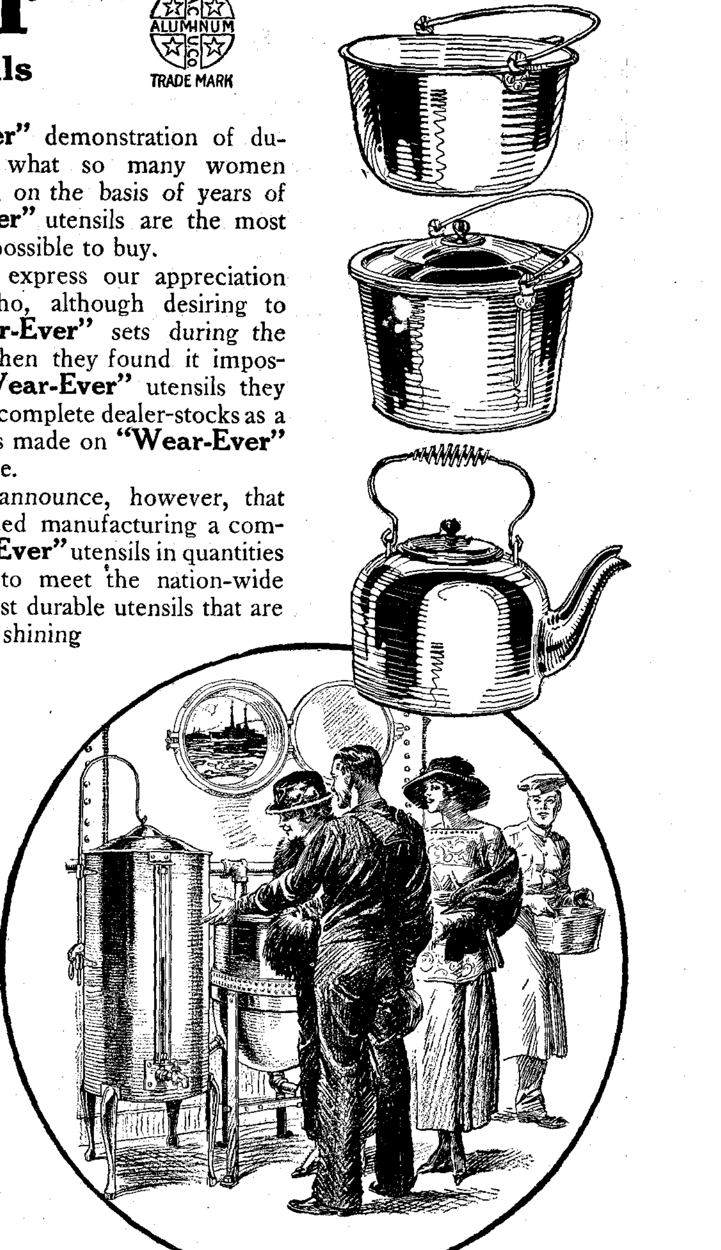
Aboard the "George Washington" there are 23 steam-jacketed kettles, 13 coffee urns, 150 stock pots and 125 food carriers. This equipment is made of the same material and in the same way as the **"Wear-Ever"** aluminum utensils that are serving in so many thousands of American homes.

We are proud of the war-record of **"Wear-Ever"**—proud of the demonstration it has given on ship and battlefield, in hospital and cantonment, of its ability to withstand the hardest kind of usage, far more severe usage than **"Wear-Ever"** would ever receive in the home.

This **"Wear-Ever"** demonstration of durability emphasizes what so many women already know:—that, on the basis of years of service, **"Wear-Ever"** utensils are the most economical utensils possible to buy.

We also wish to express our appreciation to those women who, although desiring to add to their **"Wear-Ever"** sets during the war, were patient when they found it impossible to get the **"Wear-Ever"** utensils they wanted because of incomplete dealer-stocks as a result of the demands made on **"Wear-Ever"** by the national service.

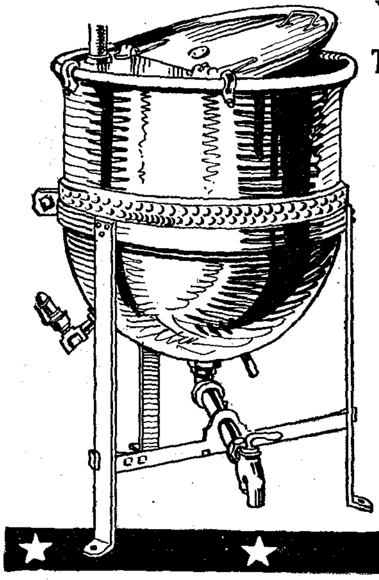
We are glad to announce, however, that we now have resumed manufacturing a complete line of **"Wear-Ever"** utensils in quantities sufficient, we hope, to meet the nation-wide demand for these most durable utensils that are like silver in their shining beauty.

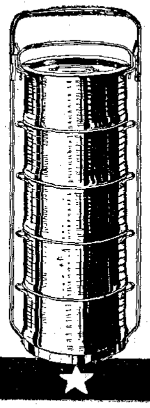


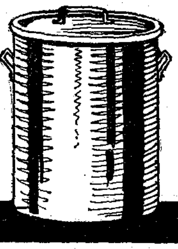
Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.
Dept. 10 New Kensington, Pa.

"Wear-Ever" heavy equipments are used in cooking with steam on board ships, in hotels, hospitals, canneries, etc.







Does Your House Wiring Work for You?

The electric wiring in your home gives you all the advantages of a modern power plant.

Every lamp socket or wall outlet releases at the turn of a switch a clean, safe force which substitutes for many forms of physical labor at a saving in time and money and with improved results.

Are you making full use of economical electrical power? Is your house wiring *working for you?*

The Aid Electrical Experts Can Give

The architect, electrical engineer or contractor, and the electrical dealer are specialists in the application of electric power. They will give you expert aid in your electrical problems, show you how to get maximum results from electric power at minimum cost.

* * * * *

Whatever use you make of electricity, it pays to know how to get full efficiency.

Electrical service depends upon good equipment, first class workmanship on installations and good wire. Buy equipment of standard make. Get superior workmanship by employing dependable, qualified men and paying a price that will permit ample time on the work and the use of good materials.

The ECCO brand will always assure you of wire quality.

ECCO insulated wire quality is founded on excellence of raw materials and perfected manufacturing processes. The ability of ECCO wire to deliver its rated service, year after year, with a liberal margin as a factor of safety, is guaranteed by the exacting tests applied to every foot of ECCO wire before it leaves the factories.

ECCO wire is specified and used by leading architects, engineers and electrical contractors everywhere. ECCO in an installation is an indication of experienced workmen and good work.

ECCO Dependable Insulated WIRE

THE ELECTRIC CABLE COMPANY
10 East 43rd Street New York City

Makers of Ecco Wire for every purpose where insulated wire is used

probable that general commodity-prices will continue a headlong decline to the level of before the war. We see no reason to alter our previously expresst opinions that the tendency after the end of the war would be downward, but that it would be impossible to reduce costs rapidly to the old level. They are not going to be reduced rapidly in other countries. Freight-charges have just been largely reduced on the ocean, but not to prewar rates, and railway-charges are not being reduced at all. Profits are being sacrificed, and production curtailed, but the fundamental conditions which are necessary to prices much below those now existing have not been established here, still less in Europe.

"Abroad, industrial conditions are chaotic. Labor is not only unwilling to accept reductions, but is aggressive in its demands for higher pay and shorter hours. Moreover, the hoped-for gain in efficiency to offset the higher wages of war-time is not likely to be realized upon peace work. On the contrary, labor appears to be in such a belligerent and unruly mood that the older labor-leaders are alarmed over the situation. These conditions will not lower costs upon manufactured goods, altho they will lessen the demand and perhaps lower prices for some raw materials."

The writer insists that "the great underlying fact in the situation is the world-shortage of goods, following four years in which production has been devoted mainly to war-supplies, and the need of raw materials and equipment for reconstruction." Thus far, in this country, wage-rates have been generally maintained, "and most employers wish to maintain them at least until a readjustment can be made concurrently with the decline of articles of common consumption." He adds:

"To a great extent wages and prices are interlocked, high prices being due to high wages paid to producers. If the pay of one group of workers is reduced and the prices of their product decline, the consumers of these products are gainers at the expense of that group of workers. The latter then have a just claim that reductions shall be made in the goods which they have to buy. Fairness requires that all shall come down together. The reductions which will affect the greatest number of people at once are those in foodstuffs and clothing materials. The producers of foodstuffs are so many in number and so widely scattered that any general combination among them to maintain prices has always proved impracticable. Their products respond quickly to the conditions of supply and demand and are now falling, altho the world food-situation is not yet clear. Certainly they will decline largely by the end of another crop year. But as their products come down the farmers will naturally and reasonably claim reductions in the prices of what they must buy, and this probably will involve wage-reductions in other lines."

In Time of Peace Prepare for War.—"Jack, dear, before our wedding I wish you would see a doctor."

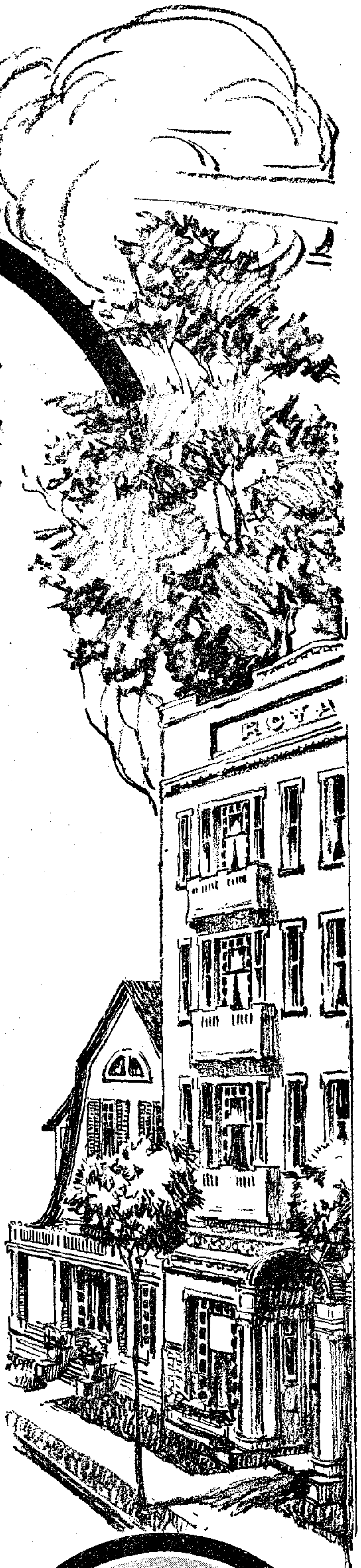
"Why should I? I am well, except for a touch of dyspepsia."

"That's just it. I'd like you to get a certificate from him which would show that your dyspepsia antedated our marriage."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Trickery of Words.—"Why don't you make an oration on this subject?" asked the admiring friend.

"I've quit making orations," replied Senator Sorghum. "I find too often that when I make a speech in favor of something I simply suggest ideas for some new arguments against it."—*Washington Evening Star.*

Majestic Coal Chute



—Protects Your Property
—Minimizes Depreciation
—An Inexpensive Convenience

WHETHER it be home, apartment or store building, a Majestic Coal Chute built in the foundation, protects your property from nicks, scars and marks caused by bounding lumps or coal dust.

Majestic Coal Chute
A Modern Convenience

ENHANCES THE PROPERTY VALUE The Majestic improves the looks of your foundation by eliminating the disfiguration caused by coal delivery. It minimizes depreciation of your property.

CAN BE EASILY PUT IN ANY HOME The Majestic can be easily installed in a new home, or one already built. Also made in sizes and types for stores, apartments, hotels and public buildings.

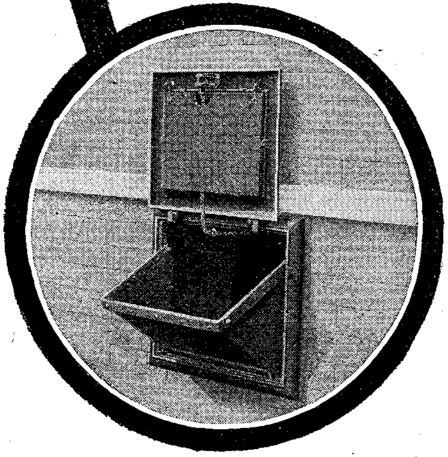
A WINDOW WHEN IT IS NOT USED When not in use, a window in the Chute door admits splendid light to the basement. During coal delivery this window is protected by a special metal plate.

STRONG, DURABLE CONSTRUCTION The Majestic is extra durable. Built with a heavy steel body, cast semi-steel door frame and boiler plate hopper. It will last the life of your building.

IT IS SAFE AND BURGLAR PROOF Strongly constructed of heavy materials, the Majestic locks automatically and is guaranteed burglar proof. Opened only from the inside by pulling extended chain.

AVOIDS LITTERING YOUR PREMISES With the Majestic, your lawn, walk, or flowers are not damaged by scattering coal and coal dust. Both your premises and your building are thus protected.

The Majestic Coal Chute Should Be In Every Foundation



Write for Catalogue 12, and name of nearest hardware or building supply dealer, handling the Majestic. Investigate this modern home necessity. Working drawings furnished free of charge to architects and others interested.

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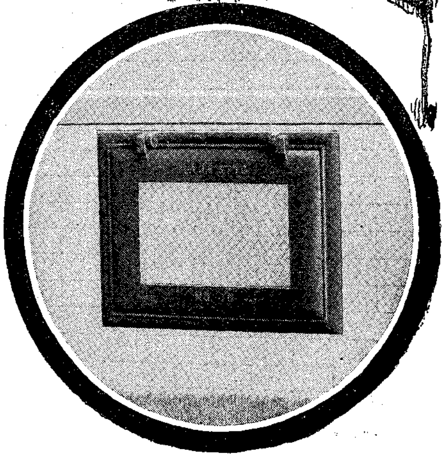
120 Erie Street,
Huntington, Indiana.

Manufactured in Canada by the
Galt Stove and Furnace Co., Galt, Ontario



CURRENT EVENTS

PEACE PRELIMINARIES

February 26.—President Wilson speaks in defense of the League of Nations before members of the Senate and House Foreign Affairs Committees at an after-dinner conference in the White House. Under the League as now drafted, he says in response to questions, the Monroe Doctrine is safe, the United States has the right to decline to be the mandatory of any nation, and there will be no compulsion on us to send troops abroad to enforce the orders of the League.

London is watching "with intense interest" President Wilson's campaign to win support for the League, says a dispatch from that city. Several of the more influential papers ask what course the United States can follow if it rejects the League.

Senator Cummins, of Iowa, attacking Article X of the League as "almost the wickedest proposal suggested for the commendation of mankind," starts a campaign in favor of a League of Nations in some particulars opposed to the draft adopted at Paris. The article attacked pledges the contracting nations to respect and preserve the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all states members of the League. Had such a covenant been in existence among the great Powers in 1776, says the Senator, the Republic of the United States could never have been founded.

February 27.—Senator Spencer, of Missouri, introduces a resolution planned to safeguard the Monroe Doctrine by an amendment to the League of Nations compact. President Wilson, it is reported from Washington, will vigorously oppose any amendment to the proposed constitution of the League, except in phraseology.

Peace with the League of Nations or war and preparations for war, including the "internationalism of the anarchist and the Bolshevik," are the alternatives before the world, declares Senator Hitchcock, of Nebraska, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, in an address before the Senate.

February 28.—Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, attacking the present constitution of the League of Nations in the Senate, demands a "binding and shackling peace" with the enemy as the first move.

The draft of the League of Nations is received in Germany as meaning little less than ruin for Germans, says a dispatch from Düsseldorf, dated February 23. The German press are said to be incensed because Teutons have had no voice in drafting the proposals.

President Wilson, in declaring that he will not be a candidate for a third term, uses language regarding some of the League of Nations' opponents, reports Washington, "so strong that Democratic committeemen won't quote him."

The Peace Conference plans to reach agreements on the more important questions between March 8 and March 15, according to a statement made by Capt. André Tardieu, French delegate, says a report from Paris. The Conference has four vital problems to solve, he explained: The Franco-German frontier, the Adriatic situation, the Russian frontier, and freedom of the seas.

March 1.—The Peace Conference Commission of Reparation, reports Paris, has virtually completed its study of the indemnity which Germany must pay to the Allied and associated Powers and the manner in which it shall be paid.

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES
F
The Florsheim SHOE

TRY The Florsheim Shoe—know it by actual wear as well as by reputation and you will find there's a big difference in shoes. It pays to get Florsheim superior style, fit and service.

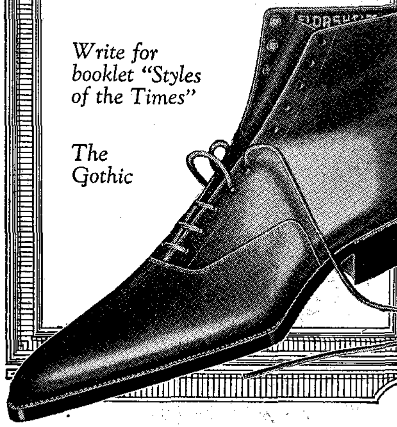
Ten Dollars and up

Consider the wear not the price per pair. Look for the quality mark "Florsheim."

The Florsheim Shoe Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Write for booklet "Styles of the Times"

The Gothic



WOMEN Wanted in Banks

Banks are employing hundreds of women in every department of bank work, even up to cashier. Clean, pleasant work, with men's pay. You can learn by mail. Send for free book, "How to Become a Banker," by Edgar G. Alcorn, Pres. **American School of Banking, 109 McLene Bldg., Columbus, Ohio**

Vaughan's Gladiolus

WE ARE growers of these BULBS on our own farms where our cellars now contain over two million bulbs, more than 200 kinds.

FLOWERS ALL SUMMER FOR $1.00

There is no flower that is so easily grown and blooms so readily as the Gladiolus. The long graceful spikes open successively surprising you with their brilliant and varied colors, often changing as each spike opens fully; cut as first flower opens and placed in water, the flowers develop for a week, even to the last bud. Ten day plantings early April till Mid-June bring flowers August till October.

We want every garden spot to blaze this summer with these wonderful showy flowers. So we offer

VICTORY GLADIOLUS 60 Bulbs, Prepaid $1

to customers within fourth postal zone (600 miles) from Chicago or New York. For further zones add 16c in stamps.

VEGETABLES ALL THE YEAR FOR $1.25
[*Ordered alone, price $1.50*]

20 Large Pkts. If desired we will include our **No. 2 "Victory Package" of Vegetable Seeds** (regular price $1.50), **20 best kinds, enough for 50 ft. garden and the above 60 Gladiolus bulbs prepaid $2.25**

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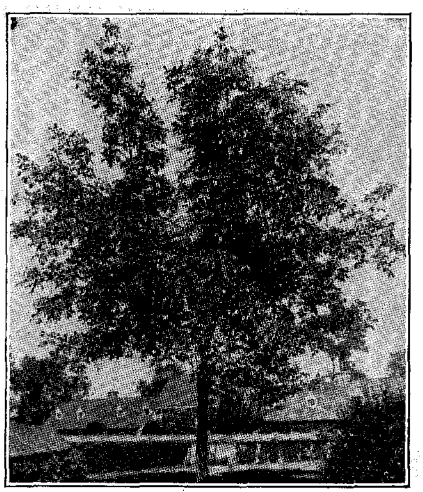


A Beautiful English Walnut Tree in Washington's Garden, Mt. Vernon.

The Great Washington

probably did not know that an acre (50 trees) of

English Walnut Trees

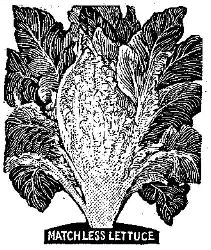
will produce in a single year food equal to 60,000 eggs (as asserted by Dr. J. H. Kellog), but he did know the great value of nut trees and planted them around his home at Mt. Vernon. *You* may not know that at Rochester we have highly developed under severe climatic conditions the

Northern Grown English Walnut Tree

so that it is available for planting about your home in your garden and orchard, with the same assurance of success as a planting of Apples, Pears and Peaches—Oaks and Maples.

Read about these wonderful trees in our 1919 *catalogue*, which will be sent *free on request*, and let us aid you in making a selection for your own particular requirements.

GLEN BROS., Inc., Glenwood Nursery,
1811 Main St., Rochester, N. Y.



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MATCHLESS LETTUCE Novel, distinct and absolutely the tenderest, sweetest and quickest lettuce grown. This is vouched for by thousands who grew it last year. Pkt. 15c.

HOW TO COOK VEGETABLES, a booklet giving 666 receipts for cooking, canning and preserving all vegetables. Will make one's garden crops doubly valuable. 10c.

FOR 10 CTS. we will mail sample packet Lettuce seed, Cook Book and big catalog.

BIG CATALOG, free. All flower and vegetable seeds, bulbs, plants, and berries. We grow the finest Gladioli, Dahlias, Cannas, Irises, Peonies, Perennials, Shrubs, Vines, Ferns, Roses, Sweet Peas, Asters, Pansies, Beets, Beans, Cabbage, Onions, Tomatoes, Seed Corn, Potatoes, etc. All special prize strains, and many sterling novelties.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Inc. Floral Park, N.Y.

Skin Tortured Babies Sleep After Cuticura

All druggists; Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "**Cuticura, Dept. 6B, Boston.**"

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Executive Accountants command big salaries. Thousands of firms need them. Only 2,500 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. Many are earning $3,000 to $10,000 a year. We train you thoroly by mail in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Knowledge of bookkeeping unnecessary to begin—we prepare you from the ground up. Our course and service are under the supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., Former Comptroller and Instructor, University of Illinois, assisted by a staff of C. P. A's, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Low tuition fee—easy terms. Write now for information and free book of accountancy facts.

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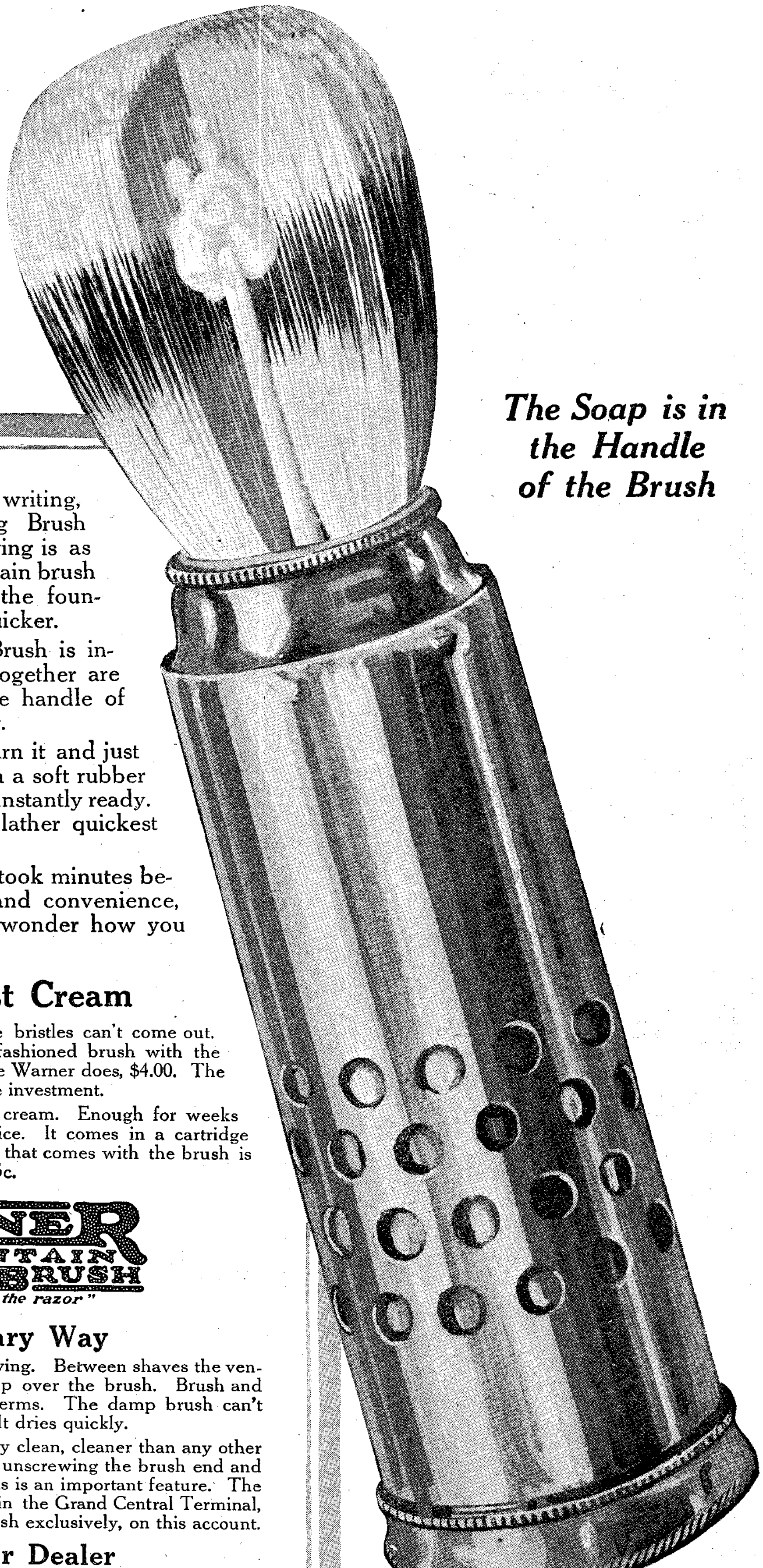
"World's Greatest Extension University"

This Fountain Brush Acts Like a Fountain Pen



The Soap is in the Handle of the Brush

WHAT the fountain pen did for writing, the Warner Fountain Shaving Brush has done for shaving. Shaving is as much more convenient with this fountain brush as writing is more convenient with the fountain pen. It is as much easier and quicker.

The Warner Fountain Shaving Brush is ingeniously clever. Soap and brush together are one handy unit. The cream is in the handle of the brush in a tightly sealed container.

There is a cap on the handle. Turn it and just the right amount of soap spouts from a soft rubber tube into the heart of the brush. It is instantly ready. The soap is in just the right place to lather quickest—the bend of the bristles.

This brush does in seconds what took minutes before. Men delight in its efficiency and convenience, its speed and cleanliness. You will wonder how you ever got along without it.

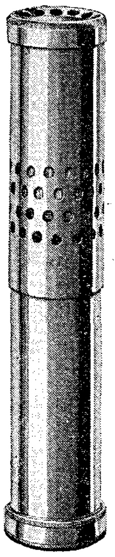
Finest Brush—Finest Cream

The brush is a genuine Rubberset. The bristles can't come out. They are of fine quality. An ordinary old fashioned brush with the same bristles would cost nearly as much as the Warner does, $4.00. The Warner is decidedly a bargain. It is a lifetime investment.

The cream is Mennen's famous shaving cream. Enough for weeks is included with every brush at its regular price. It comes in a cartridge to fit the handle of the brush. When the one that comes with the brush is used up your dealer will supply another for 35c.

WARNER FOUNTAIN SHAVING BRUSH

"everything but the razor"



The Sanitary Way

The Warner brings sanitary shaving. Between shaves the ventilated telescoping handle slides up over the brush. Brush and soap are protected from dust and germs. The damp brush can't harm anything even in your grip. It dries quickly.

The brush can be kept constantly clean, cleaner than any other brush. It can be easily sterilized by unscrewing the brush end and dropping it into boiling water. This is an important feature. The largest barber shop in the world in the Grand Central Terminal, New York, adopted the Warner Brush exclusively, on this account.

Go To Your Dealer

Go see this brush today, at your dealer's. If his supply has not yet arrived, mail us his name on the coupon printed here and we will send him a brush post-haste for your free inspection and approval.

If entirely satisfied, pay the dealer $4 (the regular price including a cartridge of cream) and the brush is yours.

But if for any reason you don't want it after examination, you are not obliged to pay any money whatever. Go try your dealer today. If you don't find this brush then mail us the free approval coupon without fail.

Canadian Price, $5.00

WARNER-PATTERSON COMPANY
901 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

(375)

FREE APPROVAL COUPON

WARNER-PATTERSON CO., 901 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

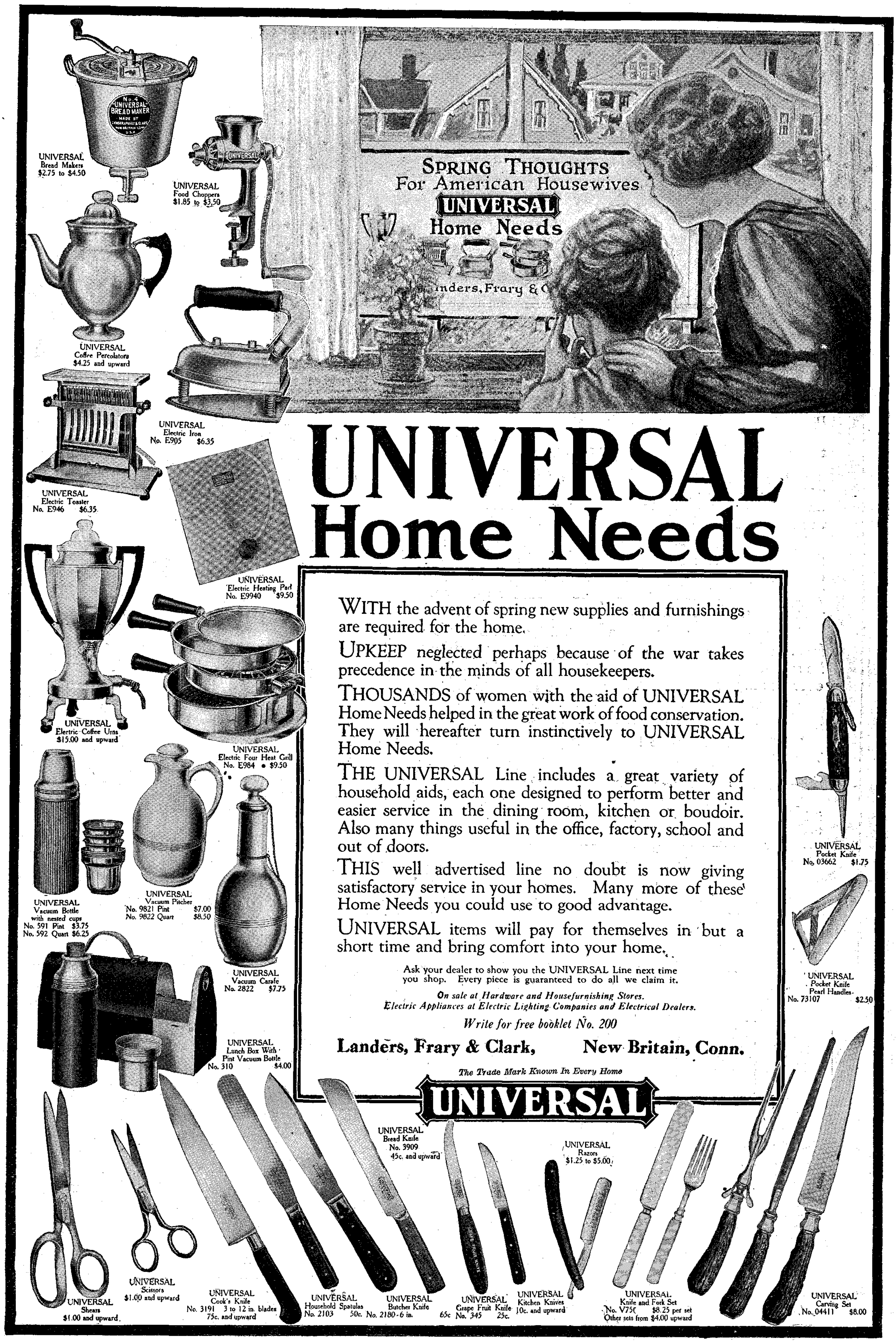
Send a Warner Fountain Shaving Brush in care of the dealer named below for my free inspection and approval. If entirely satisfied I agree to accept the brush and pay the dealer $4 for brush and one cartridge of cream. This does not obligate me to pay any money if after free examination I decide I do not want the brush. In Canada, $5.

My Name..

Address..

Dealer's Name..

Address..



UNIVERSAL
Bread Makers
$2.75 to $4.50

UNIVERSAL
Food Choppers
$1.85 to $3.50

UNIVERSAL
Coffee Percolators
$4.25 and upward

UNIVERSAL
Electric Iron
No. E905 $6.35

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No. E946 $6.35

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Electric Heating Pad
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UNIVERSAL
Vacuum Bottle
with nested cups
No. 591 Pint $3.75
No. 592 Quart $6.25

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Vacuum Pitcher
No. 9821 Pint $7.00
No. 9822 Quart $8.50

UNIVERSAL
Vacuum Carafe
No. 2822 $7.75

UNIVERSAL
Lunch Box With
Pint Vacuum Bottle
No. 310 $4.00

UNIVERSAL
Home Needs

WITH the advent of spring new supplies and furnishings are required for the home.

UPKEEP neglected perhaps because of the war takes precedence in the minds of all housekeepers.

THOUSANDS of women with the aid of UNIVERSAL Home Needs helped in the great work of food conservation. They will hereafter turn instinctively to UNIVERSAL Home Needs.

THE UNIVERSAL Line includes a great variety of household aids, each one designed to perform better and easier service in the dining room, kitchen or boudoir. Also many things useful in the office, factory, school and out of doors.

THIS well advertised line no doubt is now giving satisfactory service in your homes. Many more of these Home Needs you could use to good advantage.

UNIVERSAL items will pay for themselves in but a short time and bring comfort into your home.

Ask your dealer to show you the UNIVERSAL Line next time you shop. Every piece is guaranteed to do all we claim it.

On sale at Hardware and Housefurnishing Stores.
Electric Appliances at Electric Lighting Companies and Electrical Dealers.

Write for free booklet No. 200

Landers, Frary & Clark, New Britain, Conn.

The Trade Mark Known In Every Home

UNIVERSAL

UNIVERSAL
Pocket Knife
No. 03662 $1.75

UNIVERSAL
Pocket Knife
Pearl Handles
No. 73107 $2.50

UNIVERSAL
Bread Knife
No. 3909
45c. and upward

UNIVERSAL
Razors
$1.25 to $5.00

UNIVERSAL
Shears
$1.00 and upward

UNIVERSAL
Scissors
$1.00 and upward

UNIVERSAL
Cook's Knife
No. 3191 3 to 12 in. blades
75c. and upward

UNIVERSAL
Household Spatulas
No. 2103 50c.

UNIVERSAL
Butcher Knife
No. 2180-6 in. 65c

UNIVERSAL
Grape Fruit Knife
No. 345 25c.

UNIVERSAL
Kitchen Knives
10c. and upward

UNIVERSAL
Knife and Fork Set
No. V75C $8.25 per set
Other sets from $4.00 upward

UNIVERSAL
Carving Set
No. 04411 $8.00

An immediate payment will be demanded, while the remainder will be scattered over a period of years. The actual gold and silver money in possession of Germany is reported to be less than $2,600,000,000.

Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, speaking in the Senate in opposition to the present draft of the League of Nations, says that exclusion of the Central Powers means that Germany and other "outlaw states" will unite and prepare for a greater war.

A cable message from Tokyo received in Honolulu quotes Premier Hara, of Japan, as declaring, in answer to an interpolation in the Diet, that the constitution of the League of Nations as formulated at Paris must be modified before Japan will be able to join the League.

March 2.—Italy is willing to compromise her claims on the eastern coast of the Adriatic, says a dispatch from Rome, which quotes Premier Orlando. "Fiume may be said to be threatened with a loss of Italian nationality and independence," the Premier added.

Three distinct groups, the first favoring the League of Nations, the second absolutely opposing it, and the third those who favor some sort of league, but not just as proposed at Paris, have arisen at Washington, says a dispatch from that city. The last group is reported to be numerically the strongest.

President Wilson informs a delegation from the American Jewish Congress that he is persuaded that the Allied nations are ready to permit the foundations of a Jewish commonwealth to be laid in Palestine.

On the eve of the most critical week of the Peace Conference, says a dispatch from Paris, the lack of news indicates the importance attached to preventing Germany from becoming acquainted with the trend of the deliberation.

The prevailing opinion in England is that America won't reject the League of Nations, say dispatches from London. Otherwise "dispatches now coming from the United States would cause considerable alarm."

March 3.—Thirty-seven men who will be members of the next Senate, reports Washington, have signed a round robin declaring their opposition to the proposed plan for a League of Nations, and calling upon the Peace Conference to conclude peace at once with Germany, leaving consideration of the League until the peace treaty has been signed. These thirty-seven constitute more than one-third of the membership, or enough to defeat ratification of any treaty.

Senator Sherman, of Illinois, attacks President Wilson as "a usurper and dictator" and declares the proposed League of Nations opposed to the American Constitution.

A new map of Europe is rapidly taking form, reports Paris, and within a week the frontiers of the old states will largely be defined as they are to appear in the Peace Treaty and the successive documents fixing territorial limits.

The Peace Conference Committee on Reparation has estimated that $120,000,000,000 is the amount which the enemy countries ought to pay the Allied and associated Powers, says a Havas agency dispatch from Paris. France, adds the statement, demands an immediate payment of $5,000,000,000.

March 4.—In a speech at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, on the eve of his return to Paris, President Wilson declares that American citizens are overwhelmingly in favor of the League of Nations and that most of the Senatorial opposition to the League is based on a "doctrine of careful selfishness."

The Senate refuses to pass the Naval Bill, which would have given the President, according to opponents of the League, a "big club to use at the Peace Conference."

Women workers of the United States are to be represented at the Peace Conference by delegates from the New York Women's Trade Union League and from the United States Women in Industry Service, according to an announcement made by the League in New York City.

CENTRAL POWERS

February 26.—Saxony is in the throes of a Spartacide and Radical Socialist revolution aimed at the overthrow of the Government, says a dispatch from Berlin. A general strike has been proclaimed.

Independent Socialists in Leipzig are reported to be demanding the dissolution of the National Assembly and the establishment of a dictatorship of the proletariat.

Baden is reported to be subjected to a new Spartacide revolt, with Mannheim as the center. Spartacide armed bands have upset the elections at Düsseldorf by burning the ballot-boxes.

A dispatch from Essen says that the strike movements in Essen and the Ruhr region are on the decline, but the Spartacides are continuing their violent propaganda, and it is feared that the revolt in the region will flare up again in a few weeks.

The German Government will appeal to all holders of foreign securities, says a dispatch from Berlin, to turn them in for use in paying for food-importations.

The German revolution was a piece of theatrical manipulation by agents of the militaristic oligarchy to win an armistice, according to a "prominent American Socialist in close touch with German Liberals in Switzerland and with exceptional sources of secret information," says a dispatch from Paris.

February 27.—Entente troops are about to occupy the Mannheim bridge-head, says a dispatch to the Basel *Nachrichten*, in order to stop the civil war raging there between Spartacide and German troops.

Another Soldiers' and Workmen's Convention will be called for the end of March, says a dispatch from Berlin.

The former German Kaiser, says a dispatch from Weimar, recently appealed to the German revolutionary government for money and was advanced $150,000. The proportion of the Kaiser's wealth to which he is still entitled is said to be $18,750,000.

February 28.—The German National Assembly at Weimar, says a dispatch from Copenhagen, has passed the National Army Bill on third reading.

March 1.—Chancellor Scheidemann has resigned, and a further revolutionary movement in Germany is imminent, according to unconfirmed reports reaching London through Holland.

A *Soviet* Republic has been proclaimed in Brunswick, says a dispatch from Berlin.

Government troops are marching from three directions upon Halle and Merseburg, Prussian Saxony, says a dispatch from Basel, quoting the *Gazette*, of Frankfurt. According to this authority, more than 130,000 volunteers have enrolled throughout Germany to aid the Government.

The Soldiers' and Workmen's Congress at Munich, says a dispatch from Zurich, has declared martial law for all Bavaria.

London newspapers, says a dispatch from that city, seem to be agreed that there is great danger of a spread of

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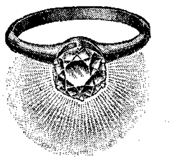

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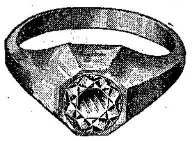

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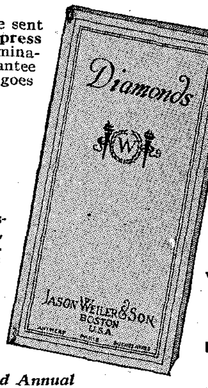

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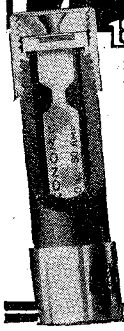

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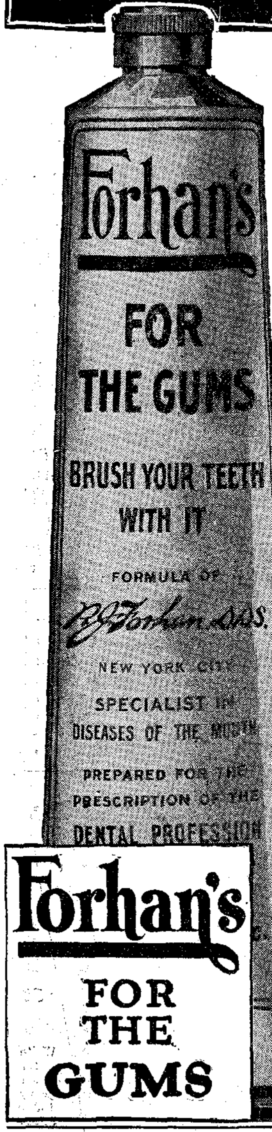
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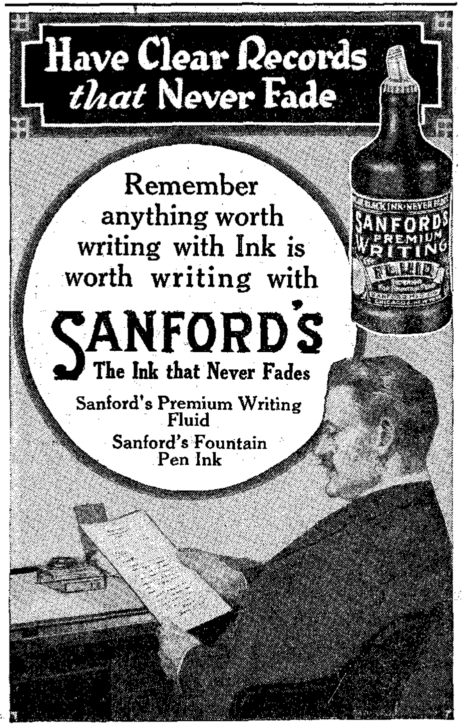

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Bolshevism, neurasthenia, anarchy, and general social disorders throughout Germany.

March 2.—The possible fall of the German Government, reports Berlin, is suggested in consultations between members of the Government and the Workmen's Council. All the correspondents represent the situation as grave.

The Soldiers' and Workmen's Congress, says a dispatch from Munich, has adopted by a large majority a resolution declaring that "the Soldiers' and Workmen's Council constitutes the Provisional National Council of the free state of Bavaria."

March 3.—Hugo Haase, addressing the four-day conclave of Independent Socialists in Berlin, on March 2, intimated that a second revolution was planned in Germany. Haase, according to the dispatches, predicted that two Governments would be the outcome, one in Weimar, and the other in Berlin, with the latter responsible to the *Soviets.*

The Independent Socialists are reported to be openly planning the overthrow of the Ebert Government.

A general strike in Dresden was called on March 2, says a report from Berlin, and a general strike in Berlin is said to be only a matter of a few days.

The Bavarian royal family, including former King Ludwig and former Prince Leopold, have escaped into Austria, says a report from Vienna.

March 4.—A general strike began in Berlin on the evening of March 3, says a wireless received in London. All traffic has been stopt on the street-cars and the elevated and underground railways. According to Copenhagen advices, martial law has been declared in Berlin and its suburbs. A Spartacide marine division has seized police headquarters, dispersing the Government troops, says a dispatch from Berlin, but Gustave Noske, the Minister of War, has taken measures which "seem to be effective."

AFFAIRS IN RUSSIA AND POLAND

February 26.—Bolshevik financial representatives in Norway, says a report from Stockholm, have submitted to the American Minister an offer to exchange an American citizen named Kolo Matiano, who is now confined under sentence of death by the Bolsheviki, for either Eugene V. Debs or Thomas J. Mooney, American "Reds" now held in American jails.

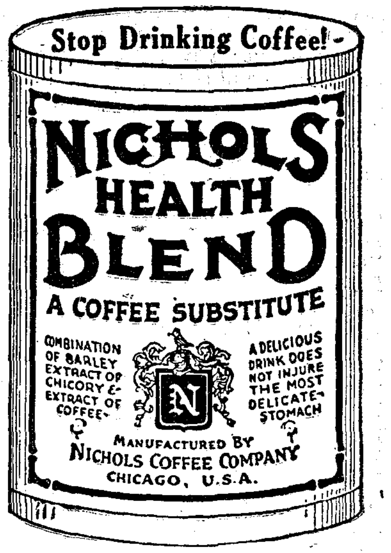
The ports of Libau and Windau, in Courland on the Baltic Sea, which were taken by the Bolsheviki on January 31, have been recaptured by the Germans, reports Copenhagen.

Japanese forces in a clash with the Bolsheviki twenty miles east of Blagovieshtchensk, capital of the Amur province, lost two officers and eighteen men killed and twenty wounded, says a report from Vladivostok.

February 27.—Reports from Archangel received in London announce an Allied advance of more than twenty-six miles, with the Bolsheviki suffering heavy casualties. Bolshevik troops on February 25 are reported to have attempted a counter-attack against the newly gained Allied positions on the Murmansk front. They were repulsed with heavy losses.

March 1.—Bolshevik forces have been routed in the Caucasus, on the Volga, and in Lithuania, according to reports reaching London. In the last-named theater the Bolsheviki have asked for an armistice.

The volunteer army of Kuban Cossacks, which made a clean sweep of the Bolsheviki in the northern Caucasus,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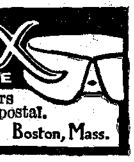

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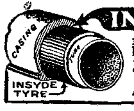

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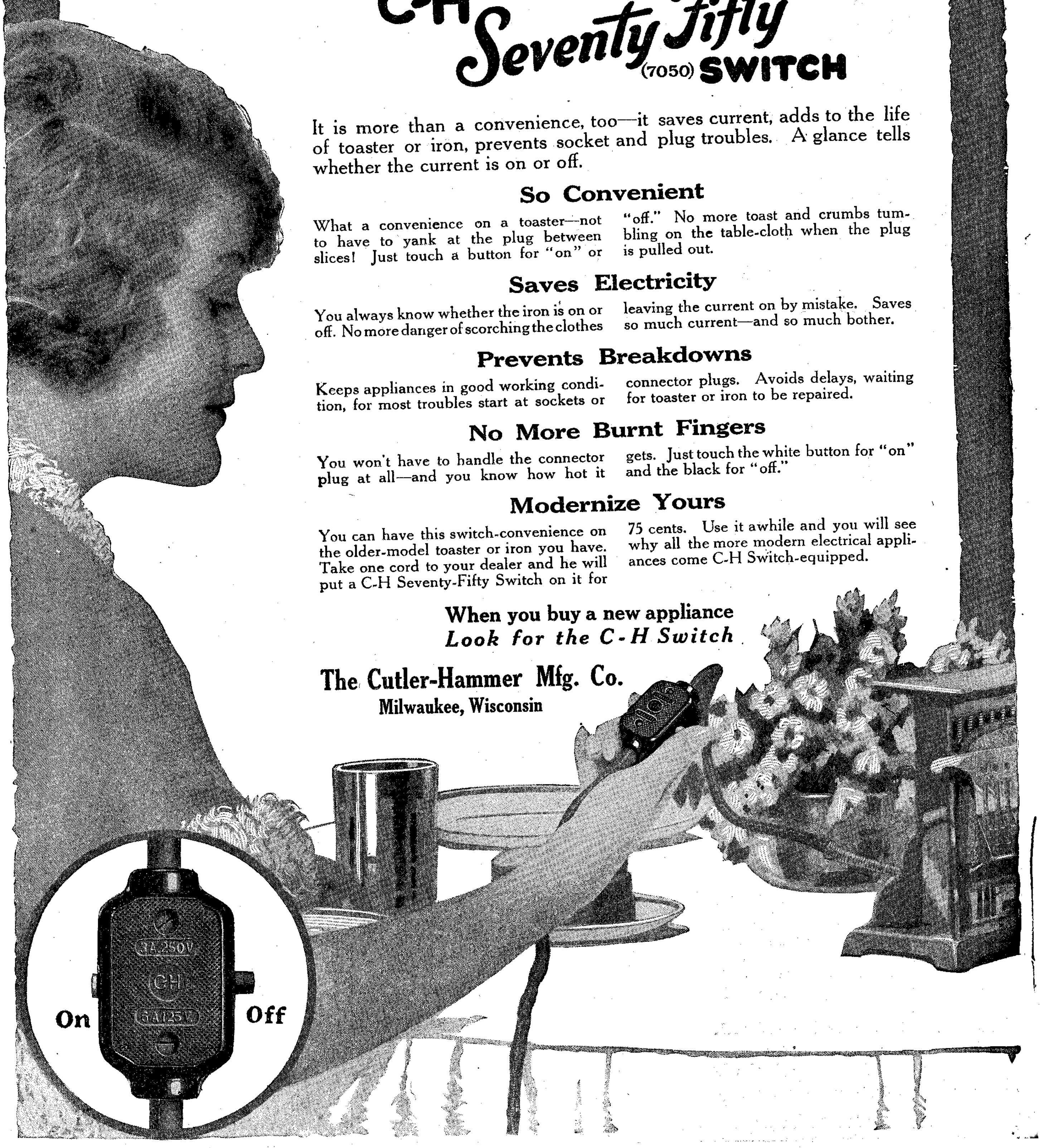

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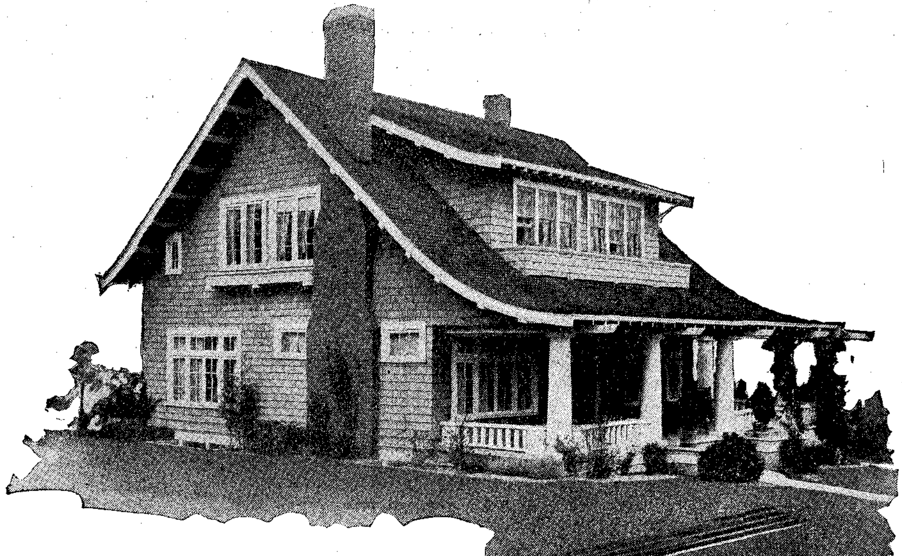

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continues to pursue the remnants of the Bolshevik force, says a dispatch from Ekaterinodar, dated February 22.

General Krasnoff, the Cossack leader, has occupied Saratof, on the Volga River, and Volsk, seventy miles to the northeast, according to reports reaching Stockholm.

Governor Zinovieff, of Petrograd, in explaining before the Petrograd *Soviet* Council why the Bolsheviki were willing to attend a conference on Princes' Islands, declared that any treaty the Bolsheviki made with the Allied Powers would be considered a scrap of paper, says a dispatch from Archangel.

March 2.—Reports from Helsingfors state that the Bolshevik food dictator in Petrograd, Strijevski, has been arrested, charged with embezzling fifty million rubles, or about $25,000,000.

German forces, after three days of comparative quiet, have resumed their attacks all along the line upon the Poles, says a dispatch from Posen.

March 3.—The Bolshevik Government has asked the Entente governments, says a report from London, to permit a Bolshevik commission to visit all countries, in order to conduct investigations.

The Bolsheviki are only waiting favorable weather to make an extensive offensive on the German eastern frontier, says the Düsseldorf *Nachrichten*, on the basis of reports received from Field-Marshal von Hindenburg's headquarters at Colberg.

Bolshevik forces continue to push their offensive against the American and Allied troops on the front 160 miles south of Archangel, says a report from that city. The Allies have evacuated the village of Vevsievskawa, but they still hold their positions in three other villages in the vicinity.

The Bolsheviki are quiet at present on the Lithuanian front, says a dispatch from Warsaw. The Germans are evacuating all of the region with the exception of Grodno and Kovno.

FOREIGN

February 26.—Premier Clemenceau leaves his residence for a drive and stroll for the first time since he was shot, says a dispatch from Paris.

In reply to a demand of the Americans as to why the delivery of fifteen heavy-caliber guns was delayed, says a report from Coblenz, the German delivering commission informed the Americans that Spartacides in unoccupied Germany were responsible.

February 27.—Premier Lloyd George pleads for harmony at a conference between representatives of capital and labor, "unique in the history of British industrial life," says a dispatch from London. The miners, as a result, agreed to postpone their threatened strike until March 22, thus giving the Royal Commission an opportunity to report.

Italian envoys at Laibach have been expelled by the Jugo-Slavs, according to a report from Rome. The Italians have closed the border in retaliation and the Jugo-Slavs are said to be mobilizing a large army.

February 28.—It is necessary to hold the Dutch Army ready against any effort to annex Dutch territory, the Dutch Minister of War declares in an address to the Second Chamber.

March 3.—Representatives of the United States Shipping Board and the United States Navy with representatives of the other Powers have departed for Spa, to complete arrangements for taking over German ships in German ports and certain German vessels in neutral ports, says a report from Paris.

The Franco-Spanish tunnel under the Pyrenees Mountains between Puigcerdá, eastern Spain, and Ax, France, has been completed. The distance is about twenty miles. The tunnel will shorten the railway distance between Paris and Madrid by about two hundred miles.

March 4.—Premier Lloyd George, in addressing the first meeting of the joint committee of employers and employees constituted by the Industrial Parliament last week, declares that civilization is in danger of following the example set by Russia unless justice and fair play for all classes prevail.

According to the Paris *Temps*, the inhabitants of the Duchy of Schleswig will shortly manifest by a plebiscite their wishes regarding their reunion with Denmark.

DOMESTIC

February 26.—The Marine Workers' Affiliation rejects the Macy award in its dispute with the boat-owners of New York, and informally agrees to declare the strike, called off on January 12, at the request of President Wilson, again effective on March 1.

The Victory Loan Bill is passed by the House, reports Washington, with only three dissenting votes. The bill authorizes the issue of short-term notes, maturing in one to five years, with the Treasury having the authority to fix the interest rates.

February 27.—The leaders of the Marine Workers' Affiliation wire President Wilson that they will be unable to prevent a resumption of the strike which for three days in January paralyzed the commerce of New York Harbor, unless immediate and equitable relief is given.

Frederick H. Gillett, of Massachusetts, is nominated Speaker of the next House on the first ballot by the Republican caucus.

A. Mitchell Palmer is named as Attorney-General by President Wilson to succeed Thomas W. Gregory, resigned.

February 28.—The Marine Workers' Affiliation votes to declare a general strike of harbor workers in New York effective at once. The order is tabled to permit consideration of an offer of settlement from the operators, who are said to admit that the Macy award is unfair.

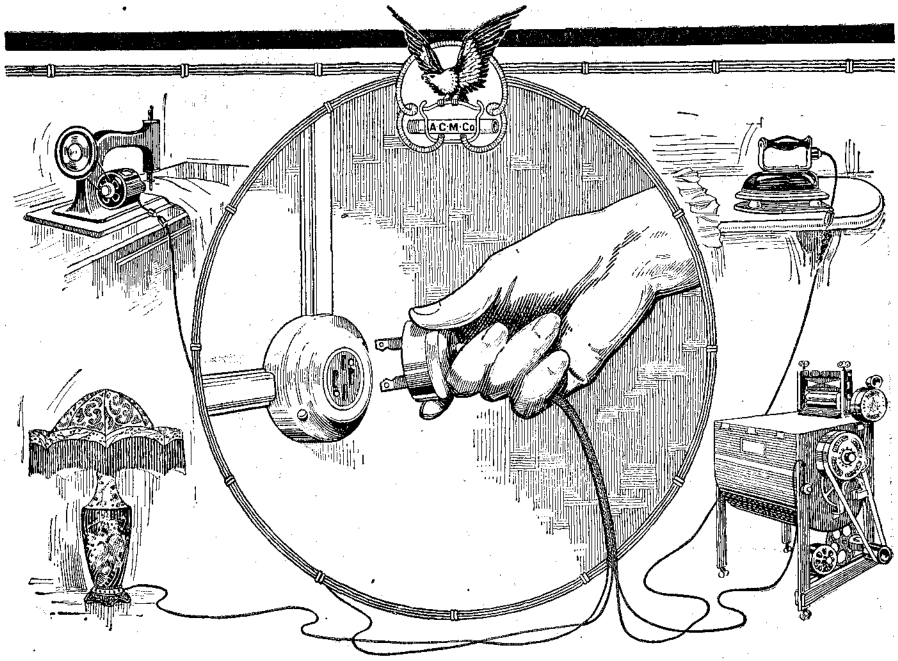
A nation-wide congress of federated labor is summoned by the Central Federated Union of New York to meet at Atlantic City on the second Monday in June, for the purpose of declaring a general strike against prohibition on July 1.

March 2.—In an attempt to bring the Christian churches of the world together, Bishop Reginald Heber Weller announces the designation of a committee of three prelates of the Protestant Episcopal Church to wait upon Pope Benedict and solicit his co-operation. This will be the first time since the reign of Henry VIII. that Anglican bishops will have supplicated the Holy See.

The Woman's Suffrage amendment is shut out from any chance to pass the present Congress when unanimous consent is refused Senator Jones, of New Mexico, to present his committee report.

March 4.—Sixteen thousand harbor boatmen in the port of New York, under orders of the Marine Workers' Affiliation, go on strike for the eight-hour day and higher wages, following their refusal to accept the award of the mediator appointed by the War Labor Board.

Six women, members of the more radical wing of the Suffragists, are arrested following attempts to break through the cordon of police on Broadway, New York, and "picket" President Wilson.



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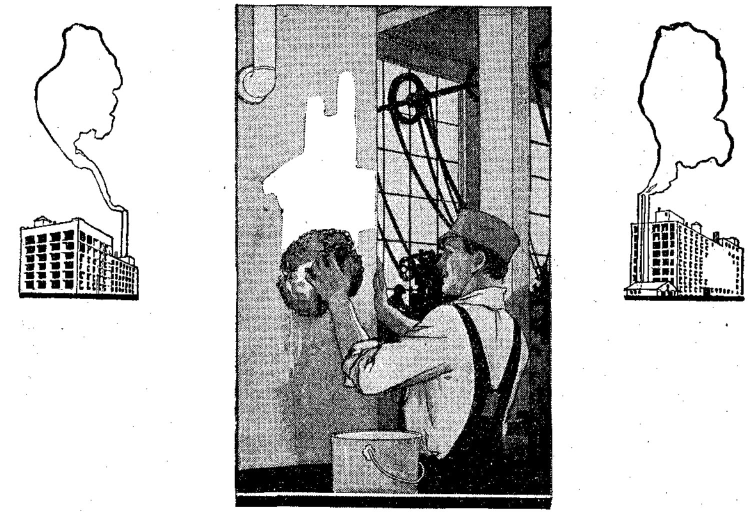


The original mill white washes like tile

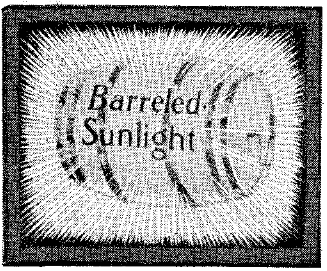
WHEN soot and grime begin to settle in a factory, even the best and whitest paint begins to lose its lustre. It must be cleaned or the room must be repainted.

Then is the time when managers appreciate Rice's, the ORIGINAL GLOSS Mill White ("Barreled Sunlight"). It is easily washed clean and white. Its elastic, durable composition produces a smooth, impervious gloss surface that resists dirt like tile.

Barreled Sunlight is the OIL paint with a GLOSSY tile-like finish. Applied on the ceilings and walls of your factory it will remain white longer than any other. This we guarantee.

Barreled Sunlight expands and contracts with temperature changes. Withstands the shock and jar of the heaviest machinery. Increases your daylight 19% to 36% by actual tests. Saves artificial lighting bills. Used in over 5,000 plants.

Highest price in the barrel.
Lowest cost on the ceiling.



Do not let imitators experiment in your plant. Insist on the ORIGINAL — the "Remains white longest" mill white.

Sold in barrels, also in cans.

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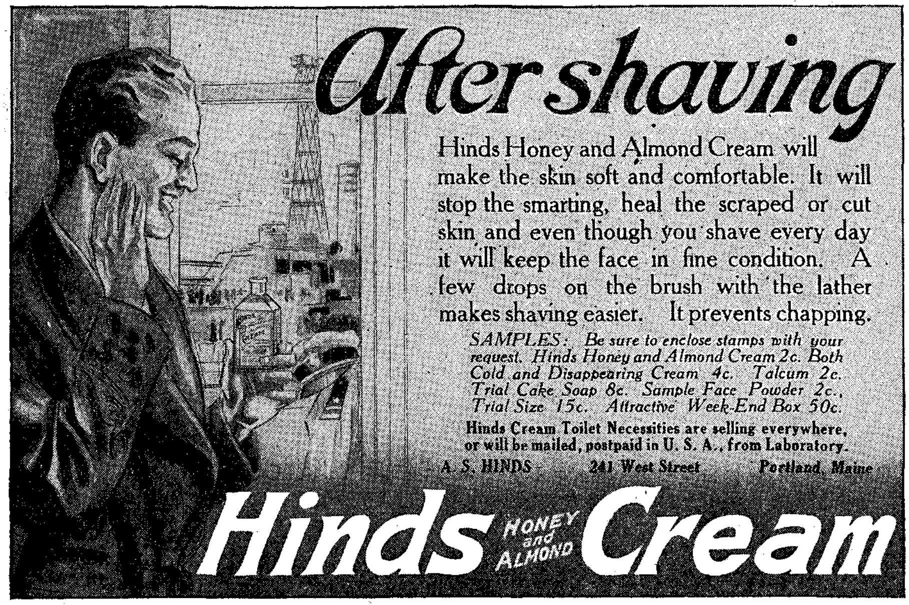

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"L. L. S.," Tenmile, La.—"Please tell me the meaning of the words *aroon* and *asthore*."

The words are Irish. *Aroon* means "My beloved; my dear"; *Asthore* means "My treasure; an epithet of endearment."

"O. M. C.," Rockville Center, L. I., N. Y.—With regard to the practise of excluding the hyphen in the words *to-day*, *to-morrow*, and *to-night*, the dictionaries of to-day all indicate the hyphen in these words. An examination of English literature shows that the confusion which began with the use of these words may be traced as far back as King Alfred's time, he himself writing *to-day today* and *to-morrow to morrow*. Ælfric in his "Homilies," which date from the year 1000, used *to-day* with the hyphen and *to-night* without one. Coverdale in his Bible (Josh. xxii., 18), wrote: "That he may be wroth *to daye* and *tomorrow*." Shakespeare in the "Taming of the Shrew," act iii, scene 2, first folio edition, 1623, wrote: "I will not goe *to day* nor *tomorrow*."

From the invention of printing, the confusion has persisted, each author following his own whim, and an examination of modern English literature shows that the confusion still exists, but that the lexicographers have pointed this out, trusting the literary world to correct itself in the fulness of time.

"P. S.," Cleveland, O.—"Is the use of the pronoun *it* for *child* permissible?"

It is. "The neuter of the personal pronoun has the peculiar use, in many instances, of simply dismissing gender from consideration. We refer to a child or an animal, for instance, by the pronoun *it* or *its*, not as implying that the individual referred to has no sex, but simply that we do not know or do not care about the sex. Thus we say: 'The *child* was crying for *its* mother.' 'The hunter shot the *bird*, and broke *its* wing.' Here 'child' and 'bird' do not become neuter, since each denotes a living being. We use 'it' or 'its' with the understanding that the neuter form gives no indication of gender." (Fernald's "English Grammar Simplified," p. 33.)

"C. H. M.," Port Arthur, Tex.—"Can it correctly be said that the words *talent* and *genius* are synonymous? Can it then correctly be said that a person acknowledged as a *genius* is a 'very talented' person? Is there any other word closer related or meaning more nearly what the word *genius* means than does the word *talent?*"

"*Genius* is exalted intellectual power capable of operating independently of tuition and training, and marked by an extraordinary faculty for original creation, invention, discovery, expression, etc. *Talent* is marked mental ability, and, in a special sense, a particular and uncommon aptitude for some special mental work or attainment. *Genius* is higher than *talent*, more spontaneous, less dependent upon instruction, less amenable to training; *talent* is largely the capacity to learn, acquire, appropriate, adapt oneself to demand. Yet the *genius* that has won the largest and most enduring success has been joined with tireless industry and painstaking." See Fernald's "English Synonyms, Antonyms, and Prepositions," new edition, p. 262.

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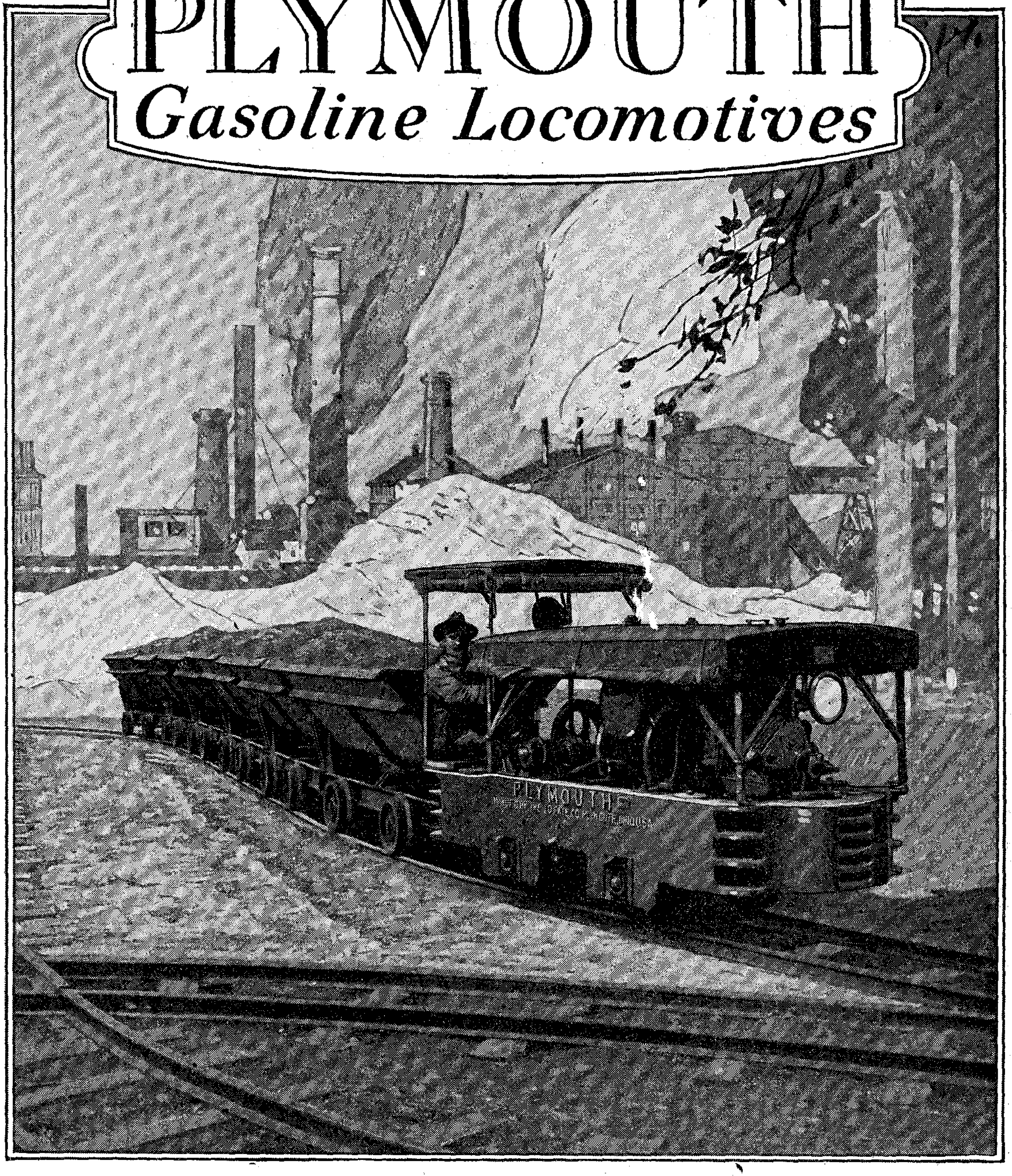
Gasoline Locomotives



"PLYMOUTH" haulage at one of the plants of The Grasselli Chemical Company. This company has 17 "PLYMOUTHS" in use at its various plants

NEW world-markets are opening to American Manufacturers. Lower production costs will simplify selling. "PLYMOUTH" Gasoline Locomotives will help bring those lower costs by putting shop-haulage on a stable basis—replacing hand labor with dependable mechanical power.

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